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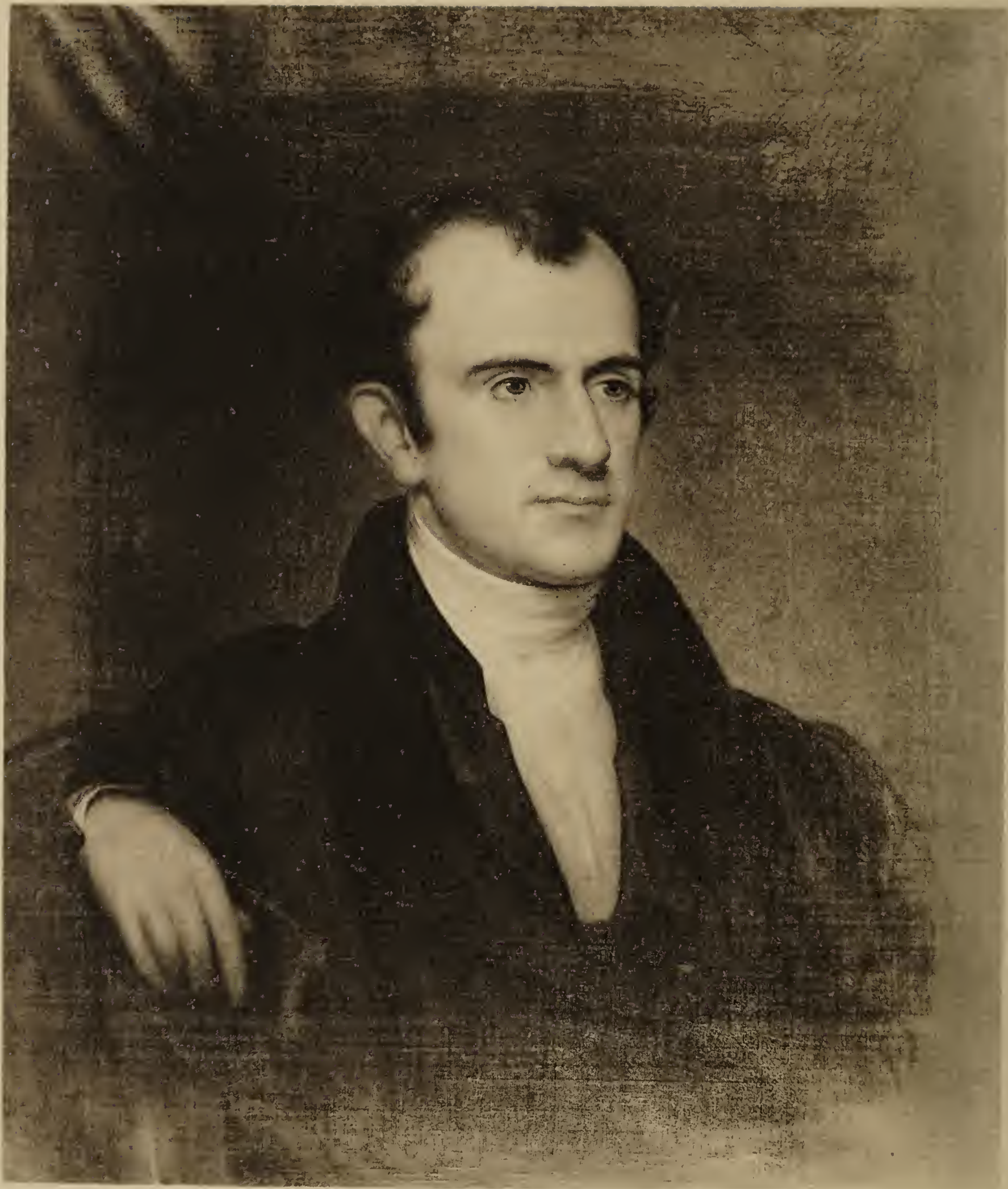
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A LEGACY OF NEW ENGLAND



John Gorham Palfrey
Portrait by Peale (probably Rembrandt), 1826

A LEGACY OF NEW ENGLAND

Letters of the Palfrey Family

EDITED BY

HANNAH PALFREY AYER

VOLUME ONE



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1950

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DEDICATION

TO General John Carver Palfrey, the John of these chronicles, the scope of whose character I never appreciated until it was revealed to me out of the past, I now dedicate these revelations.

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His writings have shown me how liabilities can be turned into assets; how he developed his acute shyness into an inner and outer discipline that became an invincible strength. His resourcefulness found beauty in desolation, transformed the simple grasses and shells of a barren spit of sand into symbols of beauty and spiritual solace that triumphed over the despair of war. His was the kind of courage that, although fully aware of danger and thereby suffering all the agonies of fear, still does what must be done without flinching.

He taught me the meaning of respect: respect of labor and good workmanship, and how never to abuse it; respect of the laws of nature, of the staunchness of animals in fulfilling their assignments, and how to help them in their cause.

He taught me reverence, that quality so rare in these times of "fraternity and equality," and made me understand how a worthy sense of it elevates, rather than humiliates, the subject.

He never lost his sense of wonder and transferred it to me, a tiny child, who sat curled up in his lap of a rainy afternoon thrilling with him over the fairy tales whose truths are written in letters of gold—the old, war-scarred soldier and the sensitive little girl saw the same things in exactly the same way.

All these things and many others he taught me, and because I never appreciated them in his lifetime I now dedicate these two

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volumes with my belated gratitude and humble affection to the bravest man I have ever known, who was my father.

HANNAH PALFREY AYER

Milton, Massachusetts

January, 1950

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

MY first acknowledgements are, of course, to my brother, Dr. Francis W. Palfrey, and my nephew, John Gorham Palfrey IV, the present owners of the letters, diaries, records, and illustrations that furnished the material for these volumes. Their trust in allowing me unrestricted freedom in their use is a sacred one and has made me proud of their confidence and aware of the importance of its application in every detail.

Next in priority comes my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Gorham Palfrey II, without whose eager sympathy, tireless patience, and erudite criticism my work would never have reached satisfactory completion. She corrected my grammar, tempered my over-enthusiasm, spurred on my flagging spirit, and no syllable, statement, or sentiment would have passed the test without her final stamp of approval.

To the late Mrs. Frederick Winslow, whose infallible brain never let any of my sometimes surprising notations go unverified, and whose busy and useful days were never too occupied to gladly and generously answer my questions or amplify my incomplete knowledge and to guard me against insufficient or misleading allusions, I owe every bit of accuracy that rescues my flights of fancy from getting off the firm ground of historic value.

To Judge Robert Walcott, whose fund of knowledge needs no encyclopedia for refreshment, I owe gratitude for translating several obsolete colloquialisms which baffled the editors and the author, and whose prompt apperception and kindly explanation clarified various quandaries, and found the missing pieces to complete the jumbled picture puzzle of the past.

Next, I owe unending thanks to Miss Constance Nelson, my wonderful typist, whose speed and perseverance were only

equalled by her eagerness and love of the subject. She puzzled out the hieroglyphical manuscripts, she corrected my spelling and punctuation, she came early, stayed late, went without her lunch, and still asked for more. She suffered over the Palfrey sorrows, rejoiced with their joys, and wept over their bereavements. No author ever had a more loyal and enthusiastic supporter.

I owe a very special debt of thanks to the Houghton Library of Harvard University and its courteous and coöperative staff, particularly to Mr. William Jackson who gave me such cordial access to the vaults, and to Miss Carolyn Jakeman who personally served my needs with untiring willingness and kindly zeal. It is also the Houghton Library that I have to thank for letting me use the facsimiles of Dr. Palfrey's Chaldean Grammar now in its possession.

I wish to thank the Royall House Association, and Mrs. Kenneth Hutchins, its president, for allowing the use of the photograph of Mrs. Jacob Tidd.

I wish to thank my cousin, Mr. E. Preble Motley, grandson and only male heir of General Francis W. Palfrey, for permission to use his grandfather's letters; and Mr. Charles Francis Adams and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Perkins, for the same of their respective fathers.

All other illustrations and records not heretofore mentioned are in my husband's or my own private possession.

In reading over this long list of kind friends whose help I found so essential I feel a little ashamed to realize how many people it took to keep me going, and I only hope they won't be disappointed in the end result. But I cannot close without an unofficial word of gratitude to the one who, after all the pronouncements had been made, all technical requirements fulfilled, was

in every instance and in every case my last court of appeal. His busy mind was never too tired to listen to another of my problems, however trivial; his wise judgment, keen appreciation, his comprehensive, long-range point of view, and, above all, his flawless taste, have given my work whatever distinction it may have achieved, and my final acknowledgement and gratitude are given first, last, and always to Dr. James Bourne Ayer, my husband.

HANNAH PALFREY AYER

P R E F A C E

AFTER reading old and intimate family letters in a concentrated form and more or less continuously for the period of over a year, one finds oneself led back, as it were, into another century, mentally, morally, and almost physically; yes, actually physically, as well, for one's tempo has changed back into a lower gear. The society of the nineteenth century has an essence all its own: very pure, a little cloying, perhaps; sickishly sentimental; but made up, for the most part, of the best ingredients, carefully blended for a steady diet (which was more than their actual diet was!), and leaving a very pleasant flavor in the mouth. The "crème de la crème" of society, as my grandmother used to call it, was on a very high plane, though limited in scope and narrow in its outlook. It was meticulously trained for every contingency, never socially at a loss, extraordinarily well informed generally, and so immersed in minute details that one wonders how its members had room to cope with big events; but they certainly had, and faced them with intelligence, courage, and nobility of character whenever they arose. Their manners were impeccable, their concern over minutiae absorbing, their housekeeping of major importance, their providing elaborate, their health understandably execrable, and consequently hypochondriacal, their remedies omnipresent and complicated, but their integrity absolute. They were completely class conscious, their world being sectioned off into hermetically sealed compartments, each class treated appropriately to its segregated classification, but always with courtesy, discrimination, and sincere respect according to its deserts.

The education of women was desultory and informal, and children were brought up by the code of being "seen and not

heard." This did not prevent them, however, from hearing, for the "little pitchers" of that day seem to have had very big ears indeed, and the painstaking explanations of their parents after a caller's departure, the *Rollo Books* question-and-answer method, was a very effective one. The children in my family were good listeners, and an important part of their education was their natural intercourse with the great men of the period, a period which was noted for its great New England minds, great deeds, and great thoughts. Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, three generations of Adamses, James Russell Lowell, Richard H. Dana, Longfellow the poet, Prescott the historian, the Nortons, the Eliots, the Agassiz', etc., and most of all the beloved "Uncle Jared" Sparks were familiar figures at the Palfrey three o'clock dinner, or at the informal and elastic late "tea," and it is no wonder that the children were familiar with culture, wisdom, refinement, reverence, and greatness.

Family feeling was very deep, if rather too articulate and demonstrative for our taste. All members revered their parents, loved each other, and were thoroughly disciplined in consideration of the others, respect of property, and personal rights. Rebukes were firm, punishment unrelenting, references to the Bible frequent, and repentance genuine. My particular family treated their father with respect, deep affection, and hero-worship; they petted and spoiled their mother and treated her with whimsical adoration; they had their favorites among each other, but were fair in all their dealings and remarkably impartial. There seems to have been no jealousy, envy, or malice, but a spirit of mutual admiration of each other's various talents. The family in those days was a real unit, each member having its share in the work of the whole. My grandmother was a hard-working housekeeper herself; although she kept three servants, which

was the minimum for those luxurious days, she took active part in every project. She herself never actually cooked but spent many hours in the kitchen supervising the concoction of some elaborate old family receipt, the children helping with enthusiasm. The family always washed and handled the gold and white china after company, for no servant could be trusted not to nick the edges. The biennial housecleaning was something to be dreaded but never to be escaped; carpets were taken up, winter and summer hangings changed, woolens put away, and the men-folk suffered but were resigned to the inevitable. Dressmaking week, also biennial, spring and fall, took precedence over everything else, the ladies cutting and basting and fitting with the Miss "Whoever-it-was" of the year. No visitors or visits were permitted till it was over, and they emerged from their labors exhausted but outfitted for every occasion, beribboned, refurbished, and bedecked as became the obligations of the coming season.

Letter writing and calling were the occupations of the day, and conversation and writing were arts. There seems to have been little jealousy or malicious gossip in their friendly intercourse. They dwelt upon each other's good points in mutual volubility, admitting of no faults. They were wordy, trivial, sympathetic, interested, gracious, elegant, and in perfect taste twenty-four hours of the day. They appreciated the giving and receiving of attentions inordinately; this sense of obligation was translated immediately into action; no friend, neighbor, or servant could be in trouble without a letter or a "nosegay," or a visit, which attention was expected, in turn, to be reciprocated.

My own family was, perhaps, more religious than some, because, of course, it was primarily a clergyman's family, my grandfather being the minister of the Brattle Street Church in Boston as soon as he graduated from Harvard, then head of the

Harvard Divinity School, a position he held until he went into politics. But most cultured families were a religion-conscious, church-going people in those days, and no blessing was ever recorded without an accompanying prayer of gratitude, no misfortune without resignation and a decent feeling that it was the will of God and therefore for the best.

This is rather a conglomerate summary, but living in the voluble past has made me a little voluble. The reading of these letters has been an extraordinary experience and has put me through a sort of cleansing process. They were so good, my dear family; so kind, so affectionate, so loyal, and, above all, so fine! They did what had to be done and faced their pleasures and their trials with equal equanimity. They lived their lives with simple devotion and, when their time came, faced their Maker fully prepared and with a humble and contrite heart. I am filled with pride but, at the same time, bowed down by humility. What a heritage and what a responsibility they have left to me and my children! May it steady us in these difficult times to remember that their times were difficult, too, every bit as difficult as ours, with the curse of slavery and brothers killing brothers in the "bloodiest of Wars"; but they have left us a message exemplifying the value of some of the at present forgotten traits: those of humility, obligation, refinement, altruism, and, above all, spiritual faith. Let us strive by their example to revive them in our own lives.

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1826. Frontispiece

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A LEGACY OF NEW ENGLAND



John Gorham Palfrey, 1796-1881

THE Palfrey family of the nineteenth century came on all sides, except for one strain of Huguenot, from pure New England stock, more English than the English themselves, as John Gorham Palfrey, the historian, points out in the Preface to his *History of New England*. "Thus the people are a singularly unmixed race. There is probably not a county in England occupied by a population of purer English blood than theirs. . . . No race has ever been more homogeneous than this remained down to the generation now upon the stage" (1856). Their famous ancestor, Colonel William Palfrey, who was Paymaster-General and also one of George Washington's aides during the Revolution, was a prominent and cultured gentleman of Boston, said to have been quite a beau. He was witty, conversational, and charming, and he and his wife were leaders in society. His wife, Suzannah Cazeneuve, was the daughter of Margaret Germaine and Paix Cazeneuve who came over with their parents as children after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes in 1686, hence the Huguenot strain in the otherwise purely English blood. The Colonel and his wife had seven or eight children, but only three survived: a son, William; a brilliant daughter, Susan, who married a merchant, Thomas Lee, and lived for many years in Bordeaux, France, and later in Washington; and a second son, John, the father of John Gorham, the historian.

John was a promising youth brought up in the expectation of going to Harvard College. But when he was twelve years old his prospects changed with great suddenness, for his father was lost

at sea on the way to France to take up his newly appointed duties as Consul-General in Paris. The vessel was wrecked with all hands somewhere in the Pacific and was never heard from again, and his great-great-grandchildren revelled in the legend that their great-great-grandfather was eaten by the cannibals! So all of John's bright hopes ended and he had to start immediately to earn his living. He was in various kinds of business, mostly at sea, and in 1795 he married Mary Sturgis Gorham, daughter of the rich and prominent Barnstable family. From all accounts she must have been a young girl of rare beauty, grace, sweetness, and liveliness of disposition; certainly she must have been an affectionate and judicious mother, for after she died she left a deep imprint upon the mind of her oldest son who derived succor from it all through his lonely and frustrated youth and cherished her memory as a sacred trust.

They had eight years together in Boston, although he was away at sea a great deal of the time in pursuit of his business of importing, in partnership with Gameliel Bradford. She bore him five sons and died of consumption in 1803, when her youngest was a nursing baby, and her oldest but seven years old. Her husband seems to have been utterly inadequate to the situation from the first moment of his bereavement, unable and certainly unwilling to take the slightest responsibility for the heritage left to him by the wife he adored. His business had not been successful, and he seemed to have already spent his wife's considerable fortune. In his despair he sent his five little boys out to Milton to board, chiefly at the expense of his good friends and relations, leaving his wife's half sister, Charlotte Gorham, scarcely more than a child herself, to struggle with the bulk of the babyish problems, while he escaped first to Baltimore, and then to the newly purchased region of New Orleans, where his enterprises

continued to fail as long as he lived and from whence he never returned. He cut himself off almost completely from his New England connections and obligations, writing seldom. When he did, although he expressed himself consumed with affection toward everybody at home, he filled his letters with excuses and explanations of why he could do nothing financially until the sugar business improved, which it never did as far as he was concerned, and his debts were alleviated. The loyalty of his friends at home, however, was amazing, and one after another of them assumed the payment of the pathetic little accounts rendered for the livelihood of his sons.

The four older ones were placed with Miss Margaret Howe in Milton, while the baby, George, went near-by to a Mrs. Pierce "to nurse." Some early reminiscences say "Miss Howe was a good, conscientious woman who gave her charges kind and faithful care, a good home, and religious instructions according to her light. Her house was an old one and, as Gorham sat with the others on benches in the great fire-place by the blazing fire of logs where he could look up and see the stars, she used to repeat to them Watts' hymns till he got a store of them by heart which he never forgot." Gorham, however, the eldest, obviously more scholarly from the first, stayed with Miss Howe for less than a year and was soon boarded in Boston. Mr. William Payne, with his daughters, kept a fashionable school for both sexes and all ages in the city, and here Gorham spent a studious but pitifully lonely five years.

Gorham's life at the Paynes' was almost too heartbreaking to contemplate. As he said of it in after life when Dickens' *David Copperfield* was the rage, "I could not finish it [the book] it was too exactly like my own boyhood. I was not cruelly starved and beaten, to be sure, but, on the other hand, I had no Peggoty." He

was fond of the Payne family, who were not unkind to him, but there was never any intimacy or congeniality, and his diary continues:

I wish I could say that the family did quite right by me. It was an expensive school for the time and, at all events, I ought to have had the care that a helpless child requires. I was not $8\frac{1}{2}$ years old when I went to them. I knew nothing about taking care of myself, and they took next to no care of me. It was an unregulated household. Mrs. Payne's function was to be waited on, the attention of her daughters was taken up by their school, their beaux, and the theatre, which had much attraction for them. My condition was on the whole pretty forlorn. I missed having my hair combed, for instance, as had hitherto been so carefully done by Miss Howe, and 2 or 3 days after I got to my new home I plucked up courage to ask Miss Anna for a comb. She took one from her side hair, which I used, and, seeing how things were to be in that particular, I had sense enough to buy a pocket-comb which, for a good while, was all of my toilet apparatus. . . . I slept in a very small room in the attic. It had 1 little window and contained 2 beds, a narrow one for me and another which was occupied by 2 older boys. Their talk and conduct were such as I ought not to have been exposed to the hearing and seeing of.

I had no place to visit, at all events, I visited no where for Mr. Payne did not incline to let me go. Attached to me as he was, he somehow seemed always jealous of my having any interests or receiving any attentions out of the house. At home, to which I was thus confined, I seemed to have no place but the school room. The sitting-room was small for the size of the family, and, when occasionally I went there, I was pretty sure to be sent presently to the school-room or the kitchen. . . . I had no playmates, no attractions abroad and I liked to learn and I was at my studies nearly all day long. I did not object for I knew no better, but it was very improper treatment of a feeble and growing child.

In less than a year of this unnatural sort of life his health, never more than delicate at best, was so much affected that his guard-

ians sought the advice of Dr. Rand, who had brought him into the world. He pronounced him in danger of the consumption that he inherited from his mother's family, and recommended certain changes in his daily routine, which were imperfectly heeded, but the symptoms subsided, and his condition temporarily improved.

Again the diary:

My mind had grown much at Mr. Payne's. I am thankful that my character had fared so well for it had by no means been properly cared for by those to whom it was entrusted and there had been first exposures to temptations and then mortifications enough to harm it fatally. If there is anything in the theory of phrenologists I believe that my bump of conscientiousness will be found to be largely developed; whatever other brains or organs may be defective or mean. I am sure that my conscientiousness has all through life done very thoroughly one of its offices, that of torturing me, if it has done very imperfectly the better office of amending me. And my conscientiousness had a religious character, which may have been partly due to Miss Howe and her hymns!

His three brothers lived on with good Miss Howe, who gave them the only mothering they ever knew and their earliest schooling until they entered Milton Academy at its founding in 1807. They were touchingly fond of her, deaf, strict, and puritanical as she was, and they never returned in later years on a visit to New England without making her house their first objective. Henry wrote to his father that they found everything quite unchanged except there was no longer her "big stick" in the corner. They often sent her barrels of sugar and molasses when their business was prosperous. The high spot in their early lives was the occasional visits from their older brother who came out from town for a week end whenever he could to give them affection

and encouragement. At the age of ten he was being father and mother to his four little brothers, who recognized him as such and loved him accordingly. How much they counted on him is shown in this appealing letter from Edward, aged six, to his mentor, aged ten, and one's heart goes out to the three staunch little descendants of the Puritans as they carried out their assignments with the spirit of their ancestors.

The person Gorham cared most about after his immediate family was his Aunt Charlotte Gorham, his mother's half sister. She was in her middle teens, gay, sympathetic, and a great romp; when, being likewise homeless, she went to Baltimore to live with some relation, he suffered a severe loss. She wrote him often, however, visited New Orleans, married there Mr. Thomas Harmon, a well-to-do English merchant, and never returned to Boston.

[CHARLOTTE GORHAM TO J. G. PALFREY]

My dear Gorham:

New Orleans January 30, 1809

It is with pleasure my Dear Boy that I inform you of my good health and safe arrival in this place after a passage of 30 days. I have already written your Aunt Pickard and endeavoured to give as good a description of the place and manners of the people, as the time would admit. I was at the Assembly last evening where there were a number of ladies but few that I could converse with, they being mostly *Creholes* and of that *Class* that we do not feel the least disposition to associate with. The Governor's Lady was there a very handsome woman, our next engagement is with a *Gentleman* or *Batchelors Ball* such as I have already written your aunt, who will probably suffer you to peruse the letter. . . .

The weather when pleasant I assure [you] is delightful. I have determined to write you a long letter, but the beaux keep coming in and interrupting me every five minutes, there is one at my right hand waiting for

Milton November 29th 1808

Dear Brother

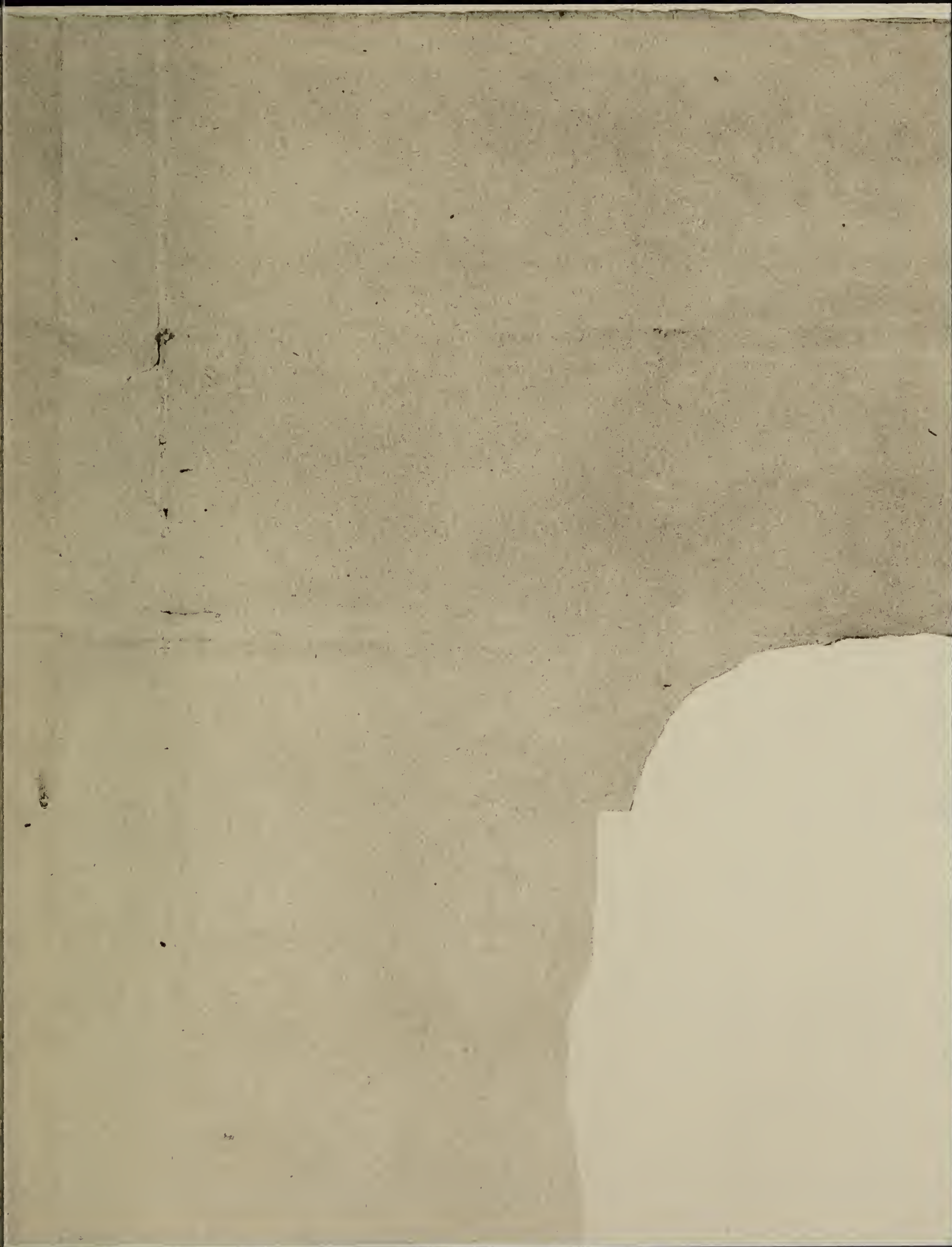
I begin this Letter to Inform you that I have a little news. We now expect you up at Thanksgiving and you must come. We have gotten very near a bushel of nuts since you were at Milton last. Our Preceptor ordered us all to write a piece of composition, and I thought I would write to you, I ~~answer~~ ~~me this letter~~ ask nothing more of you than to answer this letter and be sure of that, because you know I never received but one from you and that was when I could not read it, give my love to all my friends in Town, and especially to Uncle Palfrey's family, and tell William, and Robert that I paid them a visit last ^{their} T, and that they must ride up with father some day and see me tell them they can if they have a mind to. Gorham. I talk in earnest with you, you must come up right before Thanksgiving, you said when you were up last that you guessed that Levi Lincoln would tell us when we might eat pies, you know it is the first of December. We have gotten a foot-ball and some nuts ~~be~~ sure and come. I have nothing more to write at ^{en} pres

Adieu ————— from
your Affectionate Brother

Edward Palfrey.

John G Palfrey

P.S. I would thank you if you would send me a few wafers
's I have not one.



Edward Galtrey M.D. 21st 1868

Master John G. Galtrey

Boston

Atkinson Street

me to play battledore therefore you will excuse me. We have not been to *church*, we are told it is such a miserable place that we shall endanger our healths as well as our lives, if we attempt it, if we judge from the outside appearances it is all very true, for the house looks like some old *shed* fit for nothing but a stable, the Theatre is a match for it we have never been to it for the performers are all french, and no respectable *Americans* frequent it. . . .

[THE SAME]

New Orleans, Feb. 3, 1809

. . . We were last evening at a very splendid ball given in honor to the day being the anniversary of Washington's birth, the room was very full of handsome *Ladies* they look well at night but do not bear examining, they have to make use of a great deal of *Art* even to pass, and on *Tuesday* evening we were at the *Theatre* the house was very full and more crowded than any other place I ever was in, it was all french and the scenery very *poor* therefore it was a tedious evening and no amusement for me the performances were very indifferent of course I shall never feel the least inclination to go again. Mr. Shepherd has just purchased a house and we are now making arrangements for moving which is an unpleasant undertaking particularly as we have just got fixed and began to feel ourselves settled a little but the house we are in is next the Coffee house and too public a street, and we find it very unpleasant going in and out, we are so much exposed to the observation and remarks of the Gentlemen who are always standing in crowds around the door, so that we often deprive ourselves of exercise rather than subject ourselves to that inconvenience. . . .

[THE SAME]

New Orleans March 14, 1809

My dear Gorham:

. . . Your Father has intirely recovered his health and in a great measure his spirits, he returned to his plantation a few days since, he mentioned to Mrs. S. . . . that he had some idea of sending for *all* his *boys* out here

if he could manage his affairs to his satisfaction, at present they are in a very deranged *state*, but he is making every exertion and appears very anxious on your *accounts*. He is not at all satisfied with your present situation and will endeavour to make some change more to your advantage as soon as his prospects brighten you may rest assured that some more *favorable change will* take place—still he feels himself under great obligations, or appears *grateful* to Mr. Payne for his attention in providing for you under such circumstances and am convinced that as soon as he has it in his power that he will make some acknowledgement to him and his family. His conduct thus far has appeared *mysterious* and unaccountably strange in the eyes of the *world* and indeed very justly—but I am now convinced that it was mortification and distress of mind which caused it all, and although his situation *has* been deplorable I do not and will not *justify* him for giving way and indulging *himself* in *reflection*, he ought to in his affliction to have used every exertion and fortitude sufficient to provide for his family. He is now more comfortable in his circumstance and I hope has been more attentive of his *duty* to his friends and *children*. . . .

[THE SAME]

Apr. 10, 1812
New Orleans

My dear Gorham:

I have this moment finished a letter to your Aunt Pickard and have been handed one from yourself which came by the Brig *Thaddeus*—I cannot refrain from telling you my dear Gorham how much I have been disappointed and I may venture to say mortified at your late apparent negligence—and that I had determined not to write again to you untill you had satisfied me you had not intentionally wounded or hurt the feelings of one of your best and most devoted friends. I always promised you my dear boy that—whenever I was about to change my name or form any connection in life that you should be made acquainted of it from myself. I have now that pleasing intelligence to communicate, that after the 18th of this month I shall change my name to that of Harmon—he is an English gentleman by birth and one of the most respectable

merchants in this place or rather has been, he is retired from business and is quite independent in his circumstances—and is also president of the Planters Bank of New Orleans—therefore you may judge what his standing may be among the Americans of this place. I will refer you to Mr. Phillips for his character who no doubt will recollect him perfectly; the house of Webster and Harmon. I will write you again soon and believe me your kind and affectionate Aunt C. Gorham, my love to William and George. May God bless you.

In 1807 his father married again, a Miss Hannah Phillips of Middleton, Connecticut, whose brother George was in business in Louisiana. Although Gorham never saw his stepmother, who only lived a year or so after the marriage, her coming into the family made a pleasant and profitable new connection for him which changed materially his lonely life and doubtful prospects. Her brother George's wife, Emily, came to visit her husband's family in Scituate, sent for young Gorham and took a great liking to him; she wrote her sister-in-law in New Orleans: "We saw the eldest of your five step-sons, fine boys. The eldest is considered a very great prodigy and spoke of his Father's long silence with tears in his eyes, and, indeed, every one is astonished that the children do not hear more frequently from him." These touching appeals bore no fruit, however, and soon his wife died. He retired to his sugar plantation at Attakapas in the parish of St. Martinsville, and lived there more or less the life of a recluse until he died in 1843.

But Mrs. Phillips, who, at this time, thought she had considerable means, was not daunted by this lack of parental response and continued to interest herself in the welfare of her stepnephew, and to interest other influential people, also, for she was aware of his intellectual ability and felt it would be a disastrous

waste to put him in a countinghouse, as intended. She would undoubtedly have made herself financially responsible for his higher education had not misfortune beset her just in the warmth of her enthusiasm. Her husband died suddenly in New Orleans leaving her affairs in complete collapse and confusion, involving as well as his wife all his southern connections including his brother-in-law, Gorham's poor, already bewildered father, leaving him more in debt than ever.

In spite of these setbacks, however, the adamant Aunt Emily was determined that Gorham's prospects should not suffer. Mr. Payne's school was an expensive one, but the influential men whose interest she had aroused made an arrangement with him whereby he allowed Gorham to teach the younger children in return for his board and lodging; so at the age of twelve he was earning his own living. This new arrangement was short-lived, however, because by the end of the year Mr. Payne's school became less prosperous. He concluded to move to New York and allow his oldest son, Howard, who was Gorham's idol, to satisfy his predilection for going on the stage, which he subsequently did, much to the chagrin of Gorham's relations, especially the strait-laced Mrs. Phillips who felt that a family who connived at such a scandalous profession must all this time have been very unsuitable guardians for their precious ward!

So Gorham went to live with kind old Mr. Lovell, a connection of Mrs. Phillips' family, and a happier era began for him. He moved his trunk, with all his pitiful worldly possessions, in a wheelbarrow through the Boston streets to his new home on Pearl Street, and there he studied for Exeter Academy for which he had been given a scholarship. On September 6, 1809, he spent the night next door with young Thomas H. Perkins, who was returning to Exeter from vacation and who was to take him under

On
Woman.

Each creature's link'd to that below it,
All nature if observ'd, will show it;
And upward still our search will prove,
Each link'd again to that above.
Heaven when it had created man,
Unfinish'd saw creation's plan.
The man and angel were akin;
Here yet appear'd some gap between,
Nor would the links together meet
Till woman did the chain complete:

Miss Polly Gorham's Writing. 1787

his wing. The old account says "Accordingly they were booked at the stage office in Elm Street. The next morning a man came about 2 A.M. and blew his horn before the house to wake the passengers in time to get ready. Soon after day-light, they got out of town by the Newburyport Turnpike, a merry boisterous and turbulent crew of school-boys beyond restraint, who gave a new insight into the world to their recluse and unsophisticated companion. Breakfasting at Lynnfield, they dined at Newburyport, and reached Exeter about 7 P.M. Gorham reported at once to the Principal, Dr. Abbot, and was by him directed to the house of Capt. Haliburton where he was to live. He was enrolled the following morning, the next name to his being Jared Sparks, who had also arrived the night before, but the boys did not meet until next day."

"Captain Haliburton's boys," goes on the same account, "were packed snugly and entertained rather substantially than sumptuously. They took their turn in ringing the Academy bell and in keeping up the fire in the room where they sat about a long table to study. We had at the Academy a military company said to have been organized by Governor Cap when a pupil. Our uniform was white cotton, the upper part a wagoner's frock tied with blue strings. For arms we borrowed all sorts of muskets and fowling pieces from the neighbors and extraordinary armaments they made. I never rose to higher rank than that of clerk."

The house seems to have been a nursery of historians, Jared Sparks living in it at this time, and George Bancroft a little later. Gorham had a vivid recollection of his first impression of Sparks. He wore a long-tailed coat of olive green, spun, woven, and dyed by the women of his family and cut by the Arlington, Connecticut, tailor. He was rather old, very athletic and active, and of great power on the football ground, where, however, he

seldom appeared. Among other things he considered the construction of Noah's Ark so as to afford room for a pair of all living things, and he made Gorham useful in teaching him French, a subject at which the latter was proficient. Here began a friendship which continued without interruption, almost without separation, for more than fifty-six years, when the younger man (Palfrey) sat by his dying friend's deathbed, heard his last breath, and felt his last pulse-beat. This ideal friendship of these two great men is beautifully summarized by John Gorham Palfrey in the dedication of his first volume of *The History of New England*. "My dear Sparks: Seven times seven years ago this day, you, coming from Connecticut, and I from Massachusetts, arrived at the Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire. For two years we were lodged beneath the same roof, and recited our lessons from the same form—next, we were classmates through the undergraduate course at Cambridge. Next, we pursued together our studies for the profession to which we expected to devote our lives. You went to a distant city; we kept up a constant intercourse of letters and visits. You came to live in Boston, and we met almost every day. I removed to Cambridge, you followed soon; and since that time, our homes have been side by side. Friendships of such intimacy and duration are rare. It is not chiefly because the reading world so honours you, still less is it from a wish to involve you in responsibility for any of my defects, that in coming before the public with an essay in a department of writing in which you have won a wide renown, I desire to associate your name with that of John Gorham Palfrey."

Gorham spent two profitable years at Exeter, winning prizes for writing and "declamation," growing in stature and wisdom, making friends both among the boys and their masters, while his Aunt Emily fussed about him from afar.

[MRS. PHILLIPS TO J. G. PALFREY]

Scituate Oct. 3, 1810

. . . Write me soon, and answer all my questions, everything which concerns you will be interesting to me—"incidents light as air" will amuse me if you send them. If you but tell me that you have been very *erect*, that you clean your teeth *inside* and *out* every morning, that you have relinquished the foolish habit of biting your nails and *fingers* I shall think your letter *well* filled, but remember I have given you permission to write *carelessly* to me, provided you will make it a *pleasure* and not view it in the light of a *task*. . . .

He entered Harvard College in 1811 at the age of fifteen, with the Penoya Scholarship, secured for him and Sparks, also, by Mr. John Lowell, a member of the Corporation, who also gave him a small personal allowance. He entered with high honors in the first class under President Kirkland, and the largest that had ever been enrolled, and roomed with Mr. Lowell's son, John. But in spite of his absorbing pursuits and occupations he still yearned for his father and wrote loyally, heart-rendingly, but unavailingly, to Louisiana.

[GORHAM TO HIS FATHER]

My dear Father,

Middletown, Sept. 15th, 1812

Since the commencement of the war, I have had no opportunity to write to you untill now, when Mr. Montgomery has kindly offered to take letters, and although it is almost an age since I have heard from you, yet I am always happy to avail myself of any opportunity to write, since I am conscious it is gratifying to you to hear from your children who remain here. It is, however, great cause of regret to me that the few letters that pass between us are written by me, and it is by no means to be wondered at, if this should in some degree discourage me from writing as often as I should do, if my letters were replied to. It becomes indeed ex-

tremely difficult for me to write when I never hear from you of your situation nor your prospects. The only information I have had for this year past of either has been through the medium of my brothers, and Edward, from whom I should expect to derive the most news relative to you, has almost done writing to me; I know not for what reason, for I have written to him frequently, though to my knowledge, some of my letters have miscarried. Henry is more regular and writes me oftener, though he seldom writes much; Aunt Charlotte has not written to me once since her marriage. There are doubtless many reasons to be urged for your not writing to me, but I think none of them are adequate; it is true you live at some distance from the city, but this does not hinder your writing to Henry, and certainly if letters can be sent to New Orleans, they can be sent to Boston; perhaps your prospects in business are not very encouraging (during the war) yet still I should rather know what they are, than be left to my own imagination; perhaps you may not be fond of letter-writing, but no one can be less fond of it than I am, notwithstanding which I exert myself as much as possible to overcome my dislike because I flatter myself it is gratifying to my friends to hear from me. . . .

[THE SAME]

Harvard University

Dec. 20, 1812

My dear father

. . . I am now at Cambridge, but shall go to Boston in a few days to spend the vacation of seven weeks. I live very pleasantly here, in acquiring that, which my friends have sacrificed so much to give me, an education. I hope I shall at some future time prove myself grateful for your exertions to gratify me in this respect. It gives me pain, sometimes when I reflect how much expence I have been to you, when I might, in a store, have earned my own livelihood, and been no burden to you. But I hope, by the munificence of the college, and the kindness of my friends, not to be obliged at present to make any demands on Mr. Pickard. There will be the more left for my brothers. Your cousin, Mr. Henry Rice has been extremely kind to me, and made me some generous presents; he has shown himself a real friend.

Riches

Think not, O man, that thou art truly great,
Because thou hast perhaps a large estate,
Or mayst the greatest earthly honours bear;
For too, too many thus mistaken are!

But, let your virtuous actions daily prove
You truly merit universal love.

Greatness alone in virtues understood;
None's truly great, but he who's truly good.

Charlotte Gorham 1797

Nothing scarcely is wanting to my happiness except the presence of my friends. I have a room in college with one of my classmates, and am the only one in college, who has deductions made on his bills, that has not some duty to perform; I am remarkably favoured on that account. I go into Boston to spend half the day every Saturday, and sometimes oftener; so that I see my friends there often enough, and spend the rest of my time as pleasantly as possible at Cambridge.

But there is one thing which is continually a drawback on my happiness. I cannot help again reminding you that it is nearly two years since I have received a line from you. I am but too conscious that I have not always been as regular a correspondent as a son ought to be to a father; but every one must allow, that it is extremely difficult to be continually writing when he has no letters to answer, and every one must feel how little encouragement there is to write, when we do not get a syllable in return. Notwithstanding this, however, I am extremely sorry for every instance in which I have been found wanting in my duty, and if I can keep my resolution, I will never again expose myself to censure for a like neglect. The obligation of duty is not lessened by any obstacles in the way of performing it, and besides I take pleasure (though not so great as if mutual) in letting you know how I go on. But, in spite of all I can do to resist it, I sometimes cannot prevent the idea that your affection for me has diminished, from obtruding itself upon my mind. I can easily convince myself by thinking of your constant goodness in every thing but writing, that such a suspicion is utterly unreasonable, but still I cannot wholly drive it from my mind, and, *malgre mes efforts*, to think of New Orleans is always sure to give me a fit of the blues. To quote your last letter (which, for want of a later, I have almost worn out with reading) "The intercourse between father and son ought not [page torn] to be conducted so."

But I ought not to write this—forgive me. I doubt not but your silence has been owing, after all, to depression of spirits, caused by your misfortunes, and because you had no good news to tell me. And I shall be completely convinced of this, if you will only let this cause operate no longer. If you have any regard for your son (and oh how it would grieve me if I had reason to believe it was in the least diminished!) pray write me this very day you receive this letter. If you only say "I am well and love you

as dearly as ever" those few words would give me more joy, than you have any conception of, more joy than I have felt this long time. . . .

His career was brilliant in the way of prizes and intellectual honors, his interests diversified. He was popular, in demand by all the clubs, both social and literary; was a member of the Hasty Pudding, the Institute of 1770, then known as the Patriotic Club, and the exclusive Porcellian Club. One event at this time was typical of the kind that befell him throughout his life, again his "conscientiousness," a conflict between opportunity and loyalty to a friend or cause. In this case, he forfeited the first group election to an exclusive club because he stood out for a friend who was unpopular with the committee and being, as he thought, unfairly treated. So he was passed by until the second election, which he declined, though he later was persuaded to accept. He was singularly upset by the incident, and took it as a personal affront. He graduated in 1815 with almost all the honors that could be secured by one man, hosts of friends, valuable patrons, but still with a humble and a contrite heart.

In the meantime, while their brother was covering himself with glory and promise, the four little boys remained in Milton. In 1811, just before the war with the British, their father sent for the two older ones, Henry and Edward, to come to Louisiana, not, be it understood, at any very urgent desire of his own, but at the urgent desire of his friends and relations who were continuing to pay for their board and tuition. He seems to have felt a passive sort of affection for all his sons, and welcomed these two cordially when they arrived. His partner, Mr. Shepherd, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Harmon, and his various friends gave them jobs in their counting houses and started them, and the other two when they came later, in their New Orleans careers,

which were prosperous according to the fluctuations of the sugar market. Their descendants are prominent citizens of that city to-day. Edward wrote this letter home to his brother Gorham.

[EDWARD TO HIS BROTHER]

Dear Brother,

New Orleans, Jan. 23, 1811

I desire to inform you, Dear Gorham of everything new.

Henry told me he had written to you concerning the insurrection of the negroes. Poor wretches! They are now suffering the punishment of their foolish wickedness. Government have hung one everyday since their trial commenced. They hung one yesterday and one today. After they have hung the negroes, they cut off their heads and stick it on a pole, and set it up in the street. Be sure Dear Brother to write to me often, tell William and George, not to forget to write to me. I did not write to George, because Henry had told me that he had written. I shall take the liberty of writing to you once a month, and I hope you will be no less attentive to me. I have not received a letter from any person since I arrived in New Orleans. Please to tell William to write me all the deaths and marriages which happen in Milton—Adieu—from your affectionate Brother

Edward Palfrey

Henry seemed to have been chiefly impressed with the shops and the fact that they were open for business on Sundays.

Society in New Orleans in those days was bilingual; French was spoken as commonly as English, and the boys had to sit up nights to perfect themselves in this new tongue; Spanish did not seem to concern the social world so much, which had a distinctly French tinge as to manners and dress, and was very gay with its balls, theaters, and operas. Henry and Edward soon became desirable beaux. Henry was rather full of mannerisms, and stammered; was inclined to be pompous and dictatorial; and early

showed an acumen for business, devoting a great deal of his time to straightening out his father's perpetually confused affairs. In 1815 he took part in the Battle of New Orleans, and here are the contemporaneous accounts. Edward was too young to join the army.

[EDWARD TO HIS BROTHER]

Dear Gorham,

Attacapas, Jan. 17, 1813

I received your letter of the 18th of September which gave me infinite pleasure, being the first I have received from you for nearly a year, and I mind that you begin with abusing me, but I have written more letters to you than I have ever received from you.

I have been now in Attacapas nearly two years, the first year I enjoyed myself very well, but when the second summer came it was nothing but a perpetual succession of sickness with me for three months, but I have one great comfort in being with my Father. I am very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Pickard her kindness to us ought never to be forgotten. Mr. Buckminster by the character that you always gave of him ought to be remembered.

During the two summers that we have been here, notwithstanding we came on a piece of land without fence, house, or any thing of the kind and never had a plough been put to it, we made nearly fifty bales of Cotton, besides an immense stack of Plantation food, such as Corn, Pumpkins, Potatoes etc. etc. and if the war should discontinue then fifty bales of Cotton would be of considerable value. Notwithstanding all the sickness that I have felt this Summer, I grow very fast and am now about 4 ft 11 inch. high.

My Father received a letter from you by the same conveyance that I did and I believe means to write for himself, but he is now very sick with a bilious complaint.

Give my best respects to all my friends in your part, especially to Mr. Pickard. Do, my Dear Brother, write to me as often as possible, and you shall be assured of my correspondence.

I cannot end my letter particularly at this season of the year, without wishing you happiness, and assuring you at the same time of the continuation of my most cordial affection. These are the first and most sacred duties that I ought to acquit myself with, and nothing can prove more to my satisfaction if you receive them favourably. You have had at all times for me the goodness that I cannot acknowledge sufficiently. I intreat you to continue them always, and believe me with the most sincere attachment,

Your affectionate Brother
Edward Palfrey

N.B. I am sensibly touched with the loss that you have felt, that I feel myself incapable to console you. I pray the divine goodness may give you the relief that I cannot bring you, not being able to do anything else in the affliction that loads you.

[EDWARD TO HIS FATHER]

Dear Father—

New Orleans 13th January 1815

I have just time to inform you that everything still goes on well. Henry remains still unhurt. On Sunday last the British attacked our lines with the greatest Bravery possible. They lost about 800 men killed on the spot and about 1500 wounded among which of the killed was two Major Generals and of the wounded one Sir E. Peckenham their commander and a Gen'l. their 3 in Command killed and M. G. Kane [or Kain] the 2nd mortally wounded and nothing left to command them but a Colonel. Mr. Touro gets better. They will never take New Orleans.

Your affectionate son

E. Palfrey

P.S. We lost in the engagement 15 men killed and 30 wounded.

[THE SAME]

Dear Father:

New Orleans 6th January 1815

Since writing you on the 30th ult., nothing of consequence has transpired, a constant cannonading on both sides, throwing up shells etc. Hen-

ry remains still unhurt. Mr. Touro has been badly wounded by an 18 pound shot. Great expectations of a peace. The English must give up soon for it is next to an impossibility for them to come this side of our intrenchments. We gain reinforcements daily. I shall write by next mail.

Your affectionate son

Edw'd Palfrey

[HENRY TO HIS FATHER]

New Orleans 20th Jany 1815

My dear Father:

Several weeks have elapsed since I last had this pleasure, occasioned by my absence from town since the 16th ulto. As I suppose Edward has kept you advised of every occurrence since the arrival of the English off our Coast as he has had nothing else to do I shall not pretend to repeat them all as it is beyond the limits of a Letter but shall content myself with informing you of only the principal events of those in which I was engaged. On 16th Ulto. the Battalion of Uniform Companies under Major Planche composed of our Company, (The Independent Louis or Blues Commanded by Capt. White) and four others, was ordered to the Bayou to guard that Post, on 23rd after a fatiguing march of 8 or 10 hours, we met the enemy and entered the field of battle 6 or 8 miles below town, remained in the Swamp all night under arms and in the morning fell back to the first good position for intrenching as did also the English and on Christmas and the 2 succeeding Sundays 1 and 8 Jany. We had a general attack from them, which always resulted in repulsing them. Since we were ordered into service we were not suffered to remain one moment idle, always digging and levelling ditches, raising breastworks, fortifying and intrenching in the water 2 or 3 days together, sleeping on the wet ground without anything to cover us from the rain, constantly exposed to the night air of cold, which has been as severe during the last month as was ever known here. I have been in 4 pitched Battles besides other skirmishes beyond our lines. I have seen my fellow soldiers fall on all sides, scenes which nothing would again tempt me to behold, have been on the picket guard and endured all sorts of fatigue and to conclude have the satisfaction to inform you that I have come off safe with all my limbs sound except a broken jaw occasioned by the drawing of a rotten



*No. 3. Silhouette of John Palfrey,
father of John Gorham Palfrey
Made when he was about thirty-five years of age*

tooth; that the English after losing their Commander in Chief Sir E. Peckenham of Gen'l Gibbs killed and Gen'l Kain wounded have retreated to their shipping on 18th inst. with at least 3,000 men less than they landed [some of them] without legs and 2 Surgeons in the hospital and instead of eating their Christmas Dinner in New Orleans and roasting their Beef on New Year's day by the fire of the City, one third of them at least have been consigned to the grave in the swamps of the Mississippi, but some of the deserters say they are only going to get a stronger reinforcement and return under Lord Wellington, but should he dare to intrude on our soil he may go home in as high spirits as his predecessor Sir E. Peckenham who has been sent to England in a pipe [of] rum—*

On the 15th inst. after enduring for 2 or 3 days a most violent tooth-ache occasioned by constant wet and cold I came up to Town to have it drawn and the Doctor broke the tooth off, twisted two others out of their places and deranged the whole Jaw and to make it worse I caught cold in it and it has kept me in town ever since suffering the most extreme pain which must be my excuse for this scrawl and must close by assuring you I continue

Yr aff

Henry

[EDWARD TO HIS BROTHER]

Dear Gorham

New Orleans 27th January 1815

I have put off writing to you for some time on purpose to let you know everything about the *battles* in this quarter of the Globe. Gen'l Jackson has beat the British in four battles. In the last they lost upwards of 3000 men by their own account when ours was only 6 killed and 7 wounded which almost appears incredible but thousands are witness to it. Henry

* *Editor's note:* In explanation of the "pipe of rum" episode mentioned above—Edward Packingham was the brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington and considered by him one of his best generals. When the Ministry wished Wellington to take troops and clear up in America, he didn't want to leave the European waters, but said he would send his best troops and general. He did so, but Andrew Jackson was too much for him and Sir Edward was sent back in a pipe (cask) of rum for embalming fluid.

was in every battle. I send you a *Louisiana Gazette* with this letter by which you will see a very correct account. Henry was in the battalion commanded by Major Planche. I was yesterday attacked by my old friend the plague for the first time since I have been in town. I am very unwell today which is the reason for my not writing a longer letter. I imagine Henry will write you fully soon. The English have all cleared out and I do not suppose we shall be troubled with them again soon. Louisiana has done wonders. The British had landed within 8 miles of Town before it was known that they had landed at all which was done on the 23rd December. The Gun-Boats were taken on the 14th do. I send you a copy of a letter rec'd from my Father by this day's mail.

Your affectionate Brother

Edw. Palfrey

(Turn over)

... Copy of Jno Palfrey Esq. letter to E. Palfrey dated

Jan. 19, 1815.

Dear Edward:

As I have not been drafted I am now preparing to leave here for New Orleans to join some volunteer corps there, of course you may expect me soon after the receipt of this letter. While our country is in danger, I have no idea that any one capable of bearing arms should be backward in facing the Enemy. I shall leave here to morrow or next day. What route I am as yet uncertain.

With a hope of seeing you soon, I am my dear Son, Your Affectionate Father

(Signed) Jno Palfrey

[EDWARD TO HIS FATHER]

New Orleans, 17th Feb. 1815

Dear Father

Hoping you have arrived safe after a short and pleasant passage I have to inform you that we are daily in expectation of another attack from the Enemy. Messrs Shepherd and Livingston have not yet returned which looks very suspicious. There is a report in Town that there are a great number of vessels off Barataria. If they do come again as most people think they will, they will be received pretty much in the same way as

they were before. The British have attacked Georgia as you will see by today's paper I send you three Orleans *Gazettes* by the mail. If anything of consequence should transpire between now and next mail I shall inform you of it if not I shall not write. Give my love to all friends. Do not forget to send Rachel down.

Your affectionate Son

Edw. Palfrey

Mr. John Palfrey
Attakapas

[HENRY TO HIS FATHER]

Dear Father

New Orleans March 17, 1815

I wrote you last on the 3rd inst. since which I have received a letter from William dated Milton 19th Jan. 1815, he and George are well and as soon as peace takes place says he shall come out. Mr. Harmon wrote Mr. Pickard about a month ago to send them out in the Ship *Mexican* and Mr. Shepherd says that the *M.* must have left Boston about the last of Feby and of course I look for them the last of this month. Please write down word what you will have done with them when they arrive.

I send you by this mail the treaty of Peace which was ratified by the President of the U.S. on the 17th of last month. Mr. H. Randolph arrived yesterday from your place with Salt and Leather. Salt is now selling at 5 dollars pr bl. Mr. R. told me that he left New Town with Rachael and that she got away from him at Mr. Regnier's plantation and what surprised me most is that he never sent word back to you of it, if she has not returned, please make some enquiries respecting her, for I had rather loose a hundred dollars if I had it than loose her. I expect now to have enough to do. A Swedish ship arrived here yesterday in ballast. Mr. Touro is getting better though he is not able to walk about, a vessel of his left N. York on the 24th ulto. I wrote Mr. Randolph on last mail. Give my love to Major McCall's family and believe me to be Your Affectionate Son, Henry Palfrey.

Superfine Flour 10 dol; Cotton prime, 18 cts; Sugar 8½ and 9 [illegible] 17 cts per yd.

Most of these New Orleans letters are full of yellow fever, typhoid, cholera, and plague, sprinkled with crop and business failures and debts. Edward died of cholera after only a few years of constant illness. What the Louisiana lure could have been for so many of our promising Northern young men is hard to see, for one after another would hurry down, impelled by dreams of glory, to succumb in only a few months to one of these lethal pestilences, and no one, not even their anxious families, seemed to suspect the reason. Henry and William suffered at first like the rest, but gained immunity in the end, although they both lost their first wives, several children, and were constantly losing slaves.

After the war ended the third son, William, went south and the Harmons fell in love with him. They were persistent in wanting actually to adopt him, but to this his father never would agree, although he was delighted to have them board and lodge him free of charge. Before he settled down to business, however, his father gave him permission to carry out his childhood craving to go to sea, and for two years he went before the mast seeing, at one voyage, his Aunt Susan Lee, in Bordeaux, France. After two years before the mast, he had enough and joined in business with a Mr. William Taylor in New Orleans. He was made sheriff in the city court and appears to have taken a very honorable part in an adventure with an early lynching.

The next year, much against his brother Gorham's wishes, the youngest son, George, who was doing well in a Boston countinghouse, insisted upon joining the other three, and for a short time led a life of promise and enjoyment. He died of cholera in 1824, not before he had taken a creditable part in an affair of honor in which he showed gentlemanliness and courage.

[ISAAC BAKER TO J. PALFREY]

New Orleans

28th January 1824

Dear Sir:

Yesterday morning your Son George called on me about 11 o'clock and desired me to carry a challenge for him to Geo. W. Boyd who had just insulted him in a most outrageous manner before a number of respectable people. After ascertaining that the insult had been of such a nature as would ruin George in the good opinion of the world if he did not resent it I consented to act as his friend. At one o'clock the other party gave us notice that we must meet them at Livandais Plantation at 5 o'clock the same evening. The delay was much shorter than I expected and I had desired to give George an opportunity of practising, but we were at their mercy and had to go—Geo. accompanied by William, Major Wright of Rapide, Doctor Randolph and myself was on the ground before the time appointed. Boyd was accompanied by J. B. Gilley, John Brandt and Dr. S. Smith. At the first fire George was struck on the thigh and his adversary escaped unhurt. George however did not fall but told me he was ready and anxious for another fire. On examining the wound it was found to have grazed the thigh bone without any fracture and the bullet had taken a downward direction. The Physicians at once pronounced the wound by no means dangerous and feeling no disposition to indulge George in another trial, we brought him at once to Town—I saw him today and have heard from him this evening. He is doing as well as could be wished after the accident and has neither changed colour nor lost a particle of his usual flow of spirits.

I regret exceedingly dear Sir that it should have become necessary for George to risque his life and if the quarrel could have been properly settled without a fight my regard for you should have induced me to prevent it but the thing was inevitable. A quarrel broke out on the 8th of January after a good deal of negotiation and backing out Boyd and some of his friends to bolster up the credit it was supposed they had lost singled out George as a young man who would probably flinch. There never was a greater mistake. Boyd called him a malicious liar before several respectable persons and you will excuse George for not digesting it. I have seen a good deal of fighting of various kinds in my life but must

candidly acknowledge I never saw a man act with more coolness and courage than George did. He is a fine Boy and is greatly loved in this City. He has been something unfortunate in getting wounded, but it is the last time they will attempt to run over him. He is at his Brothers and will be well again in a few days. Henry was married a few nights since to a very fine woman but William will be at home again in a day or two and give you all the news.

Hoping you will approve of what I have done in regards to your son I remain with high regards yours truly.

Isaac L Baker

Near Plaquemine—30th March 1824. George was doing very well yesterday at 10 o'clock and is in no danger of being lamed by his accident. I am on my way to the Francionville for a day or two. Yours Truly I L B. (address) John Palfrey Esq. near St. Martinsville Attakapas. Mr. Rousseau will please send this to Mr. Palfrey without delay and oblige I. L. Baker.

[WILLIAM TO HENRY]

St. Martinsville, Nov. 1, 1824

Dear Henry,

Our friend W. has arrived safely and we shall use every means to make his stay pleasant and comfortable to him. Brewer leaves here on Thursday next and can give you any information that I may omit in my letter.

I have lately been a good deal harassed by an opposition which is forming against me for the situation of Sheriff at the next vacancy. The origin of the opposition may be traced to an affair which took place here about two months ago, and of which you may not have heard, though it has produced a good deal of excitement on the west of the Mississippi, and had it turned out differently would have produced serious consequences. About two months ago, a negro man belonging to Mr. Dubuchet (the person with whom George lived 9 years ago) was brought to the Jail, charged with having made an attempt to *produce poison* to poison his mistress and the Overseer of Mr. D.'s Plantation. Two days after,

he was tried by a competent Jury, and condemned to hard labor for life. The sentence was received by the connexions of Mr. D. as being too mild for his case, and as they are extremely numerous and being nearly all present, they raised a clatter that would almost have waked the dead. You are aware that these people are extremely noisy, are seldom guided by reason, and that they consist of the families of De Blanc, Delabousage, Pellerin, St. Mary etc. etc. They went so far [when] the Court adjourned, to avow their intention of hanging the negro themselves, since the law was not sufficiently severe to admit of it in any other way. They initiated a subscription paper, by which the subscribers bound *their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour* to carry their resolution of hanging him into effect. I saw they were irritated very much, but I did not think they would be so foolhardy as to attempt violence and therefore gave myself no trouble about it. I however went so far as to abandon an intention I had previously formed of setting off up the Bayou Teche on business, and concluded to remain in the Village and see the thing to its end. I was sitting in my Office in the afternoon, thinking of what was best to be done, when I received a visit that brought me to an immediate decision.

Mr. Benoit De St. Clair who you know, has always been my particular friend, and also to whom I consider myself under undeniable obligation, came to tell me that he was sent by a large number of Planters (*habitus*) to request me to absent myself the following day for a *particular purpose*, alleging that no one would ever know of our interview, and that I might make business an excuse for going away, and that my honor was perfectly safe in his hands etc. etc. I answered that it was my duty generally to keep the peace in my Parish, and I was bound to hinder acts of violence of any description,—and that in this case I was particularly called on, as being in the eye of the Law, the keeper of the Prison of the Parish, *it was my absolute duty*, to defend it by all means in my power against any attack. I concluded by telling him that I was resolved to defend the prison to the last moment. He replied that my presence would be no obstacle. I saw immediately that my gentleman was not pleased, but as it was not a moment to reflect about who I was offending and who I was not, I set immediately about my preparations for defense. I called

on the Mayor (Mr. Gary) and requested a double patrol for the night which he ordered out with great alacrity.

I went to Capt. Easton and desired him to order out his company of Militia, but in conversing on the subject more fully, I concluded to call them out myself as a *pape comitatu* on the following morning, it being now too late in the evening. I was up all night with the patrol, and the next morning early set about assembling my posse. I was informed that the [insurgents] were assembling very fast about a mile from the village, and accordingly I made all haste to get my men together. At 10 A.M. I had about fifteen. I was now told by my Scouts that the *insurgents* were but to the number of about 40 and were coming in fast. I had great reliance on the justice of my cause as well as the courage of my men, as they all appeared ready and willing to do their best, and with a few exceptions, came well armed for that purpose, but as the odds were overwhelming, I determined to avail myself of a [illegible] (3 pounder) which was in the village, and accordingly had it hauled to the *Seat of War*. I loaded it with iron spikes and old iron slugs picked up in the blacksmith's shop and had several extra cartridges made for several fires. My men continued to throng in to the number of about 35, and I had them in line and was inspecting this army, when I received a message from the Mayor who requested me to come to his Office as there was a committee or *flag of truce* from the Insurgents waiting to see me.

I went and was surprised to find old Mr. De Blanc, the *ex-Senator*, Mr. Neville, De Clonet, *present Senator*, my *Father-in-law that was to have been*; and my old friend Mr. Benoit De St. Clair. They received me very formally, which reception was reciprocated, and Mr. De Blanc, being the oldest man, opened the talk. He observed that the negro who had been tried the day before merited death, that the law had been too mild for his case, and that they had assembled for the purpose of making an example of him. That they were ready, if I would give him up, to enter into a Bond of Indemnification to stand between me and all consequences, and laid considerable stress on their being my friends and would never advise me to any thing wrong, and that I should make a great many enemies if I refused. I answered as you may suppose, that I should pay no attention to who were my friends or who were my enemies, that I

consulted nothing but my oath of Office and the "duty" which it enjoined and that I should stand by my Jail *to the last drop of my blood* and Mr. Neville and Mr. Benoit followed in the deliberation, but their arguments were of no avail. The truce broke up, I returned to my troops and they returned to theirs. It is proper to tell you that the Marshal of the Western District was taken prisoner by them in the morning upon his going to desire to disperse. I had my little army divided into the three grand military divisions of Artillery, infantry and cavalry, the latter being employed as scouts or reconnoitering parties.

I was informed by my Scouts that upon the return of the *flag of truce*, the *insurgents* after a short consultation, dispersed. They by this time had assembled to the number of about 70 and the most of them were well armed. I continued my guard on duty until 11 o'clock of the following night, when, without the knowledge of more than three or four I sent off the negro to New Orleans, where he is to this day, thank the Lord.

Thus ended an affair, in the conducting of which I have nothing to reproach myself, but which has tended to make all the numerous connexions of that extensive family, my determined foes. Although in the nature of things they would have most certainly been ruined had they succeeded yet they are ashamed and mad at their defeat and are determined to make a sacrifice of me if they can. Mr. Neville and Mr. Benoit are as much [illegible] as any of them, and I am not sure but Mr. N.'s anger may have an earlier date than this business, though this may serve as a pretext.

For further particulars of the campaign you can apply to Brewer, or for greater correctness to Mr. Lepretre of the firm of Lepretre and Aubert, who was on the ground nearly the whole time.

They have set up Mr. Olivier Dubuchet, *my uncle that was to have been*, and have been very industrious in getting signatures. I have, however, as many as he, and the two representatives are in my favour, as also the Bench and Bar. I am under no apprehension whatever and yet the thing harasses me. Love to Sarah, etc. etc.

Yrs.

W. T. P.

After graduating from college, Gorham put his most serious thought into the most serious subject a young man can contemplate: that of choosing his profession. He had won, by his reputation of a scholar and character of integrity, the notice of the wisest counselors, who gladly gave him their advice; so, after due deliberation, he entered the Harvard Divinity School with his characteristic zeal and intelligence, earned a little extra money by proctoring in Holworthy Hall, graduated, again with the highest honors, and thus began his parochial career.

In July, 1816, the vacation after his first year at the Divinity School, he went by brig to Louisiana to visit his father and brothers. "I spent 12 days with my father at his plantation at Attakapas. He was living in primitive style. His house, a log cabin, had formerly been his stable before he went away to Newtown to make salt during the War. Its 1 room was parlor, kitchen, and bedroom for himself, me, and my brother George. The plantation was in the midst of a very ordinary population, French Creoles predominated, largely interspersed with Mulattoes." Gorham became intensely moved by the slave situation all around him, but in spite of his deep concern with life's problems that beset him at every turn, he seems at heart to have been a normal, wholesome boy of twenty, as this letter from his erstwhile roommate shows.

[JOHN LOWELL TO J. G. PALFREY]

March 8th, 1816

Dear Gorham:

I presume you have by this time received mine of the 29th ult. in which I mentioned that my scruples with regard to the arrival of my letter, were counterbalanced by the tempting opportunity of a vessel direct for N. Orleans. But when I had finished it and ran down to the Mer-

chants' Hall, I found that the letterbag had that morning been taken away, and that the ship had actually hauled down into the Stream. Irritated with this intelligence I hurried to the wharf and leaping into a boat, pursued the fugitive. But, alas! I soon found, that a brisk breeze impelled the vessel, more swiftly than a pair of stout oars "impelled" my boat, and I returned with the consoling reflection, that I had paid 25 cts for nothing, a sum, which I assured you, I had a great mind to charge under the head of "*Charity*" in the petty Cash book of *KB&S*. I sent it however by post.

How strangely is the situation of things changed since that glorious day, the 30th of August. Our class, the hope of America, the glory of the world, is dispersed to the four corners of the globe. I positively do not see a classmate once in 6 weeks, and when I hear of them, it is as of some obscure individual, whom nobody knows. How are the mighty fallen!

By the by, I hear our friend Steven Everett, has removed to Cambridge, under the happy and respectable character (I quote you) of a resident graduate. I call him friend; not that I am on any terms of intimacy with him; but because he is one of those very few, of my College acquaintances, whose manners or character, have conciliated my esteem or affection. That stout puller, Elisha Fuller, [illegible . . .] has succeeded the Rev. F. Brosius [illegible], in the capacity of private Mathematical instructor. Bill Stevenson, who regrets the cares and amusements of a collegiate life declared to me this morning, his resolution of going up to Cambridge, some day this week, to join our "*Reverend resident brethren*," in a rubber of Whist. Don't neglect to write. Excuse my haste, as our busy season has just commenced.

Your affectionate Chum

J. A. Lowell

P.S. You will think the length of my paper extraordinary, but the truth is, after I began to write, a customer came in, and to make out his bill, I took the liberty to abridge the length of the sheet, destined for the correspondence. Admire my mercantile economy! W. H. Gardiner has paid me for my Enfield; \$5.00.

On his way back from New Orleans Gorham visited various friends in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, and returned to Cambridge in the autumn with much to think about. He renewed his divinity studies, "Confined myself so closely that for 10 or 11 weeks I did not go once to Boston, and read the whole Bible carefully, making notes for future study." In 1818 he was ordained minister of the Brattle Street Church in Boston, with a living salary, a substantial and erudite congregation, a delightful parsonage on near-by Court Street, and the prospect of a secure and absorbing future ahead of him. "How they came to choose me for their minister I cannot tell. They had been without a minister for three years and one-half and were impatient to be again provided. . . . They had heard good accounts of me, and perhaps discerned some signs of promise and they took me upon trust—my preparation for the practical duties of the sacred office was imperfect; so imperfect was it, that my assuming the office at the time was extremely rash. . . . The Society in Brattle Street was the largest Congregational Society in Boston . . . and contained a much larger number than any other of the people of note for property, office, birth, and culture. To them I presented myself—a boy of 22, to be their leader in the highest department of thought. Fresh from college, I knew of the world as near as possible to nothing." He was full of misgivings and discouragements; found sermon writing difficult, "arising from the want of the appropriate mental furniture," but he was ambitious and, of course, conscientious, working into the small hours of the night, often tearing up his results the next morning, taking his parish calls very seriously, working laboriously to improve his faults, and succeeding, in spite of his misgivings, in satisfying his discriminating and hypercritical committee from first to last. His autobiography says:



No. 4. *Brattle Street Church, Boston*

Society in Boston at this time was eminently virtuous, enlightened, cultivated, and elegant. People had not yet begun to grow mad about money and show. The ancient, simple style and manners yet prevailed. The tone of society, without cant, was generally religious. The influence of that class of ministers in which Mr. Channing and Mr. Buckminster were eminent had operated widely and effectively in carrying Christianity in its right and pure interpretation to be recognized as strengthening and cheering nourishment for the mind as well as the soul and bringing it to the blend easily with everything in character, sentiment, manners, culture and life that was worthy, elevated, honorable, delicate and graceful. One might talk in a ball-room with the evening's belle on a most substantial subject of thought, nor would she be in the slightest degree impatient, nor led away from her common train of reflection, nor would the *bien-Séance* of the Scene be at all intruded on. The men of consequence in the state were the men of activity in the church. The prominent families were glad to have a son become a clergyman. Distinction in scholarship at Cambridge immediately ensured a cordial welcome into the best society in Boston. A young man who did well at college had made his fortune if he was but afterwards true to himself and did not allow himself to be spoiled. Strange as it may now seem (1881) the young scholars, not the young heirs, were the young aristocracy. . . .

The style of entertainment was, of course, on the whole, less sumptuous than in these times of greater wealth. But in some respects it was more so. For instance, at a great ball the whole company would sometimes sit down together at supper most of the houses being disfurnished for the purpose. French wines were little in use. The first time that I ever heard of champagne was when a few bottles were bought at the cost of six dollars a bottle for a Porcellian dinner in 1815. Dinner parties were more frequent then than I suppose them to be now and the host's minister was always expected to be a guest and to ask the blessing on sitting down and return thanks (all rising) when the cloth had been removed and the port and madeira placed. This wine was the great luxury and the dinner givers spent upon it freely and discussed largely the history and the quality of each brand. Before dinner there used to be on a sideboard a variety of distilled liquors but I never observed that it was much resorted to.

And so we leave him for a little while, an eligible and much sought-after young bachelor, handsome, charming, brilliant, polished, witty, earnest, and established in an enviable position; calling conscientiously but joyfully on his parishioners by day, working over his sermons far into the night, and going out to evening parties in the lavish society of the city, a familiar and welcome guest passing up and down the Bulfinch staircases, bowing low over the jewelled hands under the candle-lit crystal chandeliers, and preaching from his pulpit on Sunday in his black satin knee-breeches, long silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

We go around the corner from Court Street to Somerset Place where lives his future wife, Mary Ann Hammond, and take up her story from the beginning to bring it appropriately up to this date.

Mary Ann Hammond, 1800-1898

THE Hammond family came from even purer English stock than the Palfreys, with no Huguenot strain to vary it. Their forbears were farmers and landowners from the part of Brookline which is now Chestnut Hill, and the present Hammond Street and Hammond's Pond derived their names from the Hammond estate, Rosemont, which extended widely over that region. Samuel Hammond was a prosperous man of business, dabbling in real estate, and shipping in a limited and discreet way, never getting involved in the great fortunes or the greater losses of his colleagues of that dramatic era, but his business head seems to have been judicious, wise, and sound. Rosemont, his country place, must have been moderately luxurious, as there were extensive gardens, greenhouses, saddle horses, and plenty of servants. His town house, the corner of Allston Street and Somerset Place, was one of a row which he built himself in 1787 as a real estate venture on the so-called "Rope-Walk" just back of the State House.

His wife was Sarah Dawes, sister of William, the running mate of Paul Revere. Dawes rode south on the nineteenth of April in '75 and got no poem for his pains because the British chose the northern route, and Longfellow immortalized Revere instead. But his little sister, Sarah, almost immortalized him in a very different way, and nearly gave away the secret, as described in this early newspaper account. She must have had her childish wits about her at an early age.

At the opening of our Revolutionary War, Boston was an island, having connection with the mainland only by a bridge at the south end, over the creek which formed the division between Boston and Roxbury.

One morning the guard at this bridge stopped a plainly dressed young man who wished to pass over to Roxbury; but he still stayed in the vicinity, and the officer in charge gave orders to watch him. As the day wore on the man appeared to become discouraged; and he wandered away to Dock square and Ann [North] street. Here he followed about after the relief guard for the bridge, which went on in the afternoon. He appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, but not offensive.

As he followed after the guard past a house near Dock square, a little girl at a window called loudly, "Brother Billy! Brother Billy!" The young fellow made no reply, but continued on after the guard to the bridge, where he was again stopped by the relief. But he hung about the gate, seeming to grow more and more drunken. Finally, to save the trouble of putting him under guard, they let him pass out toward his home, as they supposed.

Having reeled along the road out of sight of the guard the young man straightened up and walked on with remarkable quickness to a place where he obtained a horse; and, by hard riding, he reached Worcester that night, where his wife had been anxiously watching for him many days.

The man was William Dawes, whose ancestors came over from England with the first large company of Puritans.

It will interest some to learn that the little girl who so endangered "Brother Billy" by her recognition was his youngest sister; and that her daughter is still affectionately remembered as the wife of Rev. John G. Palfrey, author of the large history of New England.

Samuel and Sarah Hammond had nine children. It was a lively, united, vital family: John, Charles, Hannah, Mary Ann, Sam. Jr., Sarah, Catherine, William, and Almira, the glamour-girl of the town. They were devoted and reverential to their parents to whom they never ceased to express dutiful gratitude; the

parents, on their part, never ceased to shower their children impartially with kindnesses, consideration, and constant and unselfish concern. They were all affectionate, demonstrative, articulate, enthusiastic, and filled with the curiosity of life. It must have been a very merry household, with the mother and father sharing in the various activities all at once. Their mother was absent-minded, as well she might be in the confusion of so many simultaneous and diversified appeals. Her daughters laughingly said that she never could remember their names separately, but whenever she wanted one of them she would call "Hannah, Mary Ann, Sarah, Catherine, Almira — What's-your-name, come here for a minute," and they all came! It is an easy family to visualize, living in modest luxury in their four-square Beacon Hill house in winter, sleighing with their own coachman and pair, or driving in the family coach out to Rosemont for the day in spring when the weather was fine, to inspect the gardens and farm; Mr. Hammond was driven downtown to his business every morning, and when notes had to be delivered in the neighborhood the family hurried to catch the coachman before he left. The boys were all gay blades, each having their trading ventures with their own ships, and their mother watched and worried accordingly. John, the eldest, an extraordinarily handsome man, and a great beau, left Boston early, took up business in various places, and died, unmarried, in middle life. Charles, also unmarried, was a sport, a *bon vivant*, with his cruising boat and shooting and fishing place in Chatham on Cape Cod, driving his fast horses and sleigh over the Mill-Dam in winter, keeping gamecocks in his stable back of Beacon Street, and frequenting the Somerset Club which was then just around the block at the corner of Somerset and Beacon Streets. He was a jolly, affectionate, and much-beloved uncle to all his nephews and nieces,

playing with them when they were babies and giving them presents; when they were older, he took them cruising on his yacht, or on shooting trips in Chatham on Cape Cod; he died in his sixties, sincerely mourned by the younger generation.

Hannah, the eldest daughter, was handsome and distinguished, a great belle, and married Nathaniel Pope Russell, the widower of her cousin, Sarah Tidd. They lived at 32 Beacon Street, had three children, Samuel, Mary Ann, and Nathaniel. Mary Ann (Hammond) and Hannah seem to have been especially intimate in their early lives, both naming their daughters for each other. In later years, however, the intimacy seems to have waned. I suspect Hannah's husband may not have continued to be as congenial as he seems to have been at first, which perhaps was the cause of the coolness, for there were hints of his difficult temperament, acute mental depression, which ended in his suicide by drowning in Nahant; but her children, especially Mary, figure continuously in the family chronicles and were always closely and pleasantly connected.

Samuel Jr. married the daughter of Gardiner Greene, the famous Boston magnate, prospered, and sired the various Hammonds who exist today. Sarah, not as gay as the others and more of a homebody, died before she was twenty. William went to Harvard, and his sister Mary Ann wrote of him "William is at home for a whole fortnight. From his conversation, I should judge that the study of horses had been his occupation at the University." He died in Cuba at the age of twenty-nine, unmarried.

Catherine seems to have been all that was expected of a woman of her background, dutiful, conscientious, but not particularly outstanding. She married John Gibson, who died soon after his two sons were born; they were Charles and Gardiner. The latter, the better of the two, was lost at sea in a voyage around the world,

and his mother never ceased to mourn inordinately for him.

Almira was the family beauty and a good deal younger. She used her wiles early and was always getting into complicated situations with her lovers, of whom there were countless numbers. She was an affectionate daughter and sister and was devotedly fond of her nephews and nieces, especially when they were tiny babies, playing with them in their nurseries and often from pure affection taking them into her own great feather bed for a night. She was always a bit of a problem to her family with her frivolity, her fickleness, and her high-stepping quest after adventure, and her misdemeanor was never explained or referred to by posterity, but her young descendants always cherished a delicious legend of hidden wickedness which remained forever buried. What her sins were, I have never been able to find out, so discreet was her family and complete its silence, but there was always a fascinating mystery connected with her, and the children of the next generation gazed furtively up at one of the portraits (of which, I believe, there were seven) of their "black sheep" aunt and never dared ask what it was she did! What I do know she did, however, was to be engaged to several beaux at one time, leave them all for a visit to Quebec, have a passionate affair with an impecunious Frenchman, a Monsieur de Bouchette, send him packing back to France, and finally marry Walter Green, a rich New York businessman, in an eminently respectable way, making him a brilliant and faithful wife for ten or twelve years in their elegant New York establishment, bearing him a son and daughter, and dying at the age of thirty-seven of consumption, leaving a colorful memory behind her. Whatever her sins may have been, she lived them down, and I suspect, had she committed them today, they might have been considered disappointingly tame in the light of the present generation!

So here is the setting for Mary Ann, third child of this large and colorful family. She went to a fashionable school for young ladies, and, contrary to the current understanding of the education of women of that period, she wrote there this rather surprising little essay on the subject.

MR. EDITOR.

1816

Like a provincialist at Rome I am pleased with all that I see and hear in the metropolis of New England, with its natural and artificial beauties, its mind, and manner, its taste and hospitality—and I have been specially charmed with the examination of the schollars under the tuition of Dr. Park, which took place at his residence on Friday last. These young ladies exhibited in their various studies singular promptness and accuracy. They appeared at home in every part, and every age of the world. Conversant not only with the eternal lines which the Almighty has drawn upon it, they knew all the arbitrary divisions that mankind have made, its states and empires, its sects, and schools and the periods of their celebrity, the march of its warriors in quest of empire, and the track of its philosophers in pursuit of truth. So correct was their acquaintance with history and chronology in particular, that you would suppose them to have lived in the times they attended to, and on seeing them would wonder how antiquity could look so youthful. Some of them translated the French, and Latin languages with great ease, and elegance. I never heard the first when it seemed so innocent, nor the last when it sounded so sweetly. I have found everywhere the “*dulce videntum*” but nowhere before the “*dulce loquentum*” of Horace. The specimens of their english [*sic*] compositions were meritorious. Many a scholar might have been shamed and every scholar would have exulted in the early proficiency of these young ladies in studies which altho’ not generally embraced in female education, place woman where she ought to be at the side of man. What is there in knowledge that it cannot be entrusted to innocence? Why

should not the Muses of the old world form an intimacy with the graces of the new? What is happiness but sympathy and what is sympathy with ignorance? It is too fashionable to regard females as adjectives, untaught to stand alone, they must be content like the vine to lean and creep. Cannot affection exist without commencing in pity? Cannot we have the granite's firmness with the lily's growth? It is delightful to see ladies mingling on the arena of letters. They bring courtesy into its contents impart to its weapons their own brightness, and polish, and breathe on its chaplets their freshness, and fragrance. With some such sweet memorial the pupils of this seminary will grace their Preceptor. How happy must he be who can display so much mental statuary in alliance with so many of the beauties of nature. For my part I would not exchange that native collection of intellectual sweets for all the flowers, and fruits that meet in surprise and flourish in exile under the kind hospitality of Professor Peck.

She was not a beauty, but had that more elusive quality, charm; was tall, with a willowy figure, and an outstanding wit that sometimes got her into trouble. She was an inveterate mimic and could throw the company into gales of laughter by indulging too freely in the practice. One time, especially, at table in a boarding-house with her two older daughters, she insisted upon eating the entire meal and conversing hilariously in imitation of someone she had just seen who was toothless; the girls couldn't stop her, and were covered with confusion. She had a gentle, but completely contagious "belly-laugh," which was intermittent all the while she was telling a story. She was a belle, loved parties, pretty clothes, and flirtation, but most of all, she loved her family and was happiest in their circle, whether in town, immersed in the obligations of society, or in the gardens at Rosemont, where she was an early riser, often riding horseback at half past five in the morning, studying hard at her French composition, romping

with her brothers and sisters, going to innumerable parties, flirting with elaborate decorum, a much sought after, high-spirited young girl. Two of the following letters are samples of a flirtation of the early 1800's.

[TO MISS HAMMOND]

Mr. Apthorp's respects to Miss Hammond and requests her acceptance of the Book accompanying this, as a poor discharge of the debt he incurred a few evenings since. He begs leave to apologise for having exercised the prerogative of choice in the selection of a New Year's Gift which of right belonged to Miss Hammond; but a despair of learning her decision upon the subject, and the near approach of 1820, induced him to take that liberty and must be his excuse, as he makes it a rule to settle all accounts at the end of the year—That each Season may open some new prospect of happiness to Miss Hammond, and that she may enjoy many a happy New Year, is the sincere wish of her Hble. Servt. December 31st 1819.

[TO MARY ANN]

Friday June 29th 1816

Will my dear M. accept the enclosed trifle expressive of the affection of her friend. Its intrinsic value is small but as commemorative of friendship, it will I hope be acceptable. If you should ever visit the solitary shores of Marblehead remember that there is one there to whom a visit from you will be highly gratifying;

May you my dear friend pass through life unruffled by care—sorrow or adversity—and may your exit from it be peaceful serene and happy.

Your friend R.

[HER BROTHER CHARLES TO MARY ANN]

Dear Patty

Baltimore Nov. 8, 1817

I am so much pleased with my present situation, that I am undeter-

mined when I shall leave this for Boston. As I came here to be polished, you may readily suppose that 3 or 4 weeks must make a great alteration. I have become quite a *Ladies* man, always visiting, forenoon and afternoon, the finest girls here in the Universe, passed last evening, (not the first however) with a Young Lady from Essex, blooming as the *opening Rose*. I flatter myself she smiled upon me. Mrs. Rob't Osgood is one of the finest women I ever met with. I go there seven times a week *sometimes ten*, do not be suspicious. It is customary here for bridegrooms to give a punch drinking as I wrote Hannah. I did myself the pleasure to attend one, being introduced by a Friend, who gave me an invitation to a dancing party given by his Sister, who was bridesmaid on the occasion, passed a delightful evening there, never saw such a collection of fascinating beauties in my life, have got another invitation from the bridesman, I suppose you call him, which is to a much larger and more brilliant party than the other.

The State of Society here, is very different and much more pleas. to Strangers, less formality and more sociability among the fair, than in Boston, there, their bodies are skewered and their mouths pursed up, thinking over their prayers or their future state which is all very well in its season, here they are free and easy and a stranger needs no other recommendation than respectability, to the acquaintance of the most respectable part of the community. My time has been so much occupied by pleasure, that I have not devoted much time to reflections or business. I do not find a suitable partner here, and have pretty much given up the idea of settling here, tho' I could live as happily here, as anywhere. I have some thoughts of fixing upon N. York, but shall not make up my mind fully till I get home. I suppose Father has given George to understand my sentiments with respect to his qualifications as a merchant, a deficiency in which, is the only objection I have to the connection. I feel rather delicate about writing him on the subject, but shall, I wish I had given him my mind fully, before I left, because he might have made some other arrangement; by the by, I have been twice to Coolidges and delivered the presents, Mr. Coolidge thought I must be mistaken in the article, as *they had no occasion for such things*. Mr. Newman is well and desires his regards particularly to you and the family. He is a young man

after my own heart; ingenuous, unassuming, polite and very attentive, says he is not forgetful of the title you conferred upon him. John is well, and appears the same as he used to, but has rather an exalted opinion of himself or rather has had, but is getting over it, or rather above it, which I am very happy to see, there is still room for improvement in *all of us*, (myself not excepted). I received a letter from Hannah giving me a long disquisition about her [paper torn] and my gallantry. Tell her I will hand her into a chaise with a witness, if she will only let me. I should like to hear from some of you occasionally, letting us know the state of affections there be, whether Boston is likely to be lively this winter, whether the Gentlemen are particularly attentive to *anybody*, and matters of that kind you know, which will always be acceptable by

Your affectionate Brother

Charles

[MARY ANN TO HER SISTER HANNAH]

1818

. . . Last evening we had a splendid time indeed—was introduced to Mr. Ticknor and Norton danced with the former and never had a more agreeable partner for why I can't tell but from the first moment that he was introduced I felt as if I had known for years—think he must be a congenial spirit or possess some secret spell. You recollect I suppose some instances of this kind in some one of the many novels you have read. I believe they call it an invisible charm but I always thought it confined itself to heroines and never expected to meet it in real life. Mr. Gould says he is coming for me to attend him to call on y'r lady ship. S. Gray says he is going to send to Jamaica for a flamingo for me! only think—I forgot to say that as Mr. Norton has been a ministering scout he *didn't shake the foot last evening* any more than some others I can mention. Mrs. J. Gray said she was coming very soon to see me. O! I had a capital time upon my word. I heartily regretted not seeing you among other *friends*, the ladies looked beautifully and the gentlemen were never more agreeable. I staid [*sic*] about an hour and a half. Had a plenty of dancing for comfort today. I do love to dance Hannah yet, but don't always mean to indulge in it, 'tis of no use but *while I'm single* feel somewhat justified

in following my inclination in this particular because I am going to give it up bye and bye—and I think I can then without much or any regret. This is my own whim so don't think any body has been trying to influence me for on the contrary I'm told to dance always if I like. . . .

The year she came out into society her sisters, Hannah and Sarah, went on a gay visit to Baltimore, where their brothers, John and Charles, were temporarily in business. How gay that visit was, especially for Hannah, these volatile letters explain. Gorham Palfrey was also in Baltimore at this time attending the ordination ceremonies of his friend Sparks in that city, and facetious allusions were going through the mails, and blushes were rife!

[SARAH TO HER MOTHER]

My dear Mother

Hannah has proved herself so *flippant* that there is nothing left for poor me to say excepting if you can ever wish to see her again you will order her to come immediately for she is carrying on I can't tell [how] a house full of gentlemen—is *Miss Hammond at home is the cry*. I felt quite chagrined yesterday on being summoned down to see John, and there I found a room full of *gent.* it occasioned quite a "*perplexity in my head.*" I feel as if I was on the road to ruin. She "pretends" to laugh at C. Weld if I had room and time I would tell you all about it. . . . The bell rings is Miss Hammond at home it is repeated. . . .

[SARAH TO HER SISTERS]

Sunday morn. April 20, 1818

. . . Oh My dear girls I cannot refrain breathing a wish sometimes, I suppose you know who it is, although I endeavor to content myself I cannot find any place so sweet as home that precious place I always

thought I valued it sufficiently but if ever I reach it again it will be doubly sweet. After reading Hannah's letter you will have reason to suppose I wished myself there, my poor nerves [were] shattered well, although I flatter myself I have behaved pretty well under the trying scenes, some of them were terrific indeed but we seem to have been preserved from danger thus far and keep up my spirits in hopes we shall return to you in safety and health. I should like to look in upon you, if I dwell upon this subject I shall be homesick indeed. Oh what a feeling, away with it, I will not be so foolish. . . .

[HANNAH TO MISS HAMMOND]

I have just read over Sarah's melancholy letter and I feel quite provoked that it is not more in unison with her feelings, she enjoys herself very well. I'm sure she means to make you think her very affectionate I believe. . . . hope to meet Bridget [their nickname for J. G. Palfrey] at Phi. "I'll warrant it," methinks I hear you say—but after reading Sarah's account of my *beau Lamb*, you can't think I have any selfish motive in the wish—I wish I could give you a picture of our Stage company from Boston to Norwich, you know not what a medley there was—we took up one passenger in Cornhill, a great hearty Scotchman, named Hulme—his face was a combination of Ann Bent's, [Mr.] Bells, and Doct. Butler,—which you may well think formed a ludicrous expression—he was vastly amusing—kept us in a high frolick all the time. Another one's name was Richardson from Watertown I believe—he came squaring up to Sarah and I telling us he knew us very well, he too was quite amusing just such another as *our Gibbs* full of chat, and humour but so illiterate I never knew one, every thing was most *pleasantest*—most interesting to you—We had a most delightful visit there, Mr. and one of his neighbors wife meeting with an accident of having her leg accidentally blown off by a gun which was laying upon the floor—Sarah and myself were quite nonplus' we could not avoid laughing but owing to the depths of our *foreparts* we were enabled to titter among ourselves at their expense quite frequently—you will think me a great goose for

writing all this stuff—the want of better ideas alone must apologize—give my love to all, and write me very soon.

Yours H

[HANNAH TO MARY ANN]

Baltimore, 26th April, 1819

Here we are my dearest Mary Anne all safely and soundly landed at my Lady Mickle's—, Market St. You will wonder perhaps at our not being at Mrs. Mars', but John tells us she never admits lady's [*sic*] and her house is too much resorted to by Gentlemen to render it pleasant to us. We therefore followed Mr. Mareau's advice in coming here, 'tis the same Lady Louisa resided with. We find her extremely kind and our situation very pleasant. I declare my *dear friend* I have so much to say to you all I do not know where to begin. With your permission I will lead you to New York and proceed circumstancially [*sic*] as I think will be most interesting to you—We had a most delightful visit there, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond were very polite to us. Mrs. Hammond is one of the most lovely and elegant women I ever met with—she gave us a very pressing invitation to visit her upon our return said she should depend upon our passing some time with her at her Country Seat a few miles from the City. We are quite inclined to accept her request as I am sure of securing to ourselves an honour in her acquaintance. Gen. Stevens's family were extremely attentive to us, we took tea with them on Tuesday evening last, and accompanied them to a most delightful Concert at the City Hotel, where we had a fine opportunity of seeing all the beauty and fashion of the place—they likewise invited us *very cordially* to spend sometime with them on our return. Mr. and Mrs. Newman called upon us—we have several visits in reversion which I anticipate with much pleasure. Will you believe me, Mary Anne, when I tell you I left New York with regret. Our time passed most pleasantly there and it was so delightful to feel at home for a few days. We protracted our stay there till Wednesday morning when I reluctantly seated myself in the Poste Chaise which soon whirled us to the famous city of Phil.—almost the first object that met our view there was our beloved John—he came on

purpose to meet us—you can better judge than I describe the effect of such a surprise. He appears in perfect health and fine spirits—seems delighted to see us, and has devoted himself entirely to us. We left Phil. on Friday morning, met Palfrey on board steamboat. He gave us your invaluable letters which I fear I received with an eager grace. Oh my dear friends, what a rich repast they afforded us. I scampered into the Cabin and read and read them till I could say them by heart. I then went on deck and endeavored to *pacify* the longing desire of poor Bridget—he teases me to death to let him see your letter which I certainly should have done had you not discoursed so freely upon the immensity of my shoulders—or rather upon the *wonderful vacance* in our nest. Thinking he might possibly be discouraged from encountering such an *Elephant* I very wisely determined he should not see it, but by some means or other he read [Cate's] note and seemed much amused with it. She must settle the matter with John, he show'd it him. We arrived in Baltimore early Saturday morning, and as soon as we got our eyes open and upon deck, Newman came hopping down, he was quite beside himself for a few moments I thought he would have devoured poor [illegible]—he has not altered in the least except in the accumulation of [down] upon his speaking countenance—he waited on us to our lodgings and has been a constant visitor ever since, he wondered “Miss Mary Anne did not come with us,” etc.—he asks me about ten times a day how Mother's health is and how I like Baltimore. We have had two or three levees since our arrival. On Saturday as soon as I was dressed I was called down. Sarah took it into her head to go to sleep and I was obliged to sally forth quite alone, judge of my distressed situation upon entering the parlor and finding a host of Gentlemen, and being kissed by that confounded Bill Coolidge before the whole. I, however, soon regained my firmness and maidenly dignity and passed away an hour in social chit-chat. After they were gone I sat me down to pour out my soul in grateful acknowledgement to you all for your [treat] by Palfrey, when I was interrupted by other visitors. Mrs. Phillips called on us, [Mrs. Ingersoll's cousin] was very kind, offered us the use of her carriage etc. She had scarcely made her *congee*, when in poked Newman for us to walk—we put on our bonnets and went out to view the new Church, which of all

things is the most splendid I ever saw—must forego a description till I see you. There we met Palfrey, and Mr. Osgood. We called on Mrs. Osgood on our way home, who had previously invited us to make her house our home. We declined her kind offer thinking it would be too great a liberty to indulge. Palfrey stays there, they are delighted with him—in fact the whole City is in an uproar—he gave *three* of his finest sermons yesterday, but the opposition to the poor *Independents* is such that I understood there was to be an evening service in every Church throughout the City in order to withdraw the attention from so celebrated an advocate as *Bridget*—but the house was filled in the evening—I never observed such strict attention as everyone manifested, you might have heard a pin drop, there was such a stillness—people appeared astonished—as well for us that Palfrey is stationary or I am sure they would keep him here. I have seen him often, he appeared quite exhausted last evening, 'twas too much for him to preach all day and evening too. We had lots of visitors yesterday, all Mrs. Mars' boarders came up in a body—Lemon, Maseau and Mary—Bend, Dall, Barnard etc. etc.—we took tea yesterday with Mrs. H. Osgood—they are both lovely women, particularly Mrs. Robert—we expect several visitors this morning will give you an account of them in my next. I wish you to see C. W. C. and say to her I met with her *particular friend* in N. York William [Stevens] He is quite anxious to take an *aerial excursion* on an *errand of inspiration* but cannot think of engaging in the expedition without *her permission*. I little suspected her of carrying on such a sly game—she seems indeed quite the *arbiter of his fate*—he will ascend in *my train*—provided *she* permits it—tell *her* not to be *jealous* for if I take the *trouble* of him 'twill only be in order to make him more *worthy if possible* of her *estimable* self. I wish she would write to me—that I might have some plea for indulging myself in answering it. I can promise her a very interesting postscript from a certain *gent.* that is longing to pour out his *soul* at her feet—*tease her well* Mary Anne—I am quite provoked that she has kept us so long in the dark—dear me how time flies when *pleasantly employed* 'tis time to dress and I shall be obliged to say good bye do give my best love to our dear parents, and the rest of you *all*—I long to see you—*but am not homesick*

[HANNAH TO HER SISTERS]

Baltimore

May 6, 1819

I must commence my letter with *regrets* dear Girls, that I am unable to write you all separately, as was my full intention by Mr. Boyce (he heard of this) but his unexpected departure prevented this much wished for pleasure. We leave here for Washington in an hour or two accompanied by several pleasant people. Many of the clergy are going on, which will render it more pleasant to us—the day is fine and promises us much pleasure, in fact every thing seems to have combined for our comfort since we left you we only need your *dear selves* among us to make our situation completely enviable. Yesterday was the great Ordination. I say *great*, for never did I hear such unequalled eloquence, as proceeded from many of the officiating gent's. Mr. Channing's sermon was indeed sublime it was voted that a Committee should wait on him, and request a copy for the press—hope he will comply, that you may have an opportunity of joining in his praises—all the services were appropriate and well received—Dr. Inglis, Mr. Glendi and several of the warmest opponents were there. I wish time allowed me to give you a fuller account of the day, but I am in a great hurry, and have only time to spare you of our *improving health happiness* etc. —think we shall set out for home in the course of next week—give my best love to *all*—and believe me dear Girls ever yours

Hannah

[SARAH TO HER SISTERS]

My dear Girls

[Baltimore, May 6, 1819]

I hardly know what to say first I have so many things to tell you. Yesterday which was Ordination Day was spent very delightfully, the morning at Church the afternoon at Mrs. Appleton's about two miles from the city. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Osgood, Mr. Dr. Revere, Hannah, Charles and myself composed the party. We returned by moonlight, it was truly romantic and the country seemed so much like Brookline, it really made me feel quite happy. We are going to set out for Washington in an hour

or two accompanied by John and Charles, and Judge Dawes. John Palfrey will have commenced his journey before we return probably which will prevent our writing many letters by him. The dates will be the same as this, therefore cannot afford you much news, he called to see us last evening with Mr. Sparks, we did not see them, unfortunately for us, as I had a great many messages to send by him. . . .

[HANNAH TO HER SISTERS]

Baltimore, 10th May, 1819

. . . tomorrow evening we go to a party at Miss Higginbottom's, a lovely pleasant girl niece to Isabella Hall who is the most perfect beauty imaginable. I have not time to do justice to her merits therefore will not attempt a description. Next evening we go to Mrs. Gooss (Miss O'Daniel that was) Thursday eve, we go to Miss Lemon's. Mr. Lemon is the most amusing character you ever saw. Mr. Saltonstall called on us today, *I can't bear him*—you ask me who are the Belles—what are the fashions and manners etc. To the first question I cannot answer there are so many competitors, to the second I must say I never saw so much elegance and style displayed. Nobody pretends to be seen without three or four flounces and an unaccountable number of ruffs etc. The manners of the people I am delighted with, nothing affected or assuming in the least—hospitality and good humours seem to predominate in every heart—we intend being at Brookline on the 27th prefer passing but a few days in New York to shortning our stay here. If you see Mr. Palfrey tell him an express is going on for a *copy* of his *right hand of Fellowship*, 'twas thought admirable, and that he cheated the people completely in skipping off with it so *slyly*—Mr. Channing's ordination sermon I will bring you, 'twas fine, beyond description. . . . Sara Williams passed an hour or two with us this morning, she is sadly distressed poor thing at the hard time but I think she means to set her cap for Parson Parker what a match that would be. I think they would want [illegible] in good earnest. Charles, poor thing, is sadly in love with M Masea he is as happy as a lord. John is squaring round N Williams. He is the most laughable fellow in existence; he has let off Miss J and falls in love every minute.

[SARAH]

Baltimore 15th May, 1819

. . . who should come in but Mr. Sparks such times as these worthy fellow's have occasioned I cannot tell, that's for Mr. Palfrey, he has perfectly deranged the girls one and another congratulating themselves that they have touched his [heart] and many more laughable sayings which I have reserved [for] *your private ear*, Hannah was at a party a few nights since and one Lemon, a queer fellow as ever you saw, came bowing up to her before a large circle and said he had heard something which amused him very much although he did not doubt it, he began very soberly asking her if she knew the Gentleman (whom we call the Animated Goat not wishing to call any name) he said he heard that he had made his bow etc. poor Hannah was put to her *trumps* to get over this unexpected attack however she turned it off with a very good grace, as is usual to her in such *cases*. Hannah went to a party at Mrs. Poor's last night and feeling rather in a *retiring* mood did not go, rather she came home, who should I see with her but Mr. Newman, he said he came on purpose to bring me a [kiss], I could not think what the joke was and shrunk back in fear, and what should he pull out of his pocket but a most affecting sentiment out of a *Crumpet*—I refused accepting immediately saying I did not receive such things only from *particular person's or person*. I'm not to know until tomorrow who sent it little do I care who it was. . . .

[JARED SPARKS TO J. G. PALFREY]

[Havre-de-Grace, Maryland,
about the same era]

. . . I could with the greatest pleasure supply you with a sheet weekly, making a sort of Gazette, in which I have no doubt, I might afford you considerable amusement and no little instruction, in describing the peculiarities of the wonderful city of H. de Grace. The characteristics, manners, customs, marriage ceremonies, balls, fishing parties, dining parties, jockey-clubs, barbecues, etc. etc. etc. common here, would afford matter enough to fill volumes of the most amusing descriptions. As there is no ball-room in town, balls are generally held in the largest room in the

place, which is a huge kitchen in one of the public houses; sometimes also in the methodist meeting house. *Fishing parties* are attended by gentlemen and ladies of the first rank. The amusement consists in catching fish and having them cooked in the open field, whither wine in abundance is previously convoyed—*Barbacues* are attended also in the open field, and only by gentlemen. The hog is fed for a fortnight previous upon almonds and molasses, and washed every morning in milk. . . .

Upon looking over this letter I find more trash in it than I should wish to trouble any one with, and I am resolved, for the future, to write more sense. But, as the sage of Quincy gravely tells us about the present war, "*it must come to an end, unless it is eternal,*" so I shall probably break my resolution, *should I alter my mind*. I wish to be remembered to my dear chum with sentiments of the strongest affection and regard, and also to solicit the pleasure of a letter from him as soon as possible. . . .

[MARY ANN TO HER BROTHER JOHN]

Boston Nov 21 - 1821

So busy have I been My dear Brother, since I had the pleasure of writing you that I have found it almost impossible to command a moment, to appropriate to my own amusement. Our family moves on in its old quiet routine, undisturbed by any new wonders and unmarked by any remarkable occurrences: we eat, drink and sleep as usual. Mother is at all times to be found sitting in her chair which I believe is on the very same figure of the carpet where you last saw it. Every evening about eight the bell rings and in comes Cupid's representative [Pope Russell] and a regular fire ensues of shafts shot from the *corners of the eyes*—and all the charming agonies of Love, which compose Love's paradise, may be detected by an experienced-scrutinizing eye, in the forced replies and constrained smiles which extreme politeness in two certain beings, bestow, in reply to our remarks—every one of which I dare say they internally wish may be the last and that it may be quickly followed by "good night" and that they may be left alone to pour forth afresh the tender lay of Love unseen and unheard

*What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure and its nonsense all,
 Who in each other clasp whatever fain
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;*

This morning He came and took her to ride in his chaise and left her at Aunt Tidd's—where they both were to spend the day and the evening too, I suppose, as they have not returned yet. "And thus their moments fly." Today among other friends who do you think called but *Brother Frances* as we call him! he was very pleasant but not quite "au fait." You know I'm very particular—and haven't *your knack* of getting in love and out again. Do let me enquire how it is with you now—is it the *sweet Anna* or the *chaste Lucretia* the present queen of Love and Beauty, the morning Miss L. G. called here I settled the matter in my own mind pretty much after this fashion—that *you* would as surely marry *her*, as you lived to marry any one; and plainly saw in her face a strong resemblance to yours. You know I am a little wicked sometimes and so I asked her to give me her opinion of your Portrait and by way of tantalizing her a little called her attention to every separate feature and made her look and blush like fire—of this I repented I assure you, but then I knew that after she had gone out into the fresh air and had had time to cool her burning cheek, she would forgive and thank me for having afforded her a fair pretext for feasting her eyes upon the likeness of my comely frere. Now sad to relate I have no love of my own to amuse you with save one *beau ideal* and even he I believe must remain incog 'till I become more personally acquainted with him. I am looking forward with great delight to next Summer, as I flatter myself there is a possibility of my visiting you at Balto. Are you aware that Feb. will be here in less than three months—when so much is to be done, O dear I don't know what will become of me I'm sure. Do for pity's sake try to come on and help us through the scrape. Capt. Osmond dined with us today and went from here at four o'clock in the stage for Portland. He with all the rest of your friends are delighted with your Portrait. Capt. O. says it is invaluable and that if Sully were here he would have his taken tomorrow. Sam'l says he shall write you the next letter he sends home. Mr. Palfrey is much obliged to you for your remembrance of him. I hope your *duds* will

come safe to your hand with this and when you eat your apples sometimes let the remembrance of your friends in Somerset Place come in for a share of your notice. If you would like to know just how we look at this very minute fancy Mother just where I told you she was, puttering over a waist for the wedding—the tea-table remaining before the fire strewn with papers; and Father busy as a bee overhauling 'em and I beside him preparing this as a *reminiscence* for you, Caty reading Ivanhoe and Almira scouting round with a sore throat getting ready to go to bed. After begging pardon for so long detaining you from more pleasurable pursuits I remain yours truly

M A H

Will you let me hear soon from you, —In haste

And thus we have brought Mary Ann up to date. She has “come out” into the society where John Gorham Palfrey is the popular young minister, with his dignity, his manners, his sensitive, handsome face, and his distinguished position; she meets him on equal terms with her whimsical charm, her easy grace, her sparkling humor, and her elegance; and their discreet, restrained, and meticulously correct courtship begins.

Courtship and Early Married Life

AND so the hero and heroine have blossomed to maturity, each in his own setting, and they have met at last on common ground, become aware of one another, and fallen in love. Gorham's diary records this interesting item:

As was natural for a person of my age and position, I had thought from time to time of being married. Like other grey-beards, I look back and smile on what, in my very green youth, I thought was love. From my senior year in college for three years or thereabouts, I used, more or less vividly at different periods, to fancy myself in love with Ellen Sargent. I never was in her house. I never took a walk with her. I never saw her except in general society or casually in the street. I never spoke to her in any expressions beyond the common conversation of fashionable company, but the delusion was strong upon me. I used "to dream of her by night and think of her by day." I accepted the passionate picture of the novelists and the poets of which I had studied too many, the contrast of conceivable ecstasy and probable woe, as eminently applicable to my own case. In Feb. '19, the lady was engaged to my class-mate, Thomas C. Amory, and this disposal of her did not cost me a momentary pang.

Soon after Miss Sargent's "disposal," he had a flurry with Miss Charlotte Eliot.

She had much beauty, attractive manners, a most generous heart and a superior understanding. But I expected and intended to be through life a painstaking parish minister, and it was plain to me, when I considered, and (with her good sense) I doubt not it was equally plain to her, that such was not her proper sphere, so our ways quietly diverged again; and with no explanation and no agreement so much as intimated, it seemed to have become well understood between us that henceforward we were to be excellent friends to each other but no more. . . . In December of the same year she reluctantly gave her promise to Edward Everett, and they were married in May, 1822.

Again his heart did not seem to have suffered any pain, for he had become attracted to and soon fell seriously in love with Miss Mary Ann Hammond, the heroine of the previous chapter, with her more stable qualities added to her social prowess, and her religious turn of mind. The diary continues:

On the 28th day of July, 1821, I offered myself at Brookline to the good and lovely lady who has been the great blessing of my life; my proposal was too clumsy and abrupt to be accepted at once, but on the 23rd day of the next January, I had prevailed, and was accepted with the full approbation of her parents.

The relationship which began on such a high plane as lovers continued mounting higher and higher all through their long and ideal lives together, an example of high-minded, unselfish teamwork, each supplementing and complementing the other, each bound firmly to the other by their common ideals of bringing up their family, their willing sacrifices to the larger causes in the world around them, and their complete and never wavering religious faith. Their little love letters, mostly just scraps of notes, so formal, so inhibited at first, so constant always, show upon what a high plane their courtship was and how restrained. She never called him by his first name for several months of their engagement, addressing him always as "My dear Mr. Palfrey," or "My dear Friend." After this came a period of calling him "My Brother," which was evidently some allusion or joke personal only to themselves. At last, after nearly six months of formality, Mary Ann begins a letter boldly "My dear Gorham (is this how you would have me address you?)" and from then on, her reserve relaxes noticeably. It is easy to see from the very first that Gorham had been wise to let his mind "diverge" from the more worldly Miss Charlotte Eliot and choose this loyal, un-

selfish, high-minded girl to "go through life with the painstaking parish minister." She never complained when he had to disappoint her in her pleasant plans, but realized from the very beginning that, no matter how great might be his temptations, he would never let them blind him to his duty, nor did she wish them to; not only did she understand the situation, but she coöperated unswervingly and seems to have been admirably adapted in every detail for the life of sacrifice and steadfastness to which she was destined.

As for the poor young minister himself, his life was under an abnormally high pressure. This is an entry of one day from his diary: "Did as follows:—2 funerals, 2 baptisms, 2 catechizings, 3 marriages, 3 preachings, 1 entirely extemporaneous"—these completely outside of his curricular activities of sermon writing, parish calls, Unitarian Association meetings, teaching of the children's Sunday School classes—to which he was particularly partial—and other parish obligations. On top of all these activities, he was also a contributor to many magazines, especially the *North American Review*, with which he became associated in 1819. This form of writing did not "distress" him as much as that of his sermons, of which he said "The heaviest cross I had to bear, and it was long before I got relieved of it—was my antipathy to writing sermons. . . . My poverty in respect to the raw materials of thought suitable to be worked up into sermons was such that it seemed sometimes as if this regular part of the week's work would drive me crazy! . . . When I entered the ministry, the sick Chamber and the house of mourning were entirely new scenes, and I was embarrassed and incapable. But this lasted only a very little while. My sympathies very soon put me entirely at my ease. I went to such scenes readily and confidently. I could

converge and pray naturally, copiously, and profitably because I did it feelingly. By such services I was drawn near to my parishioners, and each family of them, as they took their turns in the experience of trial, formed a strengthened confidence in and attachment to me. Meanwhile the same services gave me the knowledge of the state of mind, and of the wants, of those whom I was to address, and the mental experience, which I needed to make my preaching pertinent and useful."

I submit these samples of their love letters with a feeling of delicacy. There are a great many in the collection; indeed, I think some written message passed between them every day. They are monotonous, but their touching depth of feeling transcends all humdrum routine and adds a gilt edge to every otherwise drab detail. They speak better for themselves than any second-hand comments of the high plane upon which their romance was based. Ardent though they were, they never let their selfish desires overshadow their obligations to their family, their duty, or, above all, their religion. God was in all, under all, over all, their constant guide and ever-present spirit—a foundation so firmly rooted in both of them that it never wavered under any of the stern trials which were to face them throughout their long and severely tested lives.

[MARY ANN TO J. G. PALFREY]

Mrs. Hammond's regards to her friend Mr. Palfrey, and will be very happy to have him take a family dinner with her to-day.

Monday morn.

[THE SAME]

August, 1821

My dear Friend:

The venerable heads of the house authorize me to present their love, and request the pleasure of your company to dine to-day. Come as early as you please. If you can't come to dine I should be very happy to see you whenever it is pleasant to you, either in the afternoon or evening.

Very truly, *yrs.*

In haste

M. A.

[J. G. PALFREY TO MARY ANN]

Mr. Palfrey does not find it so hard to deny himself any thing else as the pleasure of visiting his valued friends at Rosemont. His engagements this afternoon compel him to make the sacrifice; but he promises himself an early opportunity to take a brother's privilege, and come without an invitation.

4th August

[MARY ANN TO J. G. PALFREY]

At Mother's request, my friend, I send you this formal invitation to dine and spend the evening with us: in this request I most cheerfully concur and hope you will be disposed to indulge us. We have more letters from Br. Sam'l but of an older date than the preceding ones. Mrs. H. and your friend Miss Picard (is the orthography correct?) have just favoured me with a very pleasant call—shall take the liberty of asking you to return it with me soon. I have had my knife sharpened this morning—and now another claim will be enforced upon your too indulgent disposition. In short I don't believe there will ever be an end to them and you may as well make up your mind to bear it as patiently as possible—making the best of it. I pity you indeed and fear not without cause that you will not "find the yoke easy." My eyes are [dropping] almost out of my head. I suppose you have seen Bro. Russell this morning. But what a naughty girl I have been to write so much; excuse and believe me *yrs truly* M. A. H.

[EDWARD EVERETT TO J. G. PALFREY]

Dear Colleague

I am truly happy to be able to salute you by that title in another Relation, beside the Pastoral. I congratulate you sincerely and heartily on a piece of intelligence, I have just received from Atkinson Stout. We had begun to have doubts, whether you entertained that favorable opinion of the Holy State wh. we did;—and are truly rejoiced to receive your countenance. Wishing and auguring you all Happiness, I am, Yours affectionately

E. E.

Monday Jan. 28, 1822.

[SARAH LOWELL TO J. G. PALFREY]

Dear Mr. Palfrey,

It was with sincere pleasure I received the communication made me this Mon. Eve.—I most cordially congratulate you on the increased prospect of happiness which this event opens to you. I think a Clergyman peculiarly requires his own domestic fire side *subject* to no *change* (but such as God in his providence sees fit to inflict) and a friend and partner to share his joys and sorrows, feel interested in his duties and lighten, by participating, his cares—such an one I hope and *trust* you have found—I am not personally acquainted with Miss Hammond—but am ready to offer her the hand of *congratulation* in friendship whenever it is convenient and agreeable to you to accompany me. I feel assured from what I have heard of her from some of her young companions she is well calculated to make you happy, and such an one as your friends will *approve* and *love*. I was most gratified at the proof of friendship which your early remembrance of me evinces.

Adieu and believe me

Your sincere friend

Sarah C. Lowell

[J. G. PALFREY TO MARY ANN]

. . . It seems to me now that you are out of the way, as if I was doubly anxious to obey the least command of yours, and I should not be surprised if I were really to reform in this respect, desperate as the case appears, for you know what *decision* will *accomplish*. If I could get up at five, and do some hours' study before dinner, I know it would be better for me, and what is my second motive of all the motives in the world, I know, dear, it would please you. But I will not begin to be confident yet; for I am a very poor creature with regard to resolutions, and if I ever get to the place of the good, it will be in the same manner as I talked of going to Mr. Thos. Perkins' some time ago. I stepped out just now, and saw Gorham Brooks, looking very downcast, no doubt thinking how he would like to be in my place, as you said. Yesterday we met Sam'l Gray on the milldam, wearing the same expression, unquestionably from the same cause. I bethought me he might be going over to Brookline, and then what an interesting tête-à-tête you would have;—embarrassing, too, to him. I suspect the toll-gatherers on the avenue begin to feel the affects of a certain incident. They undoubtedly reckoned on a golden harvest from the beaux this summer; instead of which only one swain is likely to get to Rosemont much, and he so frugal that he will generally travel the neck, except when he goes the other way to show his adroitness in saving one cent by spending eleven.

What I told you I apprehended yesterday, dear, that I should not see you again this week, I am afraid will prove literally true. We begin our meetings tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, and keep it up almost incessantly till Friday afternoon; so that I shall not have any too much time for composition.—I have so often, however, found time to see you when I could find it for nothing else, that I do not quite despair. Remember me, dearest, and love me.

J. G. P.

[THE SAME]

You dear creature; my hearty thanks (I could not tell you how much I feel for your goodness) in so kindly writing to me! I did not write yes-

terday to you for the reason you know. I have been subject to constant interruptions, and scarcely get ten minutes unbroken. . . . Yr. boy has just called to say your father is going out of town, so having furnished you with a specimen of my handwriting, I do no more but subscribe myself

Yrs, wholly, J. G. P.

[THE SAME]

. . . You do injustice to your French. It was quite good. Not entirely free from errors, to be sure; but who or what is there that *is* free, except yourself, dear? It is so fine a morning that I was not without hope of seeing you in town till I received your note. No news yet from my aunt, and I begin to be a little concerned.

I am but indifferently this morning; a sad Monday feeling, for wh. I find there is one only remedy, namely, the society of one who for the present shall be nameless, though I hope by and by to give her a name.—How could you do so Saturday evening, and forget how dear your health is to me, after all the assurances I have given you to that effect. When I see you tomorrow, should that be, you will find that like Job (I believe) I have “filled my mouth with arguments,” and there will be only one way for you to stop it. John calls for this. I wonder how it is he gets through with his marketing so soon, for I do not think he has given me time to read even your sweet notes more than four times, or five at the furthest. Good-bye, dearest.

J. G. P.

[THE SAME]

My dear friend, I have been working hard, but all in vain; so I must submit to my banishment with what grace I may. No doubt I deserve it, but that reflection makes it none the easier to bear. I might give some excuses, but I am ill-satisfied with myself that I should need again to have recourse to them. And I will not make any professions of my hope and purpose to do better hereafter but will fulfill my resolution in one way if I

have not been able to in another. I will be as firm to bear the penalty, as I have been blamable in incurring it.

Bless me! How high flown that sentence was. I am glad to be rid of it in any way. Did you have a good time at the party last night? Whom did you see, and what did you do? Pray send me a list of your partners, and of your conquests if you can find time for these latter. I am but poorly today, and beautiful as it looks abroad, have not yet had a swallow of fresh air. Please to give my love to Sister Russell and all round. Adieu.
J. G. P.

[MARY ANN TO J. G. PALFREY]

Dear Gorham:

If you are not deprived of the power of speaking or writing, I intreat of you to relieve me from the cruel suspense, in which I have been held on your account, by sending me some intelligence of your self. I don't wish to be thought obtrusive, or encroaching too far upon the privileges wh. my connexion with you seems to allow, and hope my anxious solicitude for your welfare has not urged me beyond the bounds of decorum in asking again the cause of your absence. My imagination has painted it, in every frightful shape—all of which I hope may prove false and that I shall hear or see convincing proofs of your safety and happiness.

With love yrs truly

Mary

[J. G. PALFREY TO MARY ANN]

You wrote to me this morning, dear, in low spirits, and you said you would write but little, lest you should communicate them. Trust me, you can scarcely do me a kindness I should value so much as that of always opening to me your whole heart and letting me share in your feelings of the moment, whatever they are. Next to the happiness of sharing in your joys, I esteem that of having a part in your sorrows. May Heaven that lends me such an angel, grant that it may be long indeed before she shall shed a tear that faithful affection cannot wipe away. I think continually

how privileged I am, and what an entirely different person I have become, since I have been admitted to the confidence of so much excellence. A new spring of happiness is opened to me, and a thousand times richer one than any I have known before. It has not only made me a much happier, but I am sure it has made me a much better and more religious man, for I never felt the goodness of my heavenly Father at all as I do now. I trust, dear one, selfish as it is, that we are to have many happy years together here, before you go away to a more congenial society. But I find I have got on a train wh. I may as well wind up where the paper bids me as any where else, for there is no end to it in my own mind. So goodbye, sweetest. I wish I could go to Medford with you tomorrow but that happiness is not for me. J. G. P.

[MARY ANN TO J. G. PALFREY]

... Of our marriage, I have been thinking seriously and deliberately and the result of it is, that I am decidedly of opinion that it is for my happiness, to defer it till you have accumulated four or five thousand dollars. Don't, I pray you, if you have any humanity, condemn me too hastily and think me mercenary; at least suspend your judgment till I have informed you of the secret springs which actuate my conduct. Could you but look into my heart and be made acquainted with its inmost workings, then, it would be unnecessary for me to say a word to engage your compassion and most indulgent consideration, and I had almost said your utmost exertions to encourage me, to persist in this resolution. The first is, that I ought to do as I would be done by. Were I a parent possessed of a daughter situated as I am should I think it a just return for all the sacrifices I had made for promoting her happiness, the anxiety with which I had watched over her, implanting, and cherishing virtuous principles, checking foibles, and promoting goodness, that she, in the most important era of her life, should act in direct opposition to what she knows to be my sincere advice. Again, in the natural course of allowing that the majority of years should cause that my father should be the first victim, would it not be one of the sweetest and most soothing thoughts, that I had ever been careful not to disturb his house of ease by disobedience, or disrespect and if I were precluded this source of consolation, could I approach

his bedside without feelings embittered with the keenest remorse? Perhaps, my friend, you think I am indifferent to your wishes, as I seem to pay the greatest deference to those of another, yet I can't believe you will ever be so unjust to me, as long as I mean to treat you with such entire candour. While I am situated as I now am I acknowledge that I think there are those who have prior claims upon me, to you—but when I exchange this for another home, then, I shall of course transfer the priority to one, who is to supply the place of all other relations combined together and I hope to do this without giving any cause of complaint. . . .

[J. G. PALFREY TO MARY ANN]

Dear Mary, J. and F. send me the ring in the box, (wh. they say is of the same size with the pattern you gave me, and of the same value with the price,) and propose to me to take it, and let them keep my diamonds. I am no judge in such matters, and refer the subject to you for your judgment therefrom. Please to send your orders on this or any other subject, by the bearer who waits to acquaint me with your will. Yours, J. G. P.

[MARY ANN TO J. G. PALFREY]

I know not how to reply to your generosity my kind friend, for I really feel a regret at your giving up your pretty pin for me. I am as ignorant as you of its intrinsic value but should think *your* diamond more valuable than those in the ring on account of their number. As it concerns my fancy I think the ring quite handsome—I wish you however to act independent of me and make a *good bargain*, urging the value of your pin to the *sharpers* not forgetting the *diamond finale* of yours is larger than theirs. . . .

[THE SAME]

. . . Here comes Mother looking so I wonder what can be the matter; she leaves me not in doubt—and says “only think girls, the *Brilliant* [the

vessel] is supposed to be below! and Chs. I dare say is in her!" Dear soul, she feels I believe as if she had really seen him; her feelings are so strong that I dare not think what would be the consequences of a disappointment. . . .

[J. G. PALFREY TO MARY ANN]

Dear Mary,

You spoke about my coming to your house after meeting; and so I think I may as well say that I believe I must deny myself that pleasure Sunday, though it is just the time when I shall most of all wish for them. There is nothing wrong in my going to see you, but there are those who will say that if I may go to one place they may go to another; and having just preached on the observance of the day; it is better to make the sacrifice than to [cause] the right of any indiscriminating person saying that I do not keep up to my own rules. So pray love till tomorrow.

(in great haste) yours J. G. P.

[MARY ANN TO J. G. PALFREY]

Mother wishes you dear G. to bring out yr. handkerchiefs to be whitened, if you please. This is the right season I believe, and she wishes to admit you into a participation of all our privileges at Rosemont. This is a most exquisite evening and I truly regret that you are not here to enjoy it with us. I rose about five but have not accomplished a great deal. I have an Eolian in my window whose sober tunes make me feel quite sentimental. . . .

[J. G. PALFREY TO MARY ANN]

Dear Mary: This comes in haste to tell you that I thank you for the tymballes (if that is the way to spell them) wh. I am able to say upon full trial are excellent;—and for the handkerchiefs, wh. are beautifully white. I was not disappointed, dear, at not receiving any French, be-

cause much as I love to see your hand-writing, I love better that you should be taking exercise. I hope you had a pleasant ride and visit, and that you were not over-fatigued. . . .

[THE SAME]

I have looked over the [French] conjugation, my love, wh. is extremely well written. I have marked a few errors, and put a few notes of interrogation against the places concerning wh. I was doubtful.

I had as agreeable a ride into town as the society of my own thoughts would afford. It was a fine cool evening and I was [repaid] for the solitude of my journey by an interview with your friend Mr. Potter, who strikes me as more than commonly pleasant and intelligent. In the course of the conversation he showed a minute acquaintance with N. England history wh. surprises me, as it is a thing not studied by every body, and I do not see how he should have been likely to pay any particular attention to it. I went afterwards to Mr. Hale's for a few minutes, and thence to bed, from wh. I did not rise till after seven. I do not feel very bright this morning, and yet I am not sick. If I were to send for the doctor, I know very well what his prescriptions would be, country air, Nahant, etc. prescriptions wh. I regret to say I do not feel at all at liberty to take.

I do not see any way clear to come and see you today, as Philip [the Harmons' adopted son] has just come in to town, and I ought not to leave him. Tomorrow it will be no better, for I have a New Orleans youth to dine, and the committee meets in the evening.

I dreamed faithfully of M. A. H. as usual. My thoughts are so constant that even in the erratic excursions of sleep they never wander from her further than perhaps to M. A. P.

The long expected [articles] have come; but my agent has not only been dilatory in his commission, but also unskillful in his choice, and they look quite too ordinary to be worth your acceptance.

Each of the marks on the thermometer wh. I find counts two. You are aware that it must be hung on the north side of the house. Love to all from yr. affectionate J. G. P.



No. 5. Court Street parsonage, Boston

In March, 1823, Gorham evidently felt confident of his five thousand dollars for, with full parental approval, this patient though nonetheless ardent couple were married and moved at once to the modest but exquisite Court Street parsonage which the parish committee had renovated for their occupancy; and thus began the life of the Palfrey family.

They evidently gave Mr. and Mrs. Hammond some sort of good-bye present which brought forth this letter of appreciation from them.

[MRS. HAMMOND TO MARY ANN]

We receive your present, my dear daughter, with the same feelings of strong affection, which it delights us to see so cordially expressed in your note. We well know that you entertain those feelings. Your whole life has proved it to us, and we confided ourselves the happiness of parents in having such a child. In seeing you what you are now, our cares for you would have been richly rewarded, even if they had been far greater than they have; but we have been spared the anxiety which parents often feel, because we have always had a confidence that you would be all that we could wish. Go on, my dear girl, to be the pride of your friends, esteemed and beloved by all that know you,—and you will fulfill the highest hopes of the fondest parents, and make them as happy as they devoutly pray Heaven that you may always be.

Mr. and Mrs. Palfrey's first year was ideal, for they were both equally and unselfishly in love. Gorham worked too hard, however, for his health, as he labored far into the night over his sermons, or rose at three or four in the morning to study under his whale-oil lamp. This worried Mary Ann, who began at once her solicitous remonstrances which never ceased through the fifty-eight years of their married life. She fussed pleasingly, teasingly,

humorously, and threateningly, but mostly in vain, for Gorham was selfless and inexorable in his pursuit of duty. She realized early how useless was any outside persuasion when his inner mind was made up, and she was helpless, but resigned.

Mary Ann was a good housekeeper by predilection, inheritance, and training, and ran back and forth from her mother's house to consult her honored parents and adapt or adopt their suggestions. In 1824 their first child was born, a girl, named, of course, Sarah Hammond, for Mary Ann's mother. There seems to have been an almost universal unwritten law on the subject of the naming of the eldest children; the eldest girl was named for the maternal grandmother, the eldest son, for the paternal grandfather. If this was not the case, the neighbors wagged their heads and wondered why.

Little Sarah Hammond Palfrey was born on December 12, 1824, and no child was ever more perfect or beautiful or clever or wonderful. Both parents were transported with joy; Mary Ann was extravagant in her adoration and became an over-ardent mother from the first moment of motherhood.

Sarah became a personage from the first word she uttered, and remained so until she died, unmarried, at the age of ninety. She was a quaint and precocious baby, learning early to talk and quote the Bible and assert herself as an important member of the family. When she was five years old and her father was away for a short and much-needed vacation, she was asked if she shouldn't be happy to have dear Papa home again. "Yes, dear Mamma, I should. But then, do you think it would make Papa pleased to have us make ourselves unhappy about not having him?" Another time when the family were discussing the death of a friend and her mother said someone was being a support to her parents in their affliction, little five-year-old Sarah said "When griefs

are divided, they are hushed into Peace” and went on eating her bread and milk with a sober face. Again, Aunt Caty asked Sarah, whose mother was away at bedtime, if she should like to say her prayers to her, and she replied with firmness, “Dear Aunt Caty, I can be thankful to God without telling you about it!” So began the long list of anecdotes that are still told of her in Boston folklore. Mr. Cleveland Amory has immortalized her in his *Proper Bostonians*. She was a personality from the start, a scholar, a philosopher, a poet, an authoress, a feminist, a hero-worshipper, a humorist, and a genius. She had the most contagious, twinkling little laugh I ever heard; she could hardly tell her funny stories for laughing herself. She was a tiny slip of a person, never weighed more than eighty-five pounds, and she was such an ardent scholar from an early age that she impaired her health, became round-shouldered, quite one-sided in her bearing, with a distinct curvature of the spine, but spry and active till the day she died. She studied hard and voraciously to satisfy the enormous curiosity of her mind. She never waited for the stimulus of talent but took lessons in everything, regardless, all her life. She studied drawing and painting, though she was no real artist; she learned to play the organ and had a small one installed in her room; she took singing lessons at the age of eighty, much to the distress of her young sister, Mary, who alone survived with her at that time, and who insisted she retire to the farthest corner of the house for her caterwauling. She was tremendously concerned with all the red-hot politics of the antislavery movement, the Free-Soilers, the Texan war, and the Civil War with all the subsequent ramifications, and was an advanced advocate of woman’s rights. Her daily dip, at the age of eighty-eight, in the icy North Shore water was one of the summer’s sights of Nahant, where she was a familiar figure on the beach at the foot of the

Forty Steps, in her high-necked, long-pantalooned black alpaca bathing suit, her bathing boots, and her straw sunbonnet tied under her chin.

I must write no more about her, for she is a complete volume of her own. Some day she must be made into one. This is merely a thumbnail sketch, like a Wagnerian theme song, to be hummed whenever she enters the family scene.

In 1825 a second daughter was born and named Hannah Russell, for her mother's favorite sister, and a return of the compliment for her namesake, Mary Ann Russell, and there was exuberant rejoicing. Little Hannah, or Anna as she later preferred to be called, was the beauty of the family. She had large melting brown eyes, dimples, an erect and plump little figure, ready repartee—which took the form of complicated and sometimes far-fetched puns—and was so good people said she could not be expected to grow up. She had no talents, no weaknesses, unless it was her almost morbid love for her younger brother John. She had many friends and invitations and was always doing something for somebody. She had a ready and well-schooled pen and was, fortunately for the readers, her father's amanuensis on many occasions. She was amiable, healthy, a joy to everybody, *and an ever-present help in time of trouble.*

Gorham's health, never more than indifferent, could no longer stand the terrific pace, and in the spring of 1825 it broke down in earnest and the Brattle Street parish committee gave him leave of absence for a year and financed a trip to Europe, which shows how they must have valued his services; it was a tremendous tribute to him, and he sailed for England in July to be gone until a year from the following August.

What a series of arrangements and rearrangements now arose to assure the comfort and prosperity of the family left at home,

as well as the plans for the trip. What bustling, preparations, and excitement. Mrs. Hammond invited her daughter to bring her two little girls to live with her, which invitation she promptly accepted, and the only moderately large house on Somerset Place became elastic, but none of them seemed to feel crowded. There was great rejoicing over the two babies. William came home from college and spoiled them; Almira, the great baby lover, adored them, and the grandparents gloated as all grandparents do. The babies had a nurse, besides the other servants in the house, but in spite of all the professional attendance, their mother seemed to leave them very little. She nursed the new baby and slept in the great double bed with Almira, always with one or both in crib and trundle-bed beside her. Almira seemed not to mind in the least, in spite of her frivolous and predatory tendencies which were coming to the fore in a marked degree, and she gave a helping hand with alacrity. What a contrast to the babies of today who are left of an evening until the small hours of the morning to the care of a fifteen-year-old "sitter" whom the family has never before seen!

Mr. Palfrey sailed July 1 in the brig *Florida*. The European letters were microscopically written with very fine quill pens, on odds and ends of thin paper, backs of old letters, and crossed from edge to edge, for the paper shortage was great, postage high, and family news copious and imperative. Mary Ann's letters were page after page of ecstasies over the babe's first word or tooth or sneeze, but one dared not skip a line for fear of missing some vital piece of information imbedded in the slush. Gorham's letters were more worth reading but even harder to decipher because, added to all the paper and pen difficulties, his handwriting was abominable. He had a rather grim adventure soon after arrival in England.

[DIARY—1825]

I came extremely near losing my life in crossing from Lancaster over a shoal some five or six miles long in the Bay of Morecambe. There was one of those sudden influxes of the Tide which Scott in one of his novels [*The Antiquarian*] describes as rushing into Solway Firth. The other passengers who understood the case, got off presently on the horses which they cut loose. A wheel-horse which they left for my companion was soon drowned at my side; and I was at last rescued when almost insensible, by a horseman who came as near as the depth of the water would allow, and threw me a line.

He seems to have been well received in many important houses, especially where there was an interest in Unitarianism. He was struck with the insolent attitude of the middle and lower classes toward Americans, which he found quite the reverse among the scholars and the nobility whom he met and enjoyed. His health improved but slowly, and his parish committee wrote and generously urged him to complete his year at least, as did his family at home. He was torn in his mind but concluded to do so; he toured the Continent much as any tripper would today, but the high light of his experiences was a week end with the old Marquis of Lafayette, his grandfather's friend, who was still living in his chateau near Fontainebleau.

[MRS. PALFREY TO HER HUSBAND]

Brookline July 1st 1825

. . . Rosemont seems all alive—some friend or other has taken tea here every day. Mrs. Gilman has been twice—the first time Helen Davis came with her—she told me the first I knew of Mary Lee's being married [their cousin who married a Russian prince]—and that the Emperor sent 3,000, dollars for her to furnish her house—if you did not hear of this before I am sure you will be pleased to know it now.

[THE SAME]

Brookline July 7 1825 (Thurs.)

My dear husband:

It is now the third day since I have indulged myself in writing to you, and I feel as if our separation is made so much easier to bear, by writing you, when even a day passes without, it seems as if you are a great deal further from me than when I do, which is quite far enough. On Monday I sealed a very confused letter to you, begun three or four days before I finished it. My head has been so weak that I have been unable to confine my thoughts long enough on one subject to arrange them in any order and I have run to my little red portfolio which I find very convenient and added a few words whenever I could no longer content myself, without regard to connexion or order. I do not know the name of the vessel it went by although I tried very hard to learn it. A thousand thanks my loved one, are offered you for your kindness in letting me hear twice from you before you sailed. I suppose I shall always have to acknowledge your superiority to me in this as in every thing else, but I don't mean to go on without *trying* to do *better* if I cant do *as well* as you do. Mr. Bond wrote on the outside of my letter the confirmation of your acct. of your spirits. I rejoice with you I am sure, and most gratefully acknowledge the great many causes we, and I in particular, have for gratitude. God grant they may not be lost upon us. I hope you will not if you feel braced and invigorated by the sea breezes think you are *well enough* and omit taking such care as will preserve the measure of health attained—for *very very* valuable is your life to your wife and dear children and more than every other earthly blessing they possess in consequence, in regard to their future improvement as well as present enjoyment. I don't know which of our dear babies to praise the most—indeed, I don't wish to show such a distinction. Little Sarah certainly is one of the most engaging little creatures that ever was: she improves very fast in talking—I talk to her of you every day—today she patted a cake for you and calls you very often—she seems to give pleasure to all in the house. I can't tell wh. I think loves her the best as each one only waits for a chance to take her. When little Hannah is asleep in the swing cradle of Hannah that Mother has here, Sarah walks up to it and sings rocky-ty-rockyte-do—and rocks her very

prettily. Always when I nurse Hannah Sarah stands by me kissing first her little head then smoothing it with her hand and sometimes I put her in her lap to hold a few minutes—this always seems “almost too much.” Hannah has grown so fat and fair I don’t believe you would know her. I have been favored in my dreams by dreaming of you almost constantly since you went away very pleasantly till last night, when I was so much worried that my superstition was quite disturbed this morning fearing it was not so well with you, as I could wish. If the most fervent prayers of mine can avail aught on high you will most assuredly escape all harm unhurt and be returned in safety to us. Do write me all the particulars of your voyage—whether you had everything that I’d contribute to your comfort—how long you were seasick—how you liked your fellow passengers and whether you have had any return of the pain in your chest—if so don’t fail I entreat of you to put a plaister [*sic*] on and keep it there. . . .

Hannah Sharp has just been at my elbow to forbid my writing any longer and repeating her fears for my safety if I write so much, so my love I must submit although ’tis very hard to say goodbye—I don’t believe she knows what it is to write even a *love letter* or she would not come so unfeelingly to take me away from writing to you. Mother and Caty set off for Nahant this afternoon to stay ’till tomorrow eve. . . .

Mother has not yet returned—I had no idea I should find so great a difference here for her being absent so short a time. I told her I should write you before she returned—she requested me to remember her most affectionately and not to forget to tell you how often we wish you could look in upon us: could you do so, I am certain you would be diverted to see the arrangements of cribs—cradles and rocking chairs. Today for the first time I took a little stroll round the gravel walks accompanied by our promising *pinkey* who held by my finger. Nothing since I have been here has recalled so many pleasant early recollections—the morning was fine, and it truly seemed as if you my beloved, and dear sister H. with the others who used to assemble round the door on the piazza and pass an hour away in innocent mirth would soon appear from behind some little shrub or clustering honeysuckle, so bright and lively were my recollec-



No. 6. Samuel Hammond,
father of Mary Ann



No. 7. Sarah (Davies) Hammond,
mother of Mary Ann

tions of you that for a moment I could scarcely persuade myself that I was the only one of the number then present and that time and distance had so far separated us. Father has been again worried by the tide coming into his cellar wh. called forth the usual distressing exclamation that it would be the death of him. A month ago today, my dear, can you realize how different it was with us, I don't allow myself to look back upon the last weeks of your being at home scarcely, for I can't do it without the greatest solicitude for your health and even sanity. I hope soon to hear of your safe arrival and that your prospects of pleasure are greater in reality than in imagination. Tomorrow I expect to send this to Boston to be forwarded to you and will leave this little space to insert the accts from Nahant. Our dear babies are a great comfort to me and I trust they will be spared to us, to bless us in our declining years. H. Sharp leaves me tomorrow. The Russell's have just come and desire their love to you.

[J. G. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Cork, 21st July, 1825

My dear wife;

I am delighted to be able once more to write to you from dry land. We had very favourable and prosperous winds, till last Sunday, when we expected to make the coast of Ireland, but then the wind changed and came ahead. We beat up as far as [Cortmacshany] Bay, near the entrance of which six of us yesterday afternoon jumped on board a fishing boat, and gained the Irish shore. From that place to Cork (22 miles *Irish*, or about 40 I should think) I came today, and am just going (6 o'clock) to sit down to dinner in a fine hotel, where the man who is waiting upon me is a great deal better dressed, and in every respect more of a gentleman than myself.

My dear-dear wife, I could not tell in quires of paper how much and fondly I think of you and of our little ones. I do not reckon this a letter. I am writing in a noisy publick room, quite tired; but I could not omit trying to give you the pleasure as I knew it would be, of hearing from me safe and sound. I should write longer, but it is merely a chance that I shall get this letter into Liverpool, time enough for the packet which is to sail on Sunday.

I was glad of the chance to land, because it gave me an opportunity to see green Erin, and I shall besides, if the wind holds, as it promises to do, be in Liverpool as soon as the ship. I think I shall go to Dublin tomorrow, and to Liverpool on Monday the 25th but I may be induced to stay this side of the channel a few days longer. . . .

I was not sick a moment. The passengers were very agreeable.

[THE SAME]

Liverpool July 30, July 30 1825 [*sic*]

My blessed wife;

. . . I have been to Mr. - - - - under the conduct of a footman of Mr. French in small-clothes, wh. I mention that you may know I have good authority for what I do. Mr. R. lives two or three miles in the country. The fine old gentleman has I believe been a member of parliament and is the great benefactor and boast of Liverpool. His manners are at once plain, cordial, and courteous, and his figure and face truly Roman. In a long interview he was most kind and affable and showed an intimate acquaintance with the history and character of our country. His daughters are not very young, but most intelligent and agreeable, and their house, garden and apartments were in the most perfect taste. Fresh as I am in English society they made me feel as much at home almost as if I had known them for years.

Thence I went to the house of Mr. Yates, an elderly Unitarian clergyman, about a half of a mile further. He is sensible and conversable, and withal, being very rich, has a most delightful country residence. Returning I stopped at the house of Mr. French and found the family, with a gentleman and lady whom I took to be visitors, at a meal, called a snack, at three o'clock, between breakfast and dinner. It consisted in this case of veal dressed in two ways, cold ham, pudding and tart. . . .

I am enjoying, my dear, what has been reckoned the perfect comfort of an English inn. I come down to breakfast about eight, when scarcely anybody is stirring but servants, and go into my private parlour. This I found it necessary to take on account of receiving ladies and clergymen, whom it would be awkward to take into the publick room, where (there

being no ordinary) each individual or each part, as the case may be, is served at a separate table. When I come down a newspaper is brought me, and my breakfast, consisting of two cups of coffee, (such as I have told you of, and as was never seen in N. England) a muffin, two eggs, little loaf of bread, and a little printed cake of butter, all served in silver and china, both marked with the name of the Waterloo Hotel, and the latter handsomer than I have ever seen. When I go out in the forenoon, if I am going to dine at home, the bill of fare is shown me, and I name my dinner, wh. is served at five in the same style, and I take nothing afterwards; nor do I know whether others do, but I suppose they do as they like. At night I go to a nice bed, with the finest linen sheets, in a room furnished with bed and window curtains, a dressing table and glass, a bureau, a washstand with a crockery tub and pitcher for the feet in addition to what one commonly finds, with all minor conveniences, such as slippers, shoe horn of polished brass and boot drawers of the same material; and all kept in the neatest possible order. Others in the house fare universally as well as myself, with the exception of the private room. For this I shall not have the same occasion elsewhere, and I shall not indulge myself with it, though it is much less expensive than I should have supposed. My expenses since I landed have not exceeded the allowance wh. I proposed to myself before leaving home, though I have rode (wh. is the most expensive thing) much more than the average of what I am likely to do again in the same time.

For the benefit of Caty and Almira I mention that the prevalent dresses are of the same fashion as I saw before leaving America. Bonnets are of the same shape, but caps under them are rare and seem to be on the decline.

They have often a coloured ribbon run through them. The ladies of high rank of whom I saw several in the cathedral of Dublin, were dressed with perfect neatness, but rather more plainly, if any thing, than our best fashionables.—William may be glad to know that pantaloons are now made to fit at the knee, and black silk waistcoats have been driven off the ground of genteel society by cloth, wh. are the only important variations I have noticed from transatlantick costume. Your father, when he has next occasion for a hat, is to be advised not to get a Cortez, but one (if he can find such a one) with a wider brim and very short nap. . . .

[DIARY]

I stopped at Keswick four days, reconnoitering the neighboring lakes and hills in the day time, and passing every evening with Robert Southey, whose simple, learned, and voluble conversation I found delightfully entertaining. The last evening I was with him, he said I must by no means go away without seeing Wordsworth, to whom he would send me an introduction the next morning. Accordingly I went back to Grassmere, and lunched and walked with the self-gratified poet, who entertained me for two hours or more with very striking talk about himself and his works,—the most interesting theme for me as well as for himself, that he could have chosen.

[MRS. PALFREY TO HER HUSBAND]

Brookline August 18th, 1825

Thursday evening

My dear husband

. . . Every one speaks of Sarah's beauty that sees her—gentlemen as well as ladies and grandmama asserts that she has *only one* naughty trick. You don't know how sweetly she talks, there is not a sentence uttered in her hearing without her repeating some part, she sometimes calls papa—dear papa—without any person's reminding her of it which leads me to think that she has some recollection of you. Grandmama has taught her to take hold of her clothes and dance while Almira plays—and given her a little table chair—and she dines with us at table every day. She behaves very well and is the delight of us all. For me, my affections are but too much fixed on her and for my own comfort and I daily strive to repress the engrossing fondness I feel for her. She is very loving towards "sister" as she always calls her. Today while I was holding her Sarah came and sat at my feet on the floor—and smoothed her clothes and looking up in my face said lap-lap—by which I directly understood that she was asking for the baby. I placed her there and she kissed her little head and face and put her arm round her with as much tenderness as if she was aware of the delicacy necessary towards the sweet little creature who now takes considerable notice and grows every day more interesting. She has

grown beyond all calculation and is quite pretty. Mrs. Sheriff Hall and Mrs. Judge Parker came to see me and they appeared quite highly to approve of the looks of both. Mrs. H. said Sarah's was a face such as was seen in prints. Mrs. P. that she was the brightest and handsomest featured baby she ever saw. You will think me very weak perhaps to repeat this but my excuse must be that I wish to make you so well acquainted with their looks while you are gone that they may not be strangers to you when the happy day arrives that I trust will unite us all together again. . . .

[THE SAME]

Sept. 16 1825

Thursday evening Sept. 16th in continuation

. . . I recall to mind my dear husband the many kind feelings you have expressed for my dear mother with much satisfaction and only wish I could make you acquainted with what indulgence, and unwearying goodness she has received, and practised toward your wife and children—our debt of gratitude to her would be overwhelming did we not look to a Higher source for its just recompense. I cannot say enough in her praise and the other individuals of her family. I have attempted it in a former letter and as now failed in my wish, feeling the full meaning of the tender poet's words "Ah! what can idle words avail unless the heart could speak." You have asked me a most difficult question to answer, in requesting me to send you word what you shall bring for Mother and girls—I have ransacked my own brains and applied to them in vain; if y'r means were in proportion to our wishes I could soon decide—As it is not so, and they so positively decline naming any thing, I should think it would be best for you to exercise your own judgement—perhaps in Italy you will meet with many pretty little things I could never think of, and that would not be too expensive; for Mother and Hannah I should like something handsome as Mother wears so few jewels I should think you might find her some pretty thing in Paris—but she seems so indifferent about having anything I am induced to conclude that we may as well present her with something after you return and yet I don't feel satisfied to advise you thus, and must again request you to do as you think best. Mother I

know has long wished for chimney ornaments. In Paris *may be* you will be able to procure a handsome pair of vases with flowers or something fanciful—your taste in this affair will be far superiour to mine. Hannah has said she should like to send for a pair of Mosaic earrings—did you not find 'em too expensive you c'd present them; if they were, you might bring the earrings and present her with a *piece of mosaic a breast pin* to match. A little Cameo if not too costly would make Caty and Almira a pretty ring or breast pin. I am quite ignorant of their value. Should you not meet with things of these kinds in Italy, you will find abundance of fancy boxes and “tout de chose” à Paris. Mrs. Storrow I doubt not will aid you. Have you, my dear, discharged our debt to Dr. Ware, if not, don't you think you had better bring him a watch seal—chain or whatever you think best. Dr. Gorham's claims are in no danger of being forgotten, I know, by you who have them so near at heart. . . .

[J. G. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Paris, 22nd Oct. 1825

. . . La Fayette, who has been a week at his home, came two or three days ago to Paris. I paid my respects forthwith, and had a most affectionate reception, and a most cordial invitation to La Grange, of wh. I may probably avail myself. I dine with him today at Mr. Brown's, the ambassador,

11 1/2 P.M.

We went at six, [to dine with Mr. Brown, the American ambassador to Paris] wh. is rather an early dinner hour for a party here. About 25 persons were assembled, among whom were a Portuguese count and countess, and a nephew of Lord Mansfield. We passed through several rooms till at length a door opened, and a footman announced us in the presence of the host and hostess. The dinner table was most splendidly furnished, but in what manner I am unable to describe. The master and mistress of the house sat opposite each other on the sides, instead of at the ends of the table, and took no care of the company, either in helping or entertaining them. No meats were on the table, but the footmen (of

whom there were eight) carried them round to each person, ready cut up in plates, from which we helped ourselves; when offered, or not, as each inclined. There were twenty dishes or more, for the most part, so disguised that I should have known nothing of what they were, had not Mrs. Welles, next to whom I sat, explained them. The wines, of wh. there was a great variety, were handed round by servants in the same way as the meats. After the desserts, and a glass of liqueur, all rose from the table, ladies and gentlemen together, and retired to the drawing room, where each had half a little cup of strong coffee, and a glass of another liqueur. This done, we sat without any thing else to entertain us, except some conversation, wh. rather lagged, till a little after 10, when we took our carriage, wh. like all the rest, had been waiting the whole time in the court yard, and came home. I do not like this way of entertaining company so well as the American, where the master feels under obligation to exert himself to entertain his guests. La Fayette sat by me a great part of the evening, distinguished me with particular attention, asking questions about *our* parish, as he called it, and in short conversing with me on a variety of topicks in the most flattering manner. He urged me to fix a time when I would come and pass several days at La Grange, wh. I was unable now to do on account of the uncertainty respecting our ulterior arrangements, but shall make a point of going at some time. . . .

[MRS. PALFREY TO HER HUSBAND]

My dear husband

Boston Monday Nov. 14, 1825

. . . before I seal this hope I shall have it in my power to answer your enquiries concerning them; in the mean time I will hasten to announce the great news which has made the town echo for a fortnight with exclamations of surprise and pleasure—without further suspense then read that Sam'l Eliot is the favoured one to whom Mary Lyman's happiness is to be entrusted for safe keeping. Only think of it and tell me how you like it. I hope she won't hurry matters so much as to be married before your return. The families on both sides are as you may well think they would be quite enraptured. I don't think to judge from appearance, that S. Eliot could keep his lips shut close, five minutes possibly. I saw him

at Mrs. Frances' party, where I wrote you, in my last, that I intended visiting. I went, but had a miserable time, the fault if any one's, was my own. The beaux were very compassionate indeed towards me and I did not suffer from neglect. By way of *girl talk* I will mention that Charlotte and I, upon comparing notes the day before yesterday, when she was here, found that I had the advantage in this particular—for at Mrs. Tuckers where she went she danced only twice. Her mother gives a party Wednesday evening next. All hands urge my going—this being the case I don't know but I may be overpersuaded and go although I do not anticipate any enjoyment therefrom other than gratifying wishes that seem to me so unimportant. Mrs. Hale sat with me a while a few mornings since. She says I ought to go and that she shall and intends to go every where this winter—that my baby will fare as well as hers and Charlottes and a hundred others. I told her when I was at Mrs. Frances I felt half a century behind the company—she said it was just so with her the last time she went out and on this acct. she thought we were more loudly called upon to leave our nurseries and keep up a little with our contemporaries. . . .

[J. G. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Geneva, 6th Dec. 1825

My dear wife;

I went on a Monday of last week from Paris to La Grange as I wrote you that I meant to do. It is about thirty miles, but the French diligences are slow, and I was from nine till four in going. When I arrived in the midst of a heavy rain at Rosay wh. is a distance from the General's house about two miles, I found his coachman waiting for me in a great chaise without springs a vehicle altogether French. We passed through a park, laid out much in the English style, that is, with irregular clumps of trees upon a lawn and driving over a bridge, and under an arch between two round towers stopped in the court-yard of La Grange an old three story building with five towers surrounding three sides of a square. The General received me in his study library and after the first compliments I was shown through a long series of corridors to my chamber where a blazing fire offered me a most hospitable reception. Having made my toilet I

rang for a servant, for to find my own way was impossible, and was shown to the saloon, where the General was waiting to introduce me in turn to his whole family. It was hung with pictures of Washington and Franklin (the flag of the U. S. festooned over them) of Capt. Morris, of the storming of the Bastille, of the general's first departure for America, and the adoption of the first French Constitution, and with prints of Perry's victories, beneath wh. was a bust of our present president, so that you may judge that I felt quite at home. We soon went down to dinner and sat down to table 24. A few of these, to be sure, were guests, three or four perhaps, among whom was a daughter of Count [illegible] 16 or 18 years old; but on the other hand three of the family were kept from table by sickness, and as many more, perhaps, in attendance upon them. My place was upon the General's right, who did not wait to discuss with me our friends in Boston. In the evening we had coffee and tea in the General's drawing room and a fine talk about the General's earlier and later experiences in America. All the family understand English, and several of them speak it well.

The next morning at ten we breakfasted, that is, ate our first dinner, for a French breakfast is a [meal] of soup and a great variety of meats and drink, with a cup of coffee to finish with. I ranged a little round the house and in a beautiful wood beside it, in the single hour in wh. it did not rain hard this, with reading in my chambers, and a long and agreeable visit from my host, brought me near to the close of the second day, wh. ended like the first. After breakfast on the third he carried me to his sheep fold, barns (one of them in an ancient chapel, once an appurtenance of the chateau) his dairy, poultry-yard etc. and showed me his 22 cows, his 1000 sheep and other objects equally suited to my agricultural senses. Hence we returned to the library to inspect his American presents, consisting of snuff-boxes, purses, canes (among wh. appeared that given him by Mr. Clough, our townsman under the appellation of a true full-blooded Yankee) pictures and maps, and other matters of like nature without number. He is fitting up a little room for an American Museum. You can tell Mrs. Guido, if you think of it, that I saw hanging on the general's chamber a sketch which Miss Quincy painted for him of the old president's house, with a distant view of Boston.

Finding that my plans to go South did not permit me to make a long visit, the general told me that as he must himself go to Paris in a week or two he would choose the time of my departure and if I would write to Mr. Welles to take my place in the diligence for Thursday, wh. was the day I had fixed to leave Paris, he would himself take me there the same day, so as to see the last of me. Accordingly arrangements were made and though we rose before day to be at Paris on purpose to take the diligence, the family were already up to take their leave of him. Nothing could be more affectionate. At three, still in a [diligence], we arrived in town, and taking my leave of the good old man who handed me on parting, some letters of introduction for Geneva, I had just time to get into the conveyance for this place. . . .

[MRS. PALFREY TO HER HUSBAND]

Boston, Jan. 13, 1826. Friday evening

My beloved husband:

. . . Com. Stuart has offered to give his wife 1200 per year if she will consent to go home to her mother—he takes all the children and she is to provide only for herself with the 1200. The Com. says she will ruin him with her extravagance if he don't get rid of her. How flattering! On Wednesday evening Col. Sam'l and I made Mrs. F. Lowells wedding vis. The party was in their drawing-room and quite filled it. I never saw the bride look half so pretty before. Mrs. L. appeared very beautiful though not so superlatively so as I have seen her. Miss P. of Salem is a pretty little creature. These three of the bridal party enquired kindly after you. Miss P. said she should be glad to see you in Salem again. Miss B. I didn't speak to. All the L's who were there aunt S. included asked particularly about you. Mrs. J. in particular spoke with great interest about your not going to Rome with Mrs. D. from whom they all seemed to have learnt it. William F one of the brides men was very devotedly attentive to the beautiful Miss M. on whom Mrs. L. left a card. The world says it is to be a match. I of course know nothing about it. S. E. looked all tenderness and admiration toward his intended. Their wedding Col. Ephraim told me would not be very soon. I wish heartily that it may not before your return. He comes almost every Sunday afternoon

to yr. Meeting. I forgot to tell you that I wore my English dress to the wedding. I had it trimmed round the bottom with plain satin folds as near the shade of the purple in the dress as I could get, round the neck were 3 small folds a little apart—white earrings and Cate's white necklace, H's curls and Cate's flowers. Cate wore coral ornaments and a white mouslin. She never looked prettier than she does this winter: however I don't see as she is any nearer giving you a fee than when you went away. Col. Frothingham called to see me but I was just trying on my dress and couldn't see him without keeping him in waiting too long. . . .

Let us bow in grateful adoration and praise for that Goodness which has been shewn to our loved little charge, to the Great Giver of every good. How much do I owe my parents, and how little was I aware of till I became one too. Never was there more kindness expended on children and on children's children than by my dear parents. My obligations increase so fast that I quite despair of ever doing anything half expressive of it to them. . . .

[THE SAME]

Boston, Friday evening
Jan. 28, 1826

. . . Thus am I at my desk before a coal fire in the nursery, my back to the cradle where little sister is sweetly sleeping and in the bed just at my left side is little Sarah, resting from the alternate labours of eating and drinking and playing, which fill up her time pretty much these short days. In my last I told you that I had not attempted to teach her any prayer because she had never committed any thing to memory and I was afraid of doing it improperly—since then my ears have been delighted at hearing her little voice in the sweetest accents I ever heard repeat, "cross patch draw the latch" etc. with accuracy. I never I am sure experienced any feeling to compare with that, that this little circumstance created. I was dressing to go to a small party at Mrs. Bond's; she began of her own accord, and went through with it without any hesitation. I stood listening wrapt in surprised delight and gratitude and love. I am certain that no one had been teaching it to her in particular and that she only heard it

read among the other productions of Mother Goose indiscriminately. What a fund of pleasure my loved husband is contained for us I trust in these our darling children, every word and look and action of theirs makes me long more and more to be all united again together in the pleasant enjoyment of home sweet home. To have you with us in good health and spirits is my constant prayer and God grant that it may be accepted and answered in Mercy to us. . . .

I was invited to night at Mrs. Otis! but as I was last night at Mrs. Ticknor's ball and the night before at Mrs. Bond's small party I didn't feel as if I could go again to night. I went last night principally because I thought it would gratify you. It was truly a splendid entertainment and brilliant display of beauty and fashion. We supped in their beautiful study which lighted as bright as lamps could make it with an elegant table laid in the middle of the room, small ones round the sides with every thing rich and good upon and around them was a sight dazzling indeed yet in the midst of this display of elegance etc. my heart was far away and I couldn't but sigh as I thought how much happier I should be quietly enjoying with you our own quiet family circle or fireside. How you do enjoy parties if you like them. I will try very hard to renew the relish I used to have for them. I have almost made up my mind, though, that I shall have to be ground over again before this can be. But I forget that I ought not to let egotism take the place wh. ought to be given to an acct. of the belles. M. Lyman was prevented from going by a cold.

E. Marshall does not visit here by the by, her engagement to Wm. Otis is daily expected to be announced I understand. *Only think!* N. Pratt was there and looked prettier than I ever saw her before. The others, comprising Derbys', Sullivans, etc. were all admired as expected and suppose that they shd. be. Cate's Mr. Cabot was there and Sam'l's Sweet Lucy P. I hardly feel it to be right to tell tales out of the family, but, begging you to remember how we run on, at such times as the day following a party, I will leave you to imagine all the silly things that have been said, and only say that as we were riding through Nassau Street this morning we overtook a certain gentleman and sweet Lucy taking quite a retired and I believe appointed walk together. O dear. "'Tis love, 'tis love" etc. Your friend Jared was not at the party of course. The other morning

we all called at Mrs. Judge P's. as we were leaving the room she burst forth to know if he was engaged to Miss Hinkley. I told her I didn't know anything about it but I tell you my dear, to whom I tell all I know without reserve that I think the wind sits strongly in the other quarter. I wouldn't for the world say it to any one else but as I'm a Yankee I will just guess that the office of the *N. American* is as likely to be moved to where that nice garden now is as Brattle Street Church is. You know my meaning dear. . . .

[THE SAME]

Boston Feb. 1st 1826

Tuesday evening

My dear husband:

. . . Since I wrote you, a few days since by the packet of this date, I have scarcely been outside of the house or seen any but the family within it—therefore I have but very little knowledge of what is going on in the world except the commercial part of it. [Charles] has a vessel in and Sam and father go over and over again with their views upon the hide trade. Indeed as I whispered to Ch. to day I thought our coat of arms ought to have some kind of a *skin* on it. Boston is bewitched one would suppose, to hear of the Balls, Tea parties, musical parties, and invitations to meet a few friends which occupy so much of the time and attention of its inhabitants. 4 are to be tomorrow evening. Our family will go to Mrs. Oxnard's if the weather admits of it. I shall stay at home and probably give you the greater portion of my thoughts. Father is *actively* engaged with his papers just at this moment and mother sits in the old corner turning round and round a cap to see I suppose how it will answer. Katy sits plying the needle on some shirts and Sam is following Napoleon in his march to Moscow. Chs has according to custom gone out. Before he went, he wished to give his respects to you and say that you must enjoy your letter of credit that there is no fear but that you will have enough to [live on] when you get home. Father's love and says "Sarah does finely—she is full of her chat and an interesting little thing—she is really a curious little thing." Mother's best love and says "you mustn't worry about us, we all come on famously and she wants to see you dread-

fully." The children look like rising suns. Katy's love and little sister is such a beauty she don't think you will believe she is the same little Hannah and that you must hasten home if you mean to get a fee out of Sam'l who is saying something about "Sweet Lucy" and is deeply engaged on the subject of *Love* what are its indications etc. I [was told] that your friend Jared was engaged to Miss Hinkley. He says it is most scandalous and that somebody will have to answer for it. Don't you think with me that the other one will do better, O how thankful I shall be to have you at home again when we shall not have to wait so long for answers—and I shall be in the enjoyment of all the blessings—advantages and enjoyments which you confer on me. . . .

[THE SAME]

Feb. 24th 1826 Friday evening

My dear husband—

. . . Cap't Oxnard today told little Sarah that she would make many a gentleman's heart-ache or he was mistaken. God grant my dear husband, that we may so perform our duties to her as to be saved ourselves from this feeling for her—she is assuredly a blossom of great promise and with a blessing on our endeavours I trust we shall not be disappointed in the fruit. I scarcely ever have any difficulty now with her—but a great deal of solid comfort and pleasure; with her sister and you together I am sure I shall feel as if I am blessed indeed. I begin to realize what it is to be a mother and with her gentlest cares the "awful accountableness" of a parent. Often, very often do I wish for your guidance and support and as often do I lament my own inefficiency and wish I had better used the opportunities I have had for qualifying myself better for this and every other station in life. It is something towards amendment you know to be sensible of our failings therefore I look forward with much interest to the time to come if such is allowed me. . . .

I have written so far without telling you anything of the party last evening where, notwithstanding the influenza, were to be seen many a gay lady and courtly squire. I met with some of my old beaux such as S. Gray, Leonard Foster etc. I had a pleasant time conversing with some

one or another all the evening. Today I have felt very tired indeed. but am very well still I find that I cannot go to parties without feeling 10 years older [the] next day. . . .

[THE SAME]

Boston March 1, Wed. evening

My beloved husband:

. . . Perhaps you would like to know who are sitting round the fire with me and would feel at home more if I were to tell you how each is occupied. Mother, to begin with, sits behind her screen in the old corner picking out laces that have been washed; talking to Kate, who sits opposite to her on the Sofa similarly employed, about last evenings ball at Mrs. Cummings, Sam'l sits by Mother's lamp doing something to his coat. Almira is reading opposite to him at Cate's stand and Father is writing at the same table with me before the fire. Don't you think we make a snug and domestic party? I can say I believe with all truth that all would most gladly have you added to our number. Chs. I believe is visiting. Mother says "don't forget to tell Mr. P. not to believe what the papers say about the Influenza, for I'm sure it would frighten me to death to hear such accts. from where he is." Indeed, my dear, I do most heartily rejoice that I can conscientiously [*sic*] say that all whom I know of are either well or better. Mrs. Magee who was so very ill is now well enough to be about in her room. Mr. Sparks I have not seen since Sunday—then he said he thought he should be quite well if he could only take the air; and he wished very much to walk out a few steps then as the day was so fine and May like. As he had not been out for a week and had been allowed no food but gruel till the day before and hadn't done taking antimony mixture I dissuaded him. Monday it snowed yesterday it rained and today again it snowed so I presume he has not crept out of his study, yet. I can speak [much] in his praise for his patience with his cold and with me, for I used to go forenoon and afternoon as I wrote you, *to fuss* a little. It is so long since I have had you love to practice upon that I have to confess that I don't think I was very useful to him or earned much credit as a nurse with him. Nor do I feel as if the fault is

wholly mine for I should have done much more if I had not so often been checked by you when performing my fussing evolutions, that I felt jealous of my offers, and rather than be troublesome I was sparing of them. . . .

[THE SAME]

April 20th, 1826, Thursday evening

My dear husband:

. . . This last week I have been making some calls besides doing considerable [dressmaking] by way of looking smart and tidy when you come. I left cards at many doors and entered among them old Mrs. Vann's. I saw her and Abby only of the ladies. The old nondescript is going into the country next week: she kept saying you were wanted at home very much. Harriett had been sick. I didn't see her. I went to Mrs. Brewster's. I saw her and she desired her remembrance to you—her daughter was recovering from the rash—thence to Mrs. Lodge's. She was very kind in her enquiries after you. Mrs. Pratt was apparently passing the day with her. Thence to old Mrs. Lowells—they were all from home, and are going soon into the country. I am sorry I haven't seen more of them since you went away. I went previous to making these calls down to Mrs. Storers whom I heard had been dangerously ill. Nancy had been confined at home with a cold for a week: she was nearly well, her mother was asleep and I didn't see her; she was [not] so well though that she intended going downstairs in the middle of the day. There I made a long call, talking over with Nancy the afflicting dispensation which had deprived Mrs. Otis and Mary of a daughter and sister that was so deservedly esteemed and beloved by all who ever knew her. A week's illness or a little more did the work of the destroyer and the heart that had always beat with such genuine philanthropy was chilled in death. At Mrs. Storers I didn't hear exactly the same acct. of Harriett's illness that I have rec'd from [others]. Nancy Pratt (whom I met on my way from [town]) told me that she understood that she first injured herself by taking brimstone spirit for the humour she had in her face (wh. was erysepalus [*sic*] and it struck in upon her brain, which I believe was the

case. I intend to go to see them very soon. H. Pratt was going to Mrs. Lyman of whom she gave me very melancholy intelligence. They all have finally been compelled to acknowledge that the prospect of her continuing much longer is very small. Mary is pale and sad I hear Nancy wished me to remember them all to you and said she hoped that when you return she hoped to see us more. Old Mrs. Higginson I hear died yesterday in a fit. How much it has grieved me to have such distressing communications to make of our friends above mentioned I cannot express that they will throw a gloom on your spirits is beyond a doubt. . . .

[THE SAME]

My very dear husband; . . .

Tuesday, April 11, 1826

. . . don't you think that most people possess the means of being, or making themselves far happier than they are, if they would but use aught these means, if so, let us resolve to aid each other in so doing that others may chide us not but give their testimony to our having made a most economical use of all the materials we possess for weaving a wealth of happiness for ourselves and darling children. I hope you will not mistake me I only mean to say, that I think it will be more for our mutual good to be more together in our family and that you will be doing as much good and be as much in the path of your duty as if you devoted yourself exclusively to your parochial engagements, and that you would be happier and better able to go through with them. All this I dare say you have turned over in your mind and come to what conclusion you deem wisest and best. Don't you long sometimes my love to be one of us again and sit down again under your own vine, I hope you don't take a very accurate introspect of my housekeeping qualities—if you do, I can fancy too readily a solution to my query—besides I mean to be much better when we recommence—even excellent. I feel strongly disposed to sit down by you this evening, truly, and I would give a great deal to know where you are to night and how you are—your lame foot I trust will be true to you in future. I sighed over your acct of it, and felt very sorry that such a trial was appointed you; you had one privilege [*sic*] at least, *exemption* from *my fussing*. . . .

Mr. Palfrey returned to his family in August, 1826, much improved in health, enriched in mind, and so restored to the natural beauty of his countenance that in the following October he sat for his portrait to Peale, who, with his skillful brush, confirmed for posterity the less definite assertions of the pen. He took his family back to their beloved Court Street parsonage where he resumed his duties with renewed zest and broadened horizon. "This travelling for thirteen months and $\frac{1}{2}$," he remarks, "cost me 2500 dollars, which sum, however, included some purchases for presents, etc."

It was at this time the Hammonds' summers were definitely established in Nahant. They boarded at first, then built the house that figured so conspicuously in all their vacation letters for the rest of the century. The saga of Nahant—the balls at the hotel, the supper parties, the picnics, the drives to the Lynn woods, the sails, the welcomings and farewells of guests at the steamboat landing, the little steamboat that took the magnates to their Boston offices early in the morning to bring them back early in the afternoon—is a book in itself, so local, so gay, so gossipy, so smug, but still never lapsing from its decorum. There was a glamour over the entire place especially for the ladies of the Palfrey family, who visited and boarded and used it as the breath of life to revive their spirits after the rigors of their winter lives. So from now on, instead of Rosemont, the vacations take place in the rarefied atmosphere of Nahant.

In 1828 their first son, John Gorham, Jr., was born. He was a delicate baby from the very first and died of scarlet fever when he was four years old. His heartbroken parents bore their first sorrow with the resignation and fortitude of their deep spiritual faith.

In 1829 Mary Ann's brother, Samuel, Jr., married Susan, the

daughter of the famous financier, Gardiner Greene, and brought satisfaction and excitement to his family. Susan, however, like a good many heiresses, could afford poor health, and they travelled in Europe a great deal until Samuel died in 1835. They had two sons, Gardiner and Samuel, Jr., who followed in the footsteps of their Uncle Charles, keeping gamecocks and fast trotting horses and racing their sleighs over the Mill-Dam in the winter.

It was at this time, too, that the "disreputable" Almira began to have her conspicuous affairs, and went on her famous visit to Quebec where she became heavily involved with a Frenchman, broke her engagement to an eligible Bostonian, and came home in a turmoil of confusion and indecision. It is interesting to note how the entire Hammond family, Almira included, turned to Gorham in their bewilderment, and with what tact, firmness, and thoroughness he handled the romantic episode. He looked into Bouchette's affairs, found him financially insolvent, convinced Almira of the unsuitability of her choice, and sent the disappointed lover packing to France from whence he was never again heard. Instead of bearing any grudge, Almira seems to have felt grateful to her brother-in-law, and turned to him for advice and counsel as long as she lived.

While all these domestic problems and events were accumulating, Mr. Palfrey was getting deeper and deeper into his own, more important controversies. He had learned from necessity a force of mental and physical discipline to keep his routine of life in strict order, which enabled him to accomplish his manifold duties with less tension. "I learned to rise early, in the winter before daylight, and in these hours I would faithfully study up the subject of my forthcoming sermon." He gave a great deal of thought and personal attention to the religious instruction of the young—"the children and I became very good friends"—and or-

ganized Sunday-school classes for those of from six to fifteen; those over fifteen attended a course of weekly lectures with their pastor. The writing of sermons was becoming easier. In short, all his parochial duties were by now entirely congenial. His extracurricular activities increased steadily; the *North American Review* demanded frequent articles; he belonged to the Tuesday and Wednesday Clubs; but in spite of all these time-consuming obligations, he was a great walker, once walking all the way to Providence to give a lecture, spending the night in Taunton on the way down. All his life he preferred walking to riding and often mentions walking out to Medford and back again to dine with the Brookses. It is a constant wonder to us in our generation of speed appliances and short cuts, how the twenty-four hours of the day were long enough for the extraordinary accomplishments of our ancestors who had no typewriters, no telephones, no motors, nothing but their own two hands, two feet, and their indomitable purpose.

But the subject that was beginning to take precedence over all others in Mr. Palfrey's mind was the propagation of the Unitarian faith:

I had taken a strong interest in the propagation of Unitarian opinions, and entertained a sanguine hope of their rapid and wide spread. I had been earnest for that object in the pulpit, through the press, and by all agencies that seemed fit and promising. Of course, when a scheme was started for a new organization of the Divinity School at Cambridge, I embraced it with enthusiasm. Early in 1825, the Corporation of the College, or the Society for promoting Theological Education, solicited public aid towards the erection of a building for the use of students in divinity. The proposal at first met no encouragement. No minister would come forward. I resolved to try. So, on the 6th of March, I preached all day upon the subject from Romans X. 14, 15, and at the close of the afternoon service invited the congregation to remain. The unexpectedly grati-



No. 8. Hazelwood, Cambridge



*No. 9. South parlor at Hazelwood
From John Gorham Palfrey's study*

fying result saved the movement from utter failure. A considerable sum of money (I believe some 2000 dollars), was subscribed on the spot. Thus stimulated, friends of the cause in other [places] took heart. The necessary funds were obtained, and before I went abroad, I had the satisfaction of assisting at the laying of the corner stone of Divinity Hall.

This episode brought about the proposal for him to take Mr. Norton's place in the Divinity School during the latter's several months' absence in Europe, which offer he accepted with the full approval of the parish committee. Thus was brought about a change which was to affect his whole future life.

[S. A. ELIOT TO J. G. PALFREY]

March 8, 1825

My dear Sir,

Mr. Norton and myself called at your house this afternoon in the hope of seeing you to urge you to publish the sermons you preached on Sunday last with so much effect. We think it very important that the attention of the public should be invited to the subject in every proper and practicable way, and that all information should be communicated which can be useful in furthering our project. I am sure, that sermons which produced the effect which resulted from yours, must be precisely the thing which would be most beneficial to us, and I beg you not to let any slight objection over-rule the desire of the friends of the theological school to see them in print. The ignorance of the public is, as you know, extreme; and I am persuaded that they only need to be enlightened, and your sermons would enlighten them, in order to be justly liberal.

Yours very Truly

Sam'l A. Eliot

Tuesday Eve

The Harvard Divinity School was beginning to undergo a complete process of enlargement and reorganization, and Pal-

frey, on account of his new position, became not only intensely interested but very much involved in its affairs. He helped to draw up the new plans and in 1830 was offered the position of Professor of Biblical Literature and Dean of the Faculty.

As Secretary for the Society for promoting Theological Education, and of its board of Directors, I carefully drew up such a plan, which was received with cordial approbation. One and another person was mentioned as Mr. Norton's successor, and I warmly urged the adoption of some names that were suggested. I had not as yet thought of the place for myself, nor, when it was first mentioned to me, could I prevail upon myself to entertain the project. My existing situation was in the highest degree agreeable, and more so than at any time before, and growing more so every day through my better success and higher estimation, and the growing attachment of my parish. I had entered on operations which were in the full tide of promise, but which required time to mature their fruit. Nor was I in a condition to bear the considerable pecuniary sacrifice that would be involved. But I was beset with those with whom I had been laboring, (reinforced by the Corporation of the College,—Judge Story and Judge Jackson, in particular,) who insisted that the prosperity of the Divinity School was the great condition of the spread of pure religion; that no one, who was wanted for its service had a right to refuse himself to it; that I was unanimously regarded as the suitable successor to the important Professorship that was vacant; and that the person who had conceived the scheme for the administration of the school was the person to carry it into execution.

Here was a conflict indeed—a baffling clash of loyalties—for the young minister of Brattle Street Church, which had done so much for him and was so entirely satisfied with what he was doing for it. After much discussion and many wakeful hours of inward debate, he decided to hand in his resignation from the pulpit and accept what seemed to him a position of wider useful-



No. 10. Braman's Baths

ness. There was a good deal of opposition at first, as was to be expected, and he had urgent appeals from prominent parishioners, but he had made his decision with his best and most sober judgment, and his resignation was finally accepted with perfectly good grace and understanding but very deep regret.

[GEORGE BOND TO J. G. PALFREY]

Dec. 11, 1830

My dear Sir,

I hesitate about saying a word more on the important measures to be acted on tomorrow—yet so important are they as regards yr welfare and that of the Society that I cannot forbear.

I have ever been of opinion that you hazard very much on the score of your own happiness and I confess I'm stagger'd somewhat as to yr relative usefulness in the two situations. If you doubt in these respects so much as to alter yr views of duty, the Com. would doubtless be glad to recommend a refusal of your request and the Soc. would rejoice in the oppy. to retain yr services—nor is it too late. You will perceive that a change in yr views only will render a reply to this necessary. With the most cordial esteem and good wishes,

Yr friend, Geo. Bond

[J. G. PALFREY TO GEORGE BOND]

My dear Sir,

There is nothing for me but to go forward, in the peace of a good conscience, and pray and trust for a happy issue.

Yours, with the sincerest affection,

John Gorham Palfrey

Indeed, it took the parish several years to reconcile themselves to his absence, for three years later they begged him to recon-

sider and return once more to their fold. He was now completely immersed in his new teaching profession, enlarging and expanding its far-flung ramifications, learning the Arabic, Syriac, Chaldean languages, translating his own grammars, making his own textbooks for his classes, and giving it the full zest of his enthusiastic talents. "The exercise in the New Testament strained me to the top of my best" . . . and thus began his academic career.

Academic Era

WHEN Mr. Palfrey left the Brattle Street Church he, of course, had to leave his charming Court Street parsonage, and the Hammond house once more stretched its generous walls and took in the homeless family of four, Mrs. Palfrey and her three children, while Mr. Palfrey took up his abode in one of the dormitories with his divinity students. As his work was to be henceforth in Cambridge he bought a piece of land on Divinity Avenue just beyond the school-grounds, and Mr. Hammond, good businessman that he was, provided the capital to build the house where the family lived for more than three quarters of a century and which still stands, now the property of Harvard University. In the first World War it was the headquarters of the Naval Radio School working under high pressure with great temporary barracks filling the lilac-bound acre lot on the corner of Oxford Street which used to pasture the Palfrey cow. Today it is taking a temporary nap, squeezed in behind some large new buildings, housing a few officials, externally unchanged in its unassuming but ample proportions and gentle dignity, while it awaits the next assignment from its alma mater.

Mr. Palfrey's life at the Divinity School was utterly absorbing. When he took over his duties, he found the regime lax, haphazard, undisciplined, and most of all, of a low educational caliber. He set to work laboriously to raise the standard all along the line and won the coöperation of the rather puzzled students by himself assuming even more rigid rules than he laid out for them and asking their advice in enforcing them (the rudiments of student government), but one of his chief concerns was raising the standards of the requirements for admission. Heretofore Mr. Norton and the two distinguished Wares had been satisfied that

This is made, in masculines singular by the addition of 𐤀, or the change of 𐤌 to 𐤁 in nouns with final 𐤌𐤀; in feminines singular, by the addition of 𐤁, or of 𐤁𐤀 to nouns ending in 𐤆 or 𐤌, or the change of 𐤁 to 𐤁𐤀 in nouns ending in 𐤁; in masculines plural, by the change of 𐤆𐤌, 𐤒𐤌, to 𐤁𐤌 or 𐤌 (sometimes preceded by 𐤀); and in feminines plural, by the change of 𐤒, 𐤒𐤀, into 𐤁𐤀𐤀, or 𐤁𐤀𐤁.

§ 4. *Personal and Possessive Pronouns.* (10. 11. 12.)

NOMINATIVE CASE.		OBLIQUE CASES.	
<i>Singular.</i>			
1 per. c.	𐤀𐤒𐤀, 𐤁𐤒𐤀, 𐤌𐤒𐤀, 𐤌𐤆𐤒𐤀	𐤌𐤒, 𐤌	
2 per. m.	𐤁𐤀𐤀, 𐤀𐤀	𐤆	𐤆𐤌, 𐤆, 𐤌𐤆
	f. 𐤌𐤀𐤀		𐤁, 𐤆, 𐤁𐤀
3 per. m.	𐤀𐤆𐤁, 𐤆𐤁		𐤁
	f. 𐤀𐤌𐤁, 𐤌𐤁		

		<i>Plural.</i>	
1 per. com.	𐤒𐤁𐤒𐤀, 𐤒𐤒𐤀	𐤒𐤒, 𐤒	
2 per. masc.	𐤒𐤆𐤀𐤀	𐤒𐤆𐤆, 𐤒𐤆𐤆𐤆.	
fem.	𐤒𐤌𐤀𐤀	𐤒𐤌𐤆, 𐤒𐤆, 𐤒𐤌𐤆𐤆, 𐤒𐤆𐤆.	
3 per. masc.	𐤒𐤆𐤒𐤀	𐤒𐤆𐤁, 𐤒𐤆.	
fem.	𐤒𐤌𐤒𐤀	𐤒𐤌𐤁, 𐤒𐤁, 𐤒𐤌, 𐤒.	

The possessive pronoun is frequently expressed by 𐤒𐤌𐤆 with the appropriate suffix.

Noun suffixes are appended to the construct state of masculine plurals; and to the emphatic 'state, (with final 𐤁 dropped) of singulars of both genders, and of feminine plurals.

ELEMENTS

OF

CHALDEE, SYRIAC, SAMARITAN,

AND RABBINICAL

GRAMMAR.

BY

JOHN G. PALFREY, D. D.,
Professor of Biblical Literature in the University of Cambridge

BOSTON

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GOULD AND NEWMAN, PRINTERS
1835.

any earnest young man who wanted to enter the ministry was welcome. Mr. Palfrey felt strongly that however deserving their ambitions, their minds should be qualified by a classical education and a college degree. This new policy he brought about with modifications at first, and soon with complete success.

He was entirely dissatisfied with all the textbooks that the students were using so he set to work and made his own, learning all the Shemitic languages, making his own translations, introducing his pupils in their elements, and entirely revolutionizing the system of education in the Divine Gospel.

[DIARY]

By a fair Hebrew scholar Chaldean is learned with great ease, and Syriac is little else than Chaldean in a different character. My course led the class through the biblical Chaldea (In the books of Daniel and Ezra) and through a considerable piece of the Gospels in the Syriac version. I read these with a good deal of facility. In Arabic I was but little skilled; but I knew enough of it to keep well before my class, and to help them on, studying every lesson faithfully before I met them with it. I also gave some useful attention to the Samaritan, Talmudical and Rabbinical dialects, and could make my way through a passage of them all, when occasion arose. I published in 1835 "Elements of Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, and Rabbinical Grammar." I made some progress in a grammar of Arabic. Thus the whole group of Shemitic languages was brought somewhat under the survey of my pupils, with a reference to the light thrown by their structure and vocabularies on Hebrew grammar, lexicography and idioms. The initiation into Chaldean had the further object of enabling the pupil to complete his reading of the Old Testament, and to use the Targum paraphrase. Syriac was more interesting still, as giving the use of the latest and perhaps the oldest translation of the New Testament, and enabling the student to read the discourses of Jesus in substantially the same language in which they were originally pronounced.

In March, 1831, while still at their Grandfather Hammond's, the second son, Francis William Winthrop, was born, and the next October they all moved out to their new house, Hazelwood, in Cambridge.

Frank was the glamorous member of the family. Handsome, dashing, colorful, compelling from the very start, the leader and show pupil in every school exhibition from eight years old on, marshal in all the public functions, a first-class scholar, with so many friends clamoring at all times for his society that he had little left for his eager family. He was always saying that he had surely intended to be home tonight but "Tom was having a little party and seemed to need his attendance, but he would be home tomorrow night without fail." Tomorrow night, as fate would have it, "Dick was celebrating his birthday, and it would be a slight if he did not attend, but, of course, *tomorrow!*" Tomorrow came—well—"There was, unfortunately, an engagement of long standing which he had forgotten about, and Harry and he were going to a dinner party and the opera." He was always affectionate, devoted, solicitous, infallible in his obligations and personal attentions, but widely involved outside his family circle. He was a Beau Brummell in his costumes—the first to appear in the new English suit with the latest length of coat-tails; he was a flirt, a magnificent dancer of the modern waltz which had just come over from Vienna, and a leader of all the Germans in Mr. Papanti's ballroom. No social occasion was complete without him, but his love and loyalty to his family, however procrastinating it might seem, never wavered or weakened. He was a competent lawyer, a hard worker in between his gaieties, and when the Civil War came he was one of the most outstanding officers in the Volunteer Service—colonel of the famous Twentieth Regiment—until he was wounded and resigned



No. 11. Nahant Hotel

from the army. His wound affected his health, and he spent the last years of his life in Europe on the Riviera where he associated intimately with the nobility and crowned heads of many nationalities. On several occasions he was singled out by the then Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VI, who commanded his presence for the evening. In spite of all these attentions, however, he remained unspoiled and utterly delightful throughout his life, and one of the most outstanding things in his character was his adoration of and complete subservience to his younger brother John, who reciprocated his feelings. The intimacy of these two brothers was a very striking thing.

The two little sisters devoted themselves to the new baby brother, and the interest in his development helped them to bear the death of little John Gorham, Jr., which took place the following year. Then, also, began the era of their vacations in Nahant, where their Grandmother Hammond and their Aunt Russell were now established in their own houses, and the girls removed their bathing costumes permanently from their lockers in Braman's Baths at the foot of Beacon Street to more exalted quarters. The passion for Nahant was very deep in the ladies of the family, though the men took it less seriously and flashed in and out of the picture with more condescension as they followed their diversified pursuits. Mr. Palfrey remarked in one letter to a son that his mother and sisters loved that place, whereas he would give the whole peninsula for a half acre of sand dune on his beloved Cape Cod. But the high light of every summer for Mrs. Palfrey and the girls, especially the two older ones, was their sojourn at Nahant. They visited the Hammonds and the Russells in turn, or had rooms in the hotel or at Stetson's Boarding House; but the sea air was thought imperative as a change from the heat of Cambridge, which they seemed to feel acutely.

In 1833 the notorious Gardiner Greene died and Mr. Palfrey wrote to his father "He is said to have died richer than any man ever did in Boston, leaving nearly three millions of dollars." The spectacular house on the top of Beacon Hill, with its balustrades, terraces, and long flights of marble steps going down toward Pemberton Square, was demolished soon afterwards and the land sold for \$7.50 a square foot. Thus one of the early landmarks of aristocracy gave way to municipal development.

That same year "Aunt Caty" married an unknown Mr. John Gibson; he was prosperous in the sugar business and lived a year or two in Cuba, but he died soon after his second son was born and his wife went back with her two little boys to live with her mother in the elastic house on Somerset Place.

The big event of the year for the Palfrey family was the birth of their third son on Christmas Day. They named him John Carver for the governor of the Plymouth Colony, who was thought to be an ancestor, and he was called the "little pilgrim" for several years; but later some doubt of the ancestry arose and John never used his middle name in full on that account.

He was a solemn little boy, being almost too good and conscientious, but his keen sense of fun, quick wit, and enjoyment of games and sports kept him from being a prig, and he was a normal, high-spirited, although rather thoughtful boy. He was hypersensitive, small, plain, and painfully shy all his life, but his courage was always stronger than his shyness. He overcame his timidity by clothing it in military austerity, and no one ever dreamt what shrinking was behind his stern demeanor. In his mature years he inspired awe and respect, and his word was law. He loved animals, flowers, and farming. He had a curious attraction for rather gay comrades, though he was a total abstainer himself all through college and West Point. He was a stoic at the



No. 12. *John Carver Palfrey (aged eight) going to school*
Silhouette by Edouart

military academy; a diligent, voracious worker, ambitious, modest, diffident, but at the same time confident of the "firsts" which he seldom failed to attain. He was a little of a snob socially, though never showed it in any way other than to prefer his own society to an uncongenial one; a beautiful waltzer, a loyal adherer to his friendships, a stern disciplinarian—sternest of all of himself—and with a fineness of character that burned like a steady flame and never flickered or dimmed until it went out the day he died. One tribute to him reads in part:

... Like his father, he was severely conscientious. His sense of duty and obligation was pronounced, and a law unto him. What he deemed right, that he did; nor could anything deflect him from what he saw as the straight line of conduct. To him might very fairly be applied Charles Lamb's words descriptive of one of those Inner Temple characters whom he, as Elia, immortalized: "He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and 'would strike.'" Unpretentious, shy, perhaps unduly conscious of self and of his own limitations, he moved through life with a sort of military precision.*

Gorham was now the father of four children, two girls and two boys, and Mary Ann's hands were very full with their upbringing, their ailments, which seemed constant and which she exaggerated as most mothers do. The family budget was limited and she contrived and fussed, worried and joked, and hurried back and forth to Somerset Place for comfort, advice, and the famous Hammond dinners—which always gave them indigestion, but no one ever seemed to suspect the cause and they resorted to their ever-present remedies. They all continued to go out to

* *Editor's note:* Charles Francis Adams, Jr., wrote the above tribute to John C. Palfrey for the Massachusetts Historical Society when he died in 1905. It is a splendid summary of his character. Reprinted from *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, January and February, 1906, February meeting, 1906.

picnics at Rosemont, though Mr. and Mrs. Hammond never actually lived there in style after they transferred their allegiance to Nahant. They also made family expeditions to the Gorham Brooks in Medford, the Pratts in Watertown, and especially to "Aunt Tidd's" magnificent estate, also in Medford. She was Grandmother Hammond's sister, the wife of a reprobate husband and mother of fifteen children, only three of whom survived her. She lived alone in the pre-Revolutionary Royall house, and the Palfrey children enjoyed many a Thanksgiving feast at her handsome table. She was dignified and kindly, and they all loved her. She lived to be ninety-one.

In spite of his arduous life in the literary and academic world, Mr. Palfrey was not exempt from domestic problems. "When great things are on the mind how strangely the less will affect it; I have just been out to feed my old horse for the last time and take leave of him, and it makes a baby of me." He hurried from Marblehead to Salem and back to Boston to secure a wet-nurse for his new son; engaged maids, straightened out servants' difficulties, was constantly consulted over the crossness of Rosanna the cook, the carelessness of the new chambermaid, and the laxness of the hired man; and attended to all of these demands with concern and patience ("Frank threw a mallet at Sarah and is shut till tomorrow in his chamber"). All the while he was composing emergency articles for the various magazines, as well as his frequent and prepared leading ones.

The social obligations of the family began to multiply as the children grew older and their mother was less closely confined to the nursery. There were dinner parties, evening receptions, balls, operas, lectures, and occasional theatres. The little girls went to dancing school at Mr. Papanti's on Tremont Street, for it was important for them to come as young as possible under the influ-

ence of this social arbiter; they curtsyed, pirouetted and promenaded in their ruffled pantalettes and juvenile elegance with members of the opposite sex of suitable age and station. Of course, the girls went to school early, and a whole wad of little notes on twisted scraps of paper is preserved along with the reports, awards of merit, and copy books; the passing of notes in 1835 could be easily mistaken for that of 1935—child nature does not change! (See Plate 13) The year 1834 was a sad one for the Hammond parents, for their son Samuel died in September, a few months later William died in Cuba, so they were more than ever wrapped up in their daughters and their grandchildren.

In 1835 Mr. Palfrey, against the advice of his father-in-law and his business adviser, Mr. Amos Lawrence, bought the *North American Review* and became editor-in-chief. This was a precarious undertaking because his finances had been at rather a low ebb ever since he left his secure position of the Brattle Street ministry, his salary being much reduced and his expenses increased. But he was determined and enthusiastic, and for a little while it looked as though the venture might be profitable. By the end of the year, however, he was completely exhausted with trying to combine too many enterprises and obtained leave of absence from the University to go to New Orleans for recuperation and a visit to his father—also with a view to obtaining material for the *North American Review*. Accordingly on Christmas Day, 1835, he left his family, and these letters tell the story of his adventures.

[J. G. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

New York Dec. 28, 1835

Dear wife;

. . . I got on very comfortably. I was wet enough, of course, but not cold. We did not find a boat at New Haven, as I was promised we should,

and had to come on all the way by land. We were on runners as far as N. Haven, and then took wheels. We rode both nights after I left you, and got here about one yesterday. Here I found Uncle Thomas who was all devotion, as he never fails to be to whatever grows out of, or has been engrafted on, the Hammond stock. Last night I heard Mr. Dewey preach, which he did very magnificently. Today I have been doing a little business for the *Review*, which I did very much to my mind, and this evening I have been to see my old friend Thacher Payne [the son of Mr. Payne, who boarded him in his early youth]. He married a rich young widow, and lives in beautiful style. They pressed me very much to stay at their house, but I felt more at my ease to be where I was. . . .

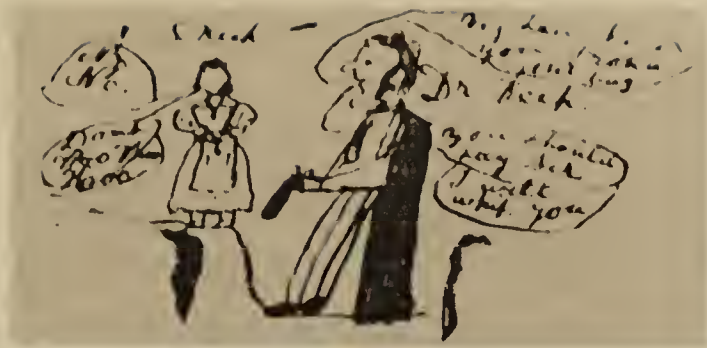
My dear wife, I always know I love you very devotedly, but I never know how much I love you, till I get away. Pray try and keep me in your heart of hearts. When I have good news from you, wh. I hope is to be speedily, there will be nothing wanting to make me happy, excepting to be returned to you and our children. Pray kiss them very heartily for me, and tell them I love them very dearly, and tell mother and the rest how grateful I am for all their kindness.

[THE SAME]

My dear, dear wife;

Saturday 2nd Jan. Baltimore 1836

I write to you in Mr. Nathl. Williams' office. My last was from New York on Monday evening. Tuesday morning I came by the way of Anbury and Camden to Philadelphia, and got there before dinner. It was not a disagreeable movement at all. I was still with Col. Freeman, whose society I like much. In Philadelphia, (not to be vain,) they absolutely treated me with distinction. I called at Mr. Walsh's the first evening, whom I found as cozily situated as possible with his new wife, and his family of beautiful daughters. Judge Hopkinson, too, a gentleman whom everybody knows, was there. The next day, after passing the morning in looking after the *Review*, visiting my old friend, Mr. Vaughan, and promenading with James Amory, who was very kind to me, I dined by invitation with Mr. Walsh, enjoyed myself much, and made the acquaintance of a very agreeable Virginia gentleman, who was so kind in



Scenes at the dentist



There she sits and
gazes at me, with
those deep and gog-
gling eyes, like the pig,
so fat and dirty,
fainting at us
through their slits

No. 13. Schoolgirl notes

the evening as to send me letters to Virginia and Carolina. In the evening I was at two elegant gentleman's parties, at one of wh. you can tell your father, I met the president of the great bank, Nicholas Biddle, who was vastly civil to me, doubtless on his account. The next morning I breakfasted with a little party at your friend Mr. Vaughan's, and at 4 dined with a French gentleman, who has a party of ladies and gentlemen, on the occasion of the baptism of his child, to wh. I was also invited. It took place in the Catholic form. In the evening I went to see Mr. Duforceau, president of the Philosophical Society, and old Mr. Taylor who you know stayed with us one or two nights at Cambridge. Yesterday I left at six and I got here at evening. Mr. Verplank of New York, an old acquaintance, and a gentleman of high literary standing, was in the boat. This evening I called to see Gorham Brooks, and he took me to Mr. Calvert's, Mr. Hoffmann's, (who inquired very particularly after you) and Mrs. Chenowith's, whom we did not find. In an hour I leave for Washington.

I stayed a day longer than I should have done in Philadelphia, on account of the management of the boats, wh. did not leave on Thursday. But it was all very well, as I formed acquaintances useful to me in respect to the *N. American*. Between ourselves, my reception in all these cities where I have been has been highly flattering, besides affording me very gratifying prospects in relation to the *Review*.

Mrs. Williams came in, soon after I began to write, and has interrupted me, else you would not have had such an incoherent letter. My dear soul, I could not tell you how much I love you, if I had [reams] of paper to try with. I long to hear that all is well with you. My best love to the dear children, and to mother and kindest remembrance to father and the rest, and Hannah and Catharine and their spouses. In a word, before I wind up, tell Charles (privately) that if he would like to dispose of the portrait of Washington, I think he better let it remain in Baltimore till he hears from me further, as I think Philadelphia would be the place to do it. With devoted affection yours,

John G. Palfrey

Happy New Year

Saturday 2nd January

[THE SAME]

Jan. 5 Washington 1836

My dear wife,

One part of your letter which I received the day before yesterday, made me heartsick. But there for the present it must rest. I look confidently for better news before long. When you have it to send, let me only ask that you will begin your letter with it.

Saturday afternoon I came in the railroad to Washington, and immediately went to Mr. Lawrence's lodging. He had a room ready for me, and received me, as you would expect from his uniform kindness, very cordially. The two following days it rained hard. Sunday I heard Cazeneuve [Palfrey] all day. In the evening he preached his valedictory. Mr. Lawrence has with him his brother Amos and son Amos, and at dinner, generally, his party is increased by Mr. Granger of New York, candidate for Vice President, and an English nobleman, the Earl of Selkirk, a sensible and well informed, but rather raw lad of about twenty. Yesterday and today I attended the debates in the House of Representatives. Yesterday they were quite animated, and many of the principal speakers came forward. Yesterday I dined with a party at the Adams', and called at my old friend Taylor's in the evening. Today I dined with Taylor. His wife was at table, though she has an infant only three weeks old. She has three daughters, the oldest of whom is only two years and a half. This evening I have been to see Dr. Lowell, but did not find him, and his wife was unwell.

The above was written on Tuesday evening. This is Friday evening, the eighth. To continue my account of myself, wh. is very simple. I attended yesterday and the day before, the debates at the Capitol. Yesterday, in the Senate, there was a great display of talent, the question being on the great subject of excitement to the southern members. All the principal speakers, but one or two, came forward;—Gen. Calhoun, Mr. Peyton, Benton Buchanan, Tyler, Leigh and others. It was truly a great treat.

Wednesday Mr. Lawrence had a dinner party, at wh. were present, besides the informal circle, General Campbell of South Carolina, Gen. Scott of the Army, a gentleman of the first standing and accomplishments. Mr. Bates of our State, and Baron de Bohemme, Chargé of the

King of Prussia. Yesterday we did nothing but go to the House, and sit at home, except that I attended to Charles' picture, and had my head examined by a phrenologist, whose report of me I will send to you, when I have a good chance. . . .

As to the hats for my father, ordered in Henry's letter, I should like much to have them sent while I am with him, if possible. It all depends on Colonel Chapinger, (at the South End,) having his measure or not. I believe he has it. If he is sure of having the exact size that he made the last, (that wh. I employed him to make a year or two ago); or if my father's letter mentions the size, I would have him make them, and then, if directed to John Palfrey care of Henry W. Palfrey, New Orleans, and committed to Mr. S. C. Thwing, he would take care to have them forwarded safe. If there is any doubt about the size, it would not be worthwhile to have him do anything about it. Please write to me whether you are having them made or not. . . .

I presume you had better keep Frank at home until his cough is removed. After that, I should think he would be happier for going to school. I long, almost past bearing, to see him and the rest of you. I trust my dear children are behaving well and giving you much comfort. Useless as I may be at home, I am a baby when away from it. My thoughts are perpetually with you and your nursery. I have been receiving this week many attentions and seeing many interesting persons and things. But I have had no relish for them. I am longing for good news from my home.

I have stayed a day or two longer than I should have done on account of the condition of the roads. It has rained hard every day but one since I have been here. But I stay no longer and tomorrow morning early I go to Richmond, Virginia or as far on my way towards Richmond as tomorrow will carry me. . . .

[THE SAME]

My dear Soul:

Richmond, Jan. 12th 1836

I wrote to you last on Thursday or Friday from Washington. The next day I set off at seven o'clock, having been waked at four to get ready

(that is the way they do things here,) and being told that I should get to Richmond that night, to keep the Sunday comfortably. But how deceitful are the promises, and how baseless the hopes of man! We got along well enough half the distance, sixty-five miles, in a pleasure boat to Fredericksburg, and then our troubles began. The roads were soaked with the recent rains, and in short, we found it necessary to stop over night and did not get to Richmond till two or three hours after dark of the following evening. However, we all possessed our souls in patience and exercised good nature enough to keep the affair from being as disagreeable, as it must otherwise have been, to ourselves and one another. James Barbour, formerly governour of Virginia, afterwards Secretary at War, was of the party.

A letter, wh. I wrote you a gentleman whom I met at Walsh's in Philadelphia gave me, introduced me to many flattering attentions at Richmond. I was at a party last evening at a bachelor's, Mr. Corbin Warwick's, where every thing, I think, drapes, decorations, manners, entertainment, and the rest, was in as beautiful taste as I ever saw anywhere. Yesterday forenoon I passed in attending the debates of the Virginia Legislature, and at dinner at Charles Pauley's boarding house. I met two or three old college acquaintances. Today I am going to see the friends of the Youngs', & the [illegible] Hayes, and I am to pass the evening at Dr. Nelson's, another of the great characters.

Tomorrow I set off on the most disagreeable part of my journey. According to the best information I can get, for nobody knows anything about such things here, (not even the stage proprietors, as to what lies a hundred miles distant from them,) the journey will occupy about five days, riding day and night. However, I am in good health, and dare say that, with the care of a kind providence, I shall arrive at its close in good preservation. . . .

Farewell, again, for the present, my heart's best treasure. I do not mean to stop on the road, and you will not hear from me again till I have arrived at Charleston. May the best of Heaven's blessings rest upon you. . . .

Your ever affectionate husband.
Richmond, Va. Jan. 12th



No. 14. *Boston Latin School*

[THE SAME]

Raleigh, N. C. 15th Jan. 1836

My dear wife;

Tuesday I strolled about Richmond, wh. is a beautifully situated place, and revealed itself to my view in a particularly agreeable aspect on account of the weather. The capitol, or place of meeting of the Legislature is superb, being built after a model brought from France by Mr. Jefferson. In the center of the area of the lower story stands a picture of Washington in citizen's clothes by Handou, a striking proof, as it seemed to me, of the bad taste of introducing the modern garb into [a past generation].

I went to take tea at Mr. Davenport's, a New England gentleman, and then to a party made for me by Mrs. Nelson, the same lady with whom I told you I went to the party the evening before, a strikingly elegant and accomplished woman. There I met various of the grandees of the place; among others, Mr. Hammond, who, with not unnatural vanity, they undertake to call the first lawyer in America, and Chief Justice Tucker, brother in law and legatee of John Randolph, a most venerable and interesting person. After the party, Carter Lee, whom you remember as a friend of the Lyman's, came and sat with me in my room, talking of old times; and as he knows so many people whom I know, it did me good. The next morning, on coming down at seven o'clock, as I had engaged to do with the bar keeper, who told me he had secured my place, I found that he had not done so, and that the coach was full. That is the loose way they manage everything. By great indulgence, I was permitted to take my seat on the top of the baggage wh. was piled on the top of the coach, and so worked my passage over a dismal road, twenty-two miles to Petersburg. Here we took a rail-road, wh. brought us sixty miles to the Roanoke, and thence, riding all last night, and all day, we arrived an hour ago at Raleigh. I intended to have kept on till I reached Charleston, wh. would have made it necessary to ride either two or three nights more. But there are two or three objects of special attraction, the magnificent Capitol, Canovan's statue of Washington, Cogswell's School, and Judge Gaston, now holding a court here, (whom I wish to see perhaps as much as any man in America,) wh. in addition to the temptation of a nice

room and clean bed, a contrast to what I had in Richmond have determined me to give twenty four hours to the capitol of North Carolina.

A high trucking table, and unsteady hand, the consequence of last night's vigils, have made it difficult for me to write so far. I will add a word in the morning. Good night, my heart's best beloved.

While I think of it, had you not better get my *Comprehensive Atlas* from Cambridge, and point out to the girls my route.

Dear love; I had a capital night's rest, and after breakfast this morning went to see Mr. Gales, to whom I had a letter. He took me in his carriage to Cogswell's place, who, I was disappointed to find, had not returned from the North. I have been almost the whole time since in the Court House. The Supreme Court was sitting, and it was the oddest scene of the kind I ever saw,—the Judges and lawyers all talking sociably round a fire.

I am to drive with Mr. Gales, and at six, after calling on Mr. Gaston, am to start again for the South. To my consternation it has begun to rain again. A rain makes all the difference possible in the roads.

Though I ask you to kiss the dear children tenderly for me, and remember me kindly to all, there is nothing in these words to tell you how you are all beloved by (In haste)

Your affectionate husband.

I do not forget that it is your birthday.

Raleigh, N. C. 15th Jan.

[THE SAME]

Columbia, S. C. Jan. 19 1836

Dear Mary Ann:

I left Raleigh on the afternoon when I wrote to you last, and got here after something more than two days and nights' hard riding. To tell you of my journeyings is to say the same thing over and over again. Traveling here, as to roads, accommodations, and every thing, is a very different matter from what it is at the North. For instance, what they call their bridges, are very often two or three feet under water; and, narrow as they are, without any fence on the side, one wonders, (particularly on a

night as black as Egypt,) how the horses pick their way so as not to tip the coach over the sides.

This place is the capital city of South Carolina, the seat of its University, and the center of much of its good society. Dr. Lieber is here, professor of History and Political Economy. I was also previously acquainted with President Barnwell and Professor Nott and I have now been introduced to all or most of the other officers. Yesterday, though at such short notice, Dr. Lieber gave me a very pretty dinner. I also took tea with him, and in the evening was at a supper party at Professor Ellet's. Mrs. E. has been a popular contributor to the *American Magazine*, and the *American Quarterly Review*. Mrs. Lieber has two children (having lost one,) the elder of whom, a boy about Frank's age, is almost the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Dr. Lieber says you took to him very much, when you saw him as infant, wh. of course gave him more attraction in my view. The Liebers have been unbounded in their attentions.

In fact, I have found the most flattering reception, wherever I have been. I have reason to allow it to be true, what Sparks told me, that there is hardly a better travelling title for this country than that of editor of the *North American Review*. . . .

It will give you pleasure to know, that I have the best reason for hoping that this journey will prove a material advantage to my interest in the *North American*. I will not promise you that it will enable me forthwith to set up a coach for you, or do anything else of the kind to show in some feeble manner my sense of your desert, but the acquaintances wh. I am constantly making with the conductors of the public press, and the influential individuals, are, if I read the matter rightly, extremely auspicious to my interests. . . .

[THE SAME]

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 24.

Dear Soul:

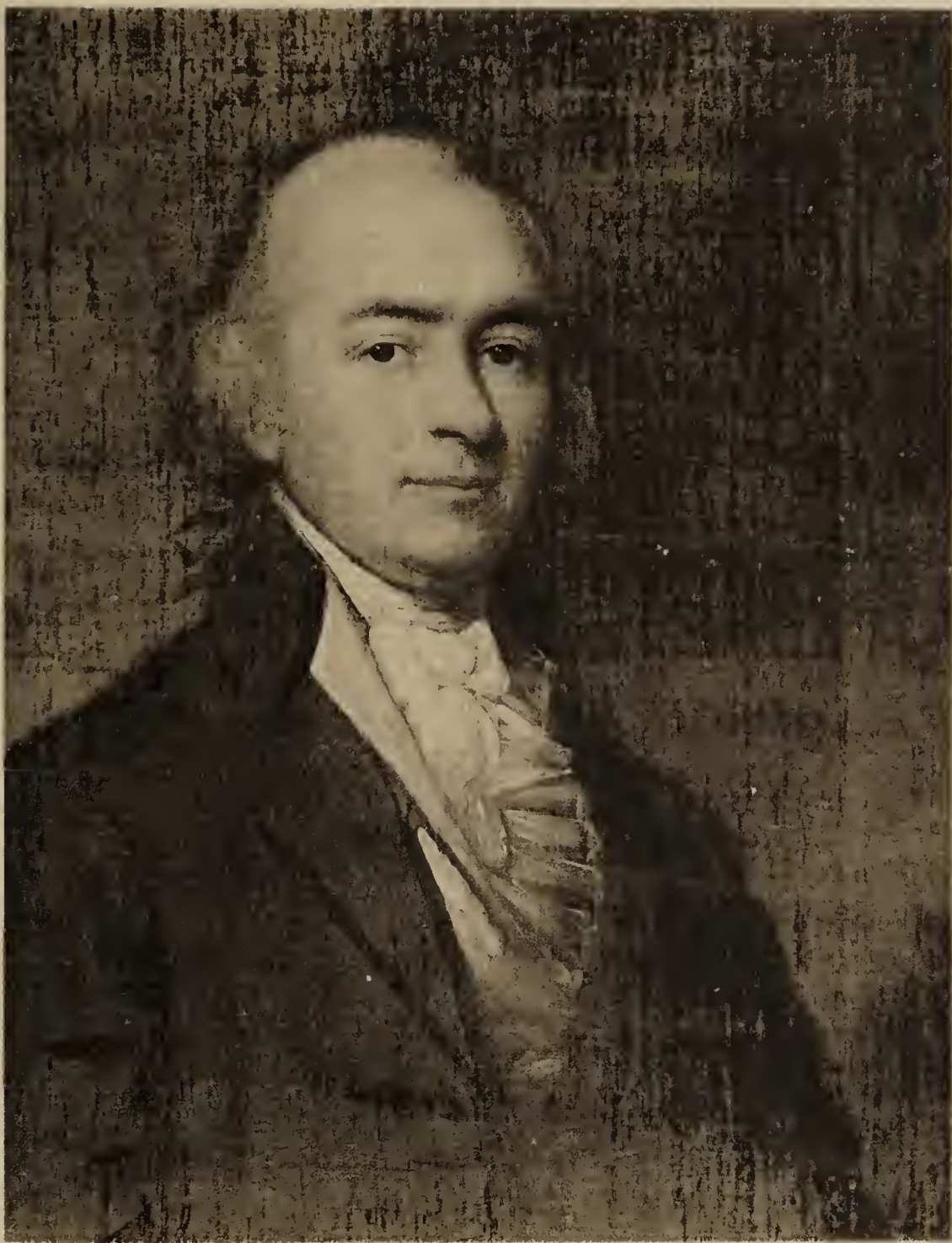
I am going to write you a short letter, as it is the interruption of Sunday, and I am preaching all day.

My last was from Columbia. Wednesday I came down from there

by stage train road, and have since been fixed here in a very nice boarding house, kept by a mulatto man. I found in the house Mr. James S. Colburn, by whom I have been very civilly treated, and through whom I have become acquainted with some agreeable gentlemen in the house. It was in this house, I find, that William stayed last winter, and I judge from what Mr. Colburn says that he (Mr. C.) was quite attentive to him. The first night that I came, there was a party of gentlemen sitting over their wine after a late dinner in the parlor. I sat, taking my coffee and toast at a side table, while one of them, whom I remarked as an uncommonly fine looking man, was singing very charmingly. After a while, he came and introduced himself to me, when who should I find it was, but Fuller, of Branch Bank memory, whom your father knows all about. He has opened a book-store, and seems to be in perfectly good credit, keeping the best of company. I have been a little embarrassed, I own, by his attentions, but I thought I had nothing to do or say in the way of allusion to his former history.

I brought several good letters, and people have been kind to me. Rev. Mr. Gilman, Mrs. Taylor's brother-in-law, [who had just written "Fair Harvard" for its 200th anniversary] made a party for me the night before last, and President Adams, (the hyacinth-eyed gentleman, whom you remember Mrs. Phillips did not like at our house last summer,) did the same thing last night. On our account, I am here at not the most favorable moment, as the gentlemen in publick life, to whom I brought letters are full of business on account of the news from the seat of war in Florida [with the Creek Indians]. But, on another account, I am fortunate in the time. On Thursday at a public meeting held on account of the alarm, I had opportunity to hear speeches from Generals Hamilton and Hayes, the man, whom of all in the Southern country, I most wished to hear, and it is interesting to witness the movements connected with the sending of the reinforcements to Florida. A party of volunteers, some of them young men of the first families, embark tomorrow for St. Augustine.

Tomorrow morning, at seven, I set off for Augusta, Georgia, and then have a journey of six days or more before me, to reach New Orleans. I found here two kind letters from Henry. . . .



No. 15. *John Palfrey, father of John Gorham Palfrey*

[THE SAME]

Milledgeville, Georgia

Jan. 27

My dear wife

After preaching for Mr. Gilman all day last Sunday, I set off on Monday morning at 7, in a railroad for Augusta, Georgia. That night at five we stopped at Aiken, fifteen miles short of Augusta, for no other reason that we could learn, but to pleasure the Aiken tavern keepers. I was consigned to a bed so uninviting, that it was impossible to think of taking off my clothes, and starting again early in the morning, we got to Augusta about nine. I had intended to stop there one day but on reflection I gave up the idea, being impatient to get through this miserable country as speedily as possible, and still more, to get where I can hear news of you. I sent for Mr. Bulfinch and talked to him on the side-walk while the horses were changing. We started for this place at ten A.M. expecting to reach it soon after midnight. But, oh fallacious hopes of men, as the poet says. At the end of about six miles, in struggling to drag the coach over a ditch, the leaders broke their traces. We walked on three miles while they were repairing, and had not proceeded in the coach, after it overtook us, another half mile, before the leaders took fright at a negro whipping some mules, and were only prevented from oversetting the coach, by breaking the pole, an accident wh. though it caused delay, was very fortunate for our bones. We then walked on nine miles and ate our dinner, not knowing when the coach would overtake us, but luckily the driver was able to buy a pole close by, wh. it took him a couple of hours to fit in, and soon after we had finished our dinner he came up. We were now at five o'clock in the afternoon, having advanced but twenty miles. Nothing further happened of the same kind before evening, except that the ring before long drew out of the pole, and had to be fastened with straps. We rode all night and got here at ten this morning. (It is now almost one.) The road was as bad as could be, but we had a moon till two in the morning. The night was colder than any I have felt since I left New England, but it only gave me reason to thank, for the hundredth time, you and dear mother, for fitting me out so well. While the other passengers really suffered, I was wrapped up so well, as to be scarcely uncom-

fortable, and was able to shelter the rest by taking my place at a window wh. could not be closed.

Sparks had given me a letter to Dr. White of this place, who, you can tell S. when you see him, has been very attentive. He asked me to prolong my visit, and stay at his house. I have been with him to the State-house and the penitentiary, and to wait on the governor.

Farewell, my heart's best treasure, to your four dear ones. I am now going to dinner, and directly after expect to start on my journey. This riding day and night, though it does not make me sick, nor, after the seasoning I have had, fatigue me very much, puts to flight all my wits, and though beautifying, since I came here, has partially refreshed me, yet I scarcely know what I am about. . . .

[THE SAME]

Attakapas, La.

Feb. 13

. . . I rise at the blowing of the horn this morning which is at day light, to write to you. I shall not be able today to do any thing toward bringing up my journal as I must finish my letter time enough to despatch it five miles at such a pace as a negro rides before the mail closes and father, when he is up does not like to have me out of his sight. But the mail only goes twice a week from here, and I was unwilling to put off telling you in a word that I had reached my journey's end. . . .

Expecting to see William at his own home to wh. he would return before many days, and being impatient to see my father, I set off on Tuesday for St. Martin's Ville, in a steam boat. We were three whole days in coming, not arriving till after midnight of the third—wh. was sufficiently tedious. On the boat getting to St. Martin's Ville at one o'clock I merely went on deck, and saw where we were and then lay down again for I had learned that the road to my father's (five miles) besides being [unknown] to a stranger, was crossed by a stream which could not be forded on foot, and at that time of night it would hardly do to call on the gentleman to whom I had a letter, to beg a horse. At day light in the morning I was at his gallery, and waited till he got up. He had his horse prepared, and my father's man who goes into market not appearing, he found a

man of one of my father's neighbours to be my guide. In his company I got to the plantation a little after nine o'clock yesterday. In going up to the house you proceed by a lane separated by a fence from a row of negro cabins. The people were in from the fields to breakfast. The first one that saw me cried out here is young *marssa*, and such a scrambling and shouting as there was, I am sure you never saw. Young and old, male and female, got over, under and through the fence, everyone pushing and shaking hands with me, and the women holding up their children. Some of the oldest I recognized, but many have been born, and a few grown up, since I was here. There were thirty men in the whole.—By this time the noise had been heard up at my father's, and old one-eyed Robert (my father's factotum) was holding open the gate as clearly predicted he would be. The old gentleman has got his entry at thirty paces in front of the house, and there I dismounted and embraced him.

I was replying to his catechizing all day yesterday with the exception of a walk, in the afternoon, in to the cane field. He cultivates, with cane and corn, two hundred acres, so easy is tillage here. Soon after tea we both went to bed, with his dogs and two negro boys sleeping by the fire in the room between us; and so ends the first day. His overseer, a nice young man in his way, makes a third at our table, but he lodges in a separate house, wh. my father had built for himself, while William's family were here and occupied this.

Father is no handsomer than you have heard and seen him represented. He is somewhat less confident than when I saw him last, but more [stout] and gray. He lives in the most methodical manner, as to diet and other things, and enjoys very good health. He has a weakness in his knees, wh. he says has been growing upon him ever since he was a young man. He feels it more in standing than in walking but at present he's moving about much. Meanwhile, every thing on the place which can be attended to without going abroad, passes under his eye, and he has more to occupy him than I supposed. He enjoys every comfort wh. his taste requires. He is much esteemed by his neighbours. Some of them take pains to supply him with books, and he reads a good deal. His rooms are as neat as can be, and Robert's cooking of everything is perfect. I wish I could have put upon your breakfast table the three pair of squabs wh.

I despatched yesterday. I never saw the like. About thirty feet in front of our door is a great pigeon house and a pretty chirping the birds all keep up. There are some hundreds of them, and I should like to have had Frank and John standing by when a bushel of corn is thrown out to them. The yard is also full of fowls, and there is a solitary pair or two of turkeys, but father had the turkeys, geese and ducks killed off a little while ago, because their noise annoyed him. He had two hundred hogs, but his bacons [are apt] to get stolen, and this vexed him into ridding himself of them all. He keeps now twenty-eight horses. For his own use, he has always had a succession of horses named "Boston." The present incumbent is a "stock grey." . . .

[THE SAME]

Feb. 14, 1836

. . . After leaving Milledgeville, from which place I wrote No. 8, I told you that I was to leave that place in the event the same afternoon. But when the mail came along, though it had but three passengers, it was so late on account of the badness of the roads, that the agent would not consent to take me. I was then told that I could go next morning in the accommodation. In going down stairs next morning I found the accommodation too just starting without me. It had been taken up at Augusta by a gentleman who was taking a family of negroes to Alabama, and they were crowded inside. Unwilling to be left again for more reasons than one, I asked the gentleman to allow me to take a seat on the box with the driver, and riding thus through that day and a very cold night, during which we had to stop at a camp on account of the darkness, I reached Columbus on the Chattahoochie river, the boundary between Georgia and Alabama, on the afternoon of the next day, that is, the 29th of January. As I came nearer to Columbus I heard more and more reports of skirmishes between the Georgian borderers and the Creek Indians. The report of difficulties, exaggerated, of course, had reached those places before I left, and induced some of my friends to urge me not to proceed. Several travellers had, in fact, turned back, but I had not been able to learn that there was any sufficient reason to be discouraged. On coming

to Columbus I found that, in fact, about a week before, at the place of our Col. Hardin, as I suppose the papers have told, two Indians had been killed just down the river by the Whites, and a few days after, viz. on the 26th, two whites had been killed by the Indians. The Columbus people had, for their own reasons, been making the most of this, the inhabitants below were moving their families and goods into town, and five hundred men (it was said, I do not know the number) were in arms, every night. In short, there was great fuss making indeed. But more of this on my return.

The next day, the 30th, no coaches having come in for two or three days from the west [the Creek nation] the agent was unwilling to send me in that direction. But I got his promise that I should accompany the first mail which was to be forwarded not in a coach, but in what they call a box; that is, a strong, small cart, without springs. Accordingly, I was called at midnight. It was raining in torrents, but the first intelligence I had on going below was that there was no cover to that box. I made up my mind that this should not stop me, though it seemed *comble de malheurs*, but things did not turn out this time as bad as I feared. The agent was [cross] but the driver was manageable. He rigged a light canvas cover, and by daylight the rain held up. The travelling through the swamps and over the ferries and floating [bridges] (so called) of the Creek section, I can give you no idea of, on paper. Suffice it to say, that, almost perished with wet and cold, I arrived at Montgomery on the Alabama in about twenty four hours. But this was special good fortune. The last passengers who had preceded us were three days in coming, and I doubt as the streams were rising, when we passed them, whether there was any passage after us for several days. The stopping place at Montgomery was horribly cold, and in all respects forbidding enough to correspond to the journey I had been making. But after breakfast I got into a nice steam boat where I felt myself once more within the limits of civilized life. Every thing on board the boat was as nice as almost any where in the boats on the Atlantic coast. In twenty four hours we got down the Alabama River to Mobile, just about an hour too late to take the steamboat to New Orleans which we saw before us as we approached, puffing and smoking out of the harbour.

At Mobile several gentlemen called to see me, and though I regretted the detention, I passed the day pleasantly enough. It is a very pretty and very active place. The following morning the 3d of February, I took the steamboat again, and was that day and the following making the passage. At two o'clock of the second night, hearing the boat stop, I supposed we had reached our destination, and got up and dressed. It turned out that they were only taking in wood at Lake Borque, but I remained up till a little before day light, we stopped in Lake Ponchetrain, five miles from N. Orleans. The rail-road not having come I left my baggage in charge of a fellow passenger, walked to the city, and got to Henry's before any body, but servants, was stirring. . . .

I am writing before breakfast. Father is as busy as a hen with one chicken preparing himself for the uncommon event of going away to dine by and by with neighbour, Dr. Thomas, a mile and a half off. I look forward to it with a resolved stoicism; for here people go at eleven when they are invited to dine, and stay till sunset, and what will they talk of but sugar, and what do I know about that? . . .

[J. G. PALFREY TO HIS DAUGHTERS]

16th Feb. 1836

My dear girls;

Palfrey's plantation Attakapas.

Your grandfather is rather infirm in his limbs, and does not move much about his place, but otherwise is well, and enjoys good spirits. Sometimes you think I am particular, but he is a great deal more particular than I am. Every thing about him goes on like clock-work. He is waited upon by a one-eyed black man, named Robert, who understands all his habits, and is precise with every thing to a minute. Robert's wife and daughter belong to another plantation close by, and yesterday he had them come over to see me. Clara, the washerwoman, has an uncommonly handsome family, of twelve or fifteen, from middle age down to little children. This morning father told her to have them all clean when they came in from the field at noon, and [show] themselves before his door for me to see them together. I wish you could be here to enjoy the frolick with me. They will enjoy it very much, for, poor creatures, they think a

great deal of such notice. I make a point, of course, of being very kind to them, as far as I have opportunity, and their gratitude for every little attention is truly affecting. I go into the field every day, while they are at work, and often I go into the cabins, and talk with the old folks and the children. I wish you could see the yard round my father's house. There is no end to the chickens and the pigeons, and the flocks of noisy black-birds that are always in among them, sharing their meal and corn. Father and I go to bed almost as soon as the poultry, such is his habit, and lie till day-light. Between his bed-room and mine is the sitting room, and here, before a fire, lie rolled in their blankets one or two black boys, to be called on, if any thing is wanted in the night.

One of the most diverting things I have seen since I left you, was a children's ball, a week ago last night at N. Orleans. They have them once a week, under the direction of a dancing master. Almost all the children were of families of French extraction, wh. you know are numerous here. It is a saying of my cousin Robert, that there are two kinds of nature, *human* nature, and *French* nature; and never did I see better proof to substantiate the remark. There were children from twelve years old down to the earliest age that they could toddle. The parents of many were there, and all seemed to be attended by black women, who took the greatest pride in their appearance and performance, and would take them up and soothe them, when they got tired, or any thing went wrong. Some were as young as two years,—Henry said, not more than one year and a half. The little things were elegantly dressed. Of course they could do no step, but they would take hold of each other's hands in a ring, and move to the music. Many of the older children were dressed in character. One was a shepherdess. Another, very richly habited as a Turk. A little girl, about five, appeared as an Indian chief, and her complexion was painted brown, to complete the illusion. The dress that I thought most tasteful, was of a little boy, a sailor. He had white silk stockings and black shoes, white drilling pantaloons, buttoned tight round his waist without suspenders, as sailors wear them, no waistcoat or coat, but a full linen shirt, with the collar turned over on his shoulders, showing a blue nankeen lining with anchors embroidered in white at the corners, a black silk handkerchief, tied in a sailor's knot, round his neck, and a palmetto

hat. The whole scene was beautiful, but one could not but be pained to think of the effect on the minds of the poor children. . . . Since I wrote to you last there has been little more variety in my life than consists in eating, drinking, talking, and sleeping, and then sleeping, talking, drinking and eating. I believe it was the same day I wrote, that "father and I went down" not to camp, but to Dr. Thomas', about a mile and a half off, to dine. Dr. T. his only near American neighbour. He is from Maryland, and a very intelligent man. His wife is a French Creole. She gave us a very pretty, as well as bounteous, dinner, and we killed as much of the evening together, as elapsed between eleven o'clock and five. The old gentleman came to me however quite discouraged about himself, as on the doctor's estate we had to cross a little foot-bridge, and his limbs, from agitation more than any thing else, served him but poorly. The second day after, I persuaded him to put Boston into the gig, (he has a very stylish one, I assure you, the admiration of the neighborhood,—) and try his luck again. We went to the church, as the village is commonly called, on account of a Catholic church there, to drive, and I called on some of my cronies of twenty years ago. We had a very pleasant time, and father came back at evening in excellent heart. . . .

[J. G. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Dearest wife:

[No date]

The day that I wrote to you last, I dined with George Eustis very pleasantly. There were three agreeable gentlemen at table besides myself, and his French wife. Next day I made my call of leave-taking, dined with a party at Mr. Peters', one of their money kings, and in the evening went to a monstrous great and showy ball, in search of something for Almira's gratification. The next day was the drudgery of winding and packing up, and the unpleasantness of parting, and at four o'clock in the afternoon (10th inst.) I came on board the good boat *Southerner*. Since then all has been monotonous, and had it not been for a great Greek grammar which I brought with me, I should have been [at a loss] for something to do. With this I have got along pretty well. I have a state-room, where I can be in a degree [private], though as I did not choose to

pay for its exclusive possession, it was shared with me by a great character from Texas for a week, ending last night when he landed at the Cumberland River. The weather has become very cold, and the scenery all along here been very monotonous. I expected to have seen a procession of settlements on the river, but on the contrary they are extremely rare. On bluffs, at which you pass occasionally, are clusters of houses, villages, and in a few instances, towns. But for the most part, the banks, both of the Mississippi and the Ohio, (as far as I have yet gone up, that is, near Henderson, Kentucky) are so low as to be overflowed when the rivers are highest, and therefore are not inhabited. I am told, even, that the farms in Tennessee and Kentucky do not ordinarily begin short of twelve or fifteen miles from the bank.

One unpleasant incident has occurred. Mrs. Harmon [Mr. and Mrs. Harmon accompanied him part way on his journey] [miscarried] the night before last. She has been quite comfortable, however, since, and does not seem likely to experience any evil consequences from it.

This is the twentieth (20th) day of March. Tomorrow we expect to get to Louisville, Clarke's place, and on the 23rd to Cincinnati. There I think the Harmons will stop a few days to rest her, while I go on. At Cincinnati I expect to get letters from you after a long interval. How I long for them, I cannot tell you. I have however felt a confidence, ever since I came from home, that the news I should have would be good and I do not now distrust it. . . .

21st March. One of our boilers has given out, and we make slow way. Unless, however, we are particularly unfortunate, we shall get to Louisville in the course of tonight. The land by which we are passing today is higher, and the scenery more agreeable. But the weather is so cold, that it is not quite comfortable sitting in my state room, and everything looks quite barren and cheerless in comparison with what we left behind. No matter. I have in prospect all that is cheerful, even if it does mean to be barren. Affectionately J. G. P.

[What a picture this presents: the crippled passenger steamer chugging at a snail's pace up the yellow, sluggish Mississippi River, with its high and parched mud banks, no habitation for miles around, no scenery, no

human activity, and the insatiable scholar welcoming this rare bit of leisure to finish and perfect the compiling of his Chaldean grammar, to pass the time away!]

[THE SAME]

Waynesborough, Va. 2nd April 1836

My dear Soul;

While the stage stops, I seize a moment to say, that, after some delay and fatigue, I am well over the mountains. In three or four hours, I expect to get to Charlotte's Ville, and hope to find there a letter from you. There (the University,) I have occasion to stop a day. Monday or Tuesday I calculate to be in Washington. Time presses, and drivers are inexorable. All the unpleasant part of my journey is now over, and I am very bright and well. Your letters, so full of interest, both of a pleasant and fanciful kind, reached me at Cincinnati. Love to all. . . .

[MRS. PALFREY TO HER HUSBAND]

Thursday Morning, April 7th, 1836

My dear husband:

. . . I wish dear husband that I could give you a just idea of the kindness we have met this winter. My heart is overflowing with a sense of the uncommon unequalled kindness of our parents especially my dear father—he never seemed so kind and so good as he has done to me this winter. Dear mother you know has always busied herself about us a great deal and father has never been wanting but it seems now as father's whole heart is devoted to benevolence and his desire to secure to me relief from all fatigue and give me rest and enjoyment cannot be surpassed by your own—which you know is saying a great deal. His interest in you, myself and our children as he has always expressed it since I came here has been of the tenderest kind and I don't believe that there can be any thing more gratifying to his feelings than to see you successful. He is timid about your experience in business, you know, and feels apprehensive about the *Review* and still wishes you had not undertaken it, but I tell him, you have well considered it, he says that you are so obliging and desirous of



No. 16. Royall House, Medford. "Aunt Tidd's" Estate

accommodating every body that as a man of business he fears you will be brought into trouble—because your professional duties prevent your being about among men enough to know many particulars respecting their business, and that it is impossible that you should. I will trust though that your interests will be protected and blessed and that your future days may be your happiest ones. . . . [What a tactfully worded uxorial warning!]

So here he was back again to his arduous university life, which was not going quite as smoothly as it had started out; he was meeting occasional opposition from the administration and, as was his inveterate habit, he was taking on more and more outside enterprises. The affairs of the *Review* were time consuming, and, as if all these responsibilities were not enough, he published his profound first volume on the teachings of the Old Testament.

On February 14, 1838, their youngest child was born, a daughter, Mary Gorham. She was petted and spoiled by the others, the older sisters being already fifteen and fourteen respectively, and the parents were enchanted to have another baby in the nursery. She was witty, opinionated, was known very early in her home as "Naughty Mary." She must have made a point of having her letters destroyed, as there are very few in the collection. (Evidently she did not want to go down into posterity.) Consequently it is harder to give as complete a sketch of her as the other members of her family. She had many friends, violent adorations and hatreds, rather a stormy temper, and a biting tongue. She had a schoolmate at the age of ten or so named Kitty Hodges whom she did not like and with whom she had a quarrel and came home early one day in high dudgeon, and when her mother asked her with whom she had been playing she snapped "that old Kit Hodge." She was not handsome but was striking looking with a mass of glossy black hair and keen, flashing dark

eyes; she was tall, had a fine figure, and was a beautiful dancer, though she was only allowed to waltz with her brothers or her cousins. Her brothers called her "the chitterer," which I think was something between a chatterbox and a titterer—in other words, a gossip—and they were always begging her to be more discreet and took her stories with a grain of salt. She had several very intimate friends but was fussy in her choice and critical of her acquaintances. She made long visits to her chosen few, was excellent company, well-informed, witty, had several intense love affairs, and became rather embittered and sarcastic in later years. Through her early and middle life she was subject to prostrating headaches, which I suppose were of the migraine variety for she entirely outgrew them later. She never married, remained consciously the baby of the family always, and never ceased to think of herself as the "enfant terrible" or the "cunning little girl." She was over sixty when her mother died. She was the only one who was noticeably penurious, never would buy anything new for herself or take any pains with her clothes, and was inclined to be shabby, which tried the souls of her whole family, who were meticulous though modest dressers; but she was always neat and definitely elegant even though her black cloth basque was shiny between the shoulder blades!

The next few years were worrying ones financially, for the *North American Review* did not thrive as Gorham had hoped (though Mr. Hammond never said "I told you so!"), and he was depressed, frustrated, overworked, and drove himself almost to madness trying to earn a little more money with writing books and lectures, but nothing was very remunerative. In 1838 came the great financial failure of the country, and all the rich merchants shook their heads, felt poor, and warned their wives and

daughters against extravagance. Last year's dresses must be made to do for another year, and they must have fewer ribbons, fur-belowes, and laces. Nothing daunted, the sensational Almira at last made her permanent choice and married Walter C. Greene in September and went to New York to live, though she continued to spend her summers with her mother in Nahant until she died ten years later.

In November, Mr. Hammond, the worthy, prosperous, and substantial citizen, died, leaving a modestly ample estate to be distributed by the trusteeship of Mr. Russell and John Gorham Palfrey, which, after its administering, eased the Palfrey finances to a slight degree. Thus came into being the trust fund of the "Hammond Estate," which by careful manipulation through the years increased to such proportions that the heirs profited by it up to the fourth generation, when, by their common consent, it was finally liquidated. All the members of the family were heartbroken over their loss, for Mr. Hammond had been a kind and generous husband, parent, grandparent, and wise counselor, a public-spirited citizen, and one of the few importers of his day who never trafficked in slaves or liquor, which accounts for the limitations of his estate.

In the year 1839 Mr. Palfrey was chosen Dudleian Lecturer and also received the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrews University in Edinburgh, but in spite of these honors, his discouragement continued; in short, he was attempting more of a burden than one man could shoulder, so after various failures at compromising with the University, he finally decided to hand in the resignation of his professorship. After much discussion the Corporation at last accepted it, and he was relieved of his harassing problems and retired temporarily into private life.

[CLASS OF 1839 TO J. G. PALFREY]

Dear Sir,

Cambridge, July 19, 1839

On closing the relation which we have so long held towards each other, we would bid you a respectful farewell.

Under your guidance, we have searched the Scriptures; with your aid, we have sought in them the words of eternal life. Unitedly our prayers and songs of devotion have ascended to the throne of grace. For your assistance in our progress in human and divine knowledge; for all the good influences which you have exerted upon our minds and hearts we would express to you our thanks. May our labors in the Christian ministry do honor to your instructions. May our zeal and success in bringing many souls to the saving knowledge of Jesus, give you that satisfaction, which is most pleasing to every pious mind.

Your departure from these peaceful scenes at the same time with our own, adds a new interest to the occasion. You will have our warmest wishes for your usefulness and happiness, whatever the station you may be called to occupy.

And with the earnest prayer, that the blessing of God may ever rest upon you and yours, we remain your brethren in Christ.

Rev. Prof. Palfrey, D.D.

JOHN A. BUCKINGHAM

SAMUEL B. CRUFT

WILLIAM CUSHING

F. A. EUSTIS

SAMUEL J. HOBSON

GEO. MOORE

EDWARD STONE

[ANONYMOUS LETTER OF APPRECIATION]

Rev. J. G. Palfrey:

Boston, May 1, 1841

Dear Sir,

I have attended your course of lectures for the present season on the evidences of Christianity, with high satisfaction; and after hearing your closing remarks last evening, I wished very much to say to you that there

certainly was "one" who had been confirmed by your lectures in a belief of the truth of Christianity. Being a stranger to you, I was diffident of doing so; but on my way home, I thought it might be a satisfaction to you, as it would certainly be grateful to my own feelings, if I should say in writing, that I have derived benefit from attending your course. I have formerly been very much disquieted by skeptical suggestions, and though for a few years past I have had much comfort in my faith, there have yet been seasons when I have felt a need of additional evidence. Of late some suggestions relative to the possible origin of Christianity, which have been troublesome, and which I yet could not get hold of, have assumed a more definite form, and I could reply to them, but still not with perfect satisfaction. In this State of mind I commenced attending your lectures; and I have found them—particularly the first of them—so appropriate to my case, that I could not but regard the privilege as Providential. I am now experiencing something more of that *rest* of faith which is so sweet—especially to those who have been tossed upon the sea of doubt—and it is very gratifying to me to express my thanks to the Father of light, and to you, Sir, his instrument, for this, which I consider the greatest of all blessings.

With the hope that your lectures may prove to have been the means of good to many others, I subscribe myself, with much respect and gratitude,
One of your hearers.

His diary records nothing but worry and what he calls idleness. "Pottering, pottering, pottering, accomplished less than nothing, today. . . ."

In the autumn, in spite of his reluctance to admit of failure, he was forced to sell the *North American Review*, which had caused him nothing but worry and distress and debts ever since his purchase. He says in his diary:

The *Review* had kept on disappointing me, and I had become heartily sick of it. With the consent of my proprietors I negotiated with Mr. Bowen for a sale to him of the whole. (Dec. 31.) He gave me 2000 dollars

for a quarter part, and I relinquished to my partners the rest of my interest, which also he bought of them, so that I received 7000 dollars for what had cost me 11,175. On the other hand the aggregate net profits of the work while in my hands had been 2000 dollars. So that, according to a rough calculation, it had, when I extricated myself from it, cost me about 1300 dollars, besides seven years wearing labor.

He took up gardening and farming and found it a great solace. In the summer he was asked to deliver the Two-hundredth Anniversary address at Barnstable, which he did with great success, the family journeying down to hear it. In the same autumn, Mr. John Lowell asked him to give the first course of the series of the so-called "Lowell Lectures," which were just established. Mr. Lowell, Sr., had died in Europe the previous year leaving \$250,000 for the endowment of a course of lectures to be delivered annually by some eminent man, and Mr. Palfrey was chosen to give the first course of eight and was paid \$1000 for the series. His subject was "The Evidence of Christianity." The family went to hear him with fear and trepidation but were rewarded, for the lectures were such a success that he was invited to give another set the following year.

Now that his affiliations with Cambridge had come to an end, he decided it would be more advantageous to his whole family to let Hazelwood and live in Boston. Accordingly, in January, 1840, they moved into No. 8 Chestnut Street, where they remained for three years—the children going first to small private schools, later the boys to the famous Boston Latin School and the girls to Mr. Dixwell's, a continuation of Mr. Hunt's to which their grandfather had gone in Revolutionary times. Mr. Dixwell was the son of Mr. Hunt, who changed his name for some undisclosed reason to Dixwell at the turn of the century; the



No. 17. "Aunt Tidd"

school, which was now only for girls, continued to flourish until after the Civil War.

The family enjoyed for three years the advantages of city life, and thus ended the academic era.

Political Era

IN the autumn of 1841 Mr. Palfrey was elected to the State Legislature, and in January, 1842, he took his seat as chairman of its Committee on Education and jumped almost at once into a bubbling cauldron of political controversy. The antislavery movement was growing in bitterness between the North and the South, the Whigs were having their quarrels within their own party, the Free-Soilers were shaping out of the disagreements, feeling was getting more and more tense. Charles Sumner enters the picture with his good looks, his fiery elocution, and his vehemence; he and Palfrey became closely related in all their struggles and, in spite of his tendencies to take offense, misunderstand, and antagonize, the two men remained close allies for the rest of their lives.

Palfrey began his political career with one of those intense, emotional episodes that were so characteristic of all his activities, and as he said so early of his conscientiousness, it certainly kept up its "office of torturing him." Almost as soon as he took his seat in the State House he felt obliged to oppose a bill which prohibited a father from taking his child out of the Commonwealth without the mother's consent; this bill involved Mr. David Sears' affair with his daughter, Madame d'Hauteville, and brought Palfrey into the newspapers in controversy with his good friend, William H. Gardiner, and caused him heavy mental distress.

That was the year that Sarah's health, which had never been very robust, broke down rather drastically, and she went up to Dr. Mundy's Sanitarium in Worcester to take some kind of hydrotherapy treatment from a Dr. Abbe. The description sounds strange to our modern understanding, a curious system of soaking and swathing and rest. But her body had been bent crookedly over

her books from such an early age that she developed various curvatures which, in spite of the gymnastics and horseback riding which she conscientiously employed to counteract them, continued to increase until her whole system became affected and she developed serious nervous and spinal trouble. She stayed in Worcester for several months, and the various members of the family took turns in visiting her from time to time. Whether the cure was effective no one ever mentioned, but Nature, that patient physician, youth, and a gallant spirit combined to restore her health sufficiently for her to live to be ninety years old, and she seemed, at least, to have enjoyed the therapeutic experiment. The following spring, to complete the cure, her father took her to New Orleans to make the acquaintance of her Southern relations. The visit seems to have been a delightful success and, although she was quite a bit older than her cousins, she found them congenial and writes this letter to her family at home.

[SARAH PALFREY TO HER SISTER]

Sunday April 30, 1843

My dear sister,

I am sure that you must often have been disappointed by our short and unsatisfactory letters; we have hurried on so, however, that it has been almost impossible to write any other. On account of this, so many interesting places and people have passed unmentioned, that I have a great many topics from which to choose; but I think I shall be safe in making an account of our arrival and situation here, my selection.

A little before sunset, then, Thursday evening, we reached a tiny village standing alone, and separated by a fence from the road. We heard a distant shouting, and there was an extraordinary display of white teeth from the black lips of a few cherubs, who stood just beyond the fence, like the stars peeping through a grove of dark fir-trees. "Is this Mr. Palfrey's plantation," Father asked. "Yes, sir." There was no doubt of that; and in we drove to a beautiful yard, carpeted with white clover, shaded

by the "Pride of China" trees, and sprinkled with buildings of all sizes, except big. There was a scampering this way and that of the cherubs aforesaid, some with babies and some without. Father sprang out and went into one of the houses. Then there was a call for "Clara"; and he returned to the carriage and helped Maria, who accompanied us, and me, to get down; and we were ushered to his chamber and found the old man in bed, as he likes to go to his nest when the chickens do.

He does not resemble Father. His complexion is not clear, nor his eyes. He seems to me, very much like Uncle Henry, in voice as well as face, though he does not stammer.

We stayed talking with him for some time; and on leaving his room, went out on the lawn to see the negroes, who poured in, one after another, to shake hands, stare, show their babies, and express their high admiration of our very extraordinary beauty. They find it quite impossible to believe that you can be handsomer than I, even though "Marse Gorham told them so." After shaking as many hands as was at all convenient, I went in to wash mine before supper; but it did no good; my task was not over; there were more greetings yet to be gone through with, I found; and I gave the matter up.

Old Clara is my favorite of them all. She waddled out to see us, looking like a locomotive feather-bed. When I looked at one of her arms, I thought she had a dreadful swelling on it, till I saw that the other corresponded. She hugs me occasionally, and rubs me with her shiny black cheek; and I think it was she that admired my nose—the furthest stretch of complaisance that I have yet met with! I ought, though, to except a speech of Polly, who, when she saw an outrageously sleepy face emerge from my bed in the morning, exclaimed "La! How pretty Missy look!—just like a little *sucking baby*!"

I have enjoyed my journey very much. Every one has treated me with a kindness and attention far beyond what I had any reason to expect. I have had flowers upon flowers sent me, for instance; I cannot tell you how many. You must not expect any systematic account of my adventures, till I get home, for my head is in a *whirl*. I have kept a tolerably minute journal and, by means of that, and talking you to sleep every night, I think you will hear all things of importance in time.

A magnolia in a tub is on its way, for me, which I recommend to your special protection. The mocking-birds fly about on the tree here in plenty; and I have set my heart upon getting one for you, and I hope you will like it.

Father had a bad head-ache, yesterday; but he said he felt well today. Tomorrow we all go to spend the day with Mrs. Morse, a friend of Grandfather's, at St. Martin's-ville.

Give my love to Mother and my other friends, not forgetting "the Star of the Glomin'," and tell the former that I have been well all the time. Father has Frank's letter and we were all much pleased with it.

Your affectionate sister

S. H. Palfrey

P.S. We go to Uncle William's next Wednesday.

N.B. If any one wants to see this letter I entreat you to copy it.

Sunday 30th April, 1843

Meanwhile little John, aged nine, and Frank, two years older, write their family in true *Rollo Book* style.

[J. C. PALFREY TO HIS FATHER]

Sunday afternoon April 23, and all
well. '43

My dear Pater

I have been very happy since you have been gone. and should be very happy if you were at home. I get on at school as I used to. I wish you were at home so that I could tell you how many I get up and how many head-marks I get. I love your smile of approbation and kiss when I have got up some or had a head-mark Frank and my sisters have been very kind to me notwithstanding frequent fights after which Mary is as good natured as ever some times she gets in to regular fights with Anna as soon as it over she crys and at last gets over it and then is as good as ever she some times sais as queer things as she used to one I shall write she came to me and said Johny I knew this was Providence and it was Philadelphia Frank and I laughed very much i have tryed to be kind to them I

have a very good time at dancing school and get on fine-ly Mr. Stearns is very kind to me Mr Hubbard (one of the comittee) came to me and said Palfrey I want to see some of your writing and said he was very glad to see it so clean Mother bought us an nother Bottle of cream and it is now all gone I have had great luck at school some-times I have been at the foot by absence and got up nearer to the head I send my love to you and Sarah and wish you a good Pasage home and remain your affection-ate son J. C. Palfrey

[F. W. PALFREY TO HIS MOTHER]

July '43

Wednesday Evening

Dear Mother:

Johnny has just told me that grandmother said that she did not ask him to stay a week but to make a visit; and that he told her that he did not think that he should care to stay without me, and then she said that I could come and stay with her too, and that we could both be at her house as long as she wished. Therefore, with your good leave, I think that we shall stay. Aunt R. is going to Boston tomorrow to stay until Friday, I believe. Mary says that there is going to be a hop at the hotel Friday night, and that I may go if I wish and perhaps I shall. Will you ask father if he will please to carry my pumps to Aunty's; and if he does, she will bring them down here. We were to have gone out in the *Foam* this morning with Uncle Charles, if it had been pleasant, but as it was not, we are going to-morrow, and we hope to have a splendid time. Nat says that I can sail up to Boston in the *Northern Light*, he thinks, some morning. Mr. Winchester has asked him to go when he likes and he thinks that he would be very willing to have me go too. This afternoon, about half past three, Uncle Charles called for the spy glass rather hastily, and upon enquiry, we found that he saw a large steamer, which I soon saw, and it has turned out to be the one which started from Liverpool the 19th, the *Cambria*, I believe. Only think what a passage, only a little more than *ten* days! People who get letters by this steamer will be able to send out answers by the one which starts day after tomorrow, the 1st of Aug. Nat came down here last night, and is going to Boston tomorrow morn-

ing early. Pet. and Tom Curtis are here and we have quite a nice time together. Give my best love to father and tell him that I hope that by the time I come up, I shall have got a good deal of my Algebra. Give my love to Mary and Anna and tell her that I hope that she will write to me. They all want to see you down here very much, and wonder that you do not come. If you could send down my best Camlet jacket also, by Aunt Russell, I should be much obliged.

I hope that you will find time to write to me my dear mother, and believe me,

Your ever dear son,
F. Palfrey

In the autumn of 1844, Palfrey had the good fortune to be chosen Secretary of the State, which office he held for four turbulent years. Just as he started his term in October he got word of his father's death at Attakapas, and as soon as arrangements could be made he hurried down to Louisiana once more, for his presence was required in the settlement of the estate. Here arose the complicated question of dealing with his brothers in regard to his determination to free the slaves which were a large part of his inheritance. His diary shows what happened.

[DIARY]

I went up to my father's place, and slept in his bed two nights with no other person in the house. I could not feel myself entirely safe. I had been informed that the planters all around, many of whom were savage and passionate people, were much excited by what they had heard of my plan for the liberation of my people, thinking that it would disturb the labor situation of their own; and I had no confidence in the only white man who was with me on the place, and who was no better than a fair specimen of that wretched species, the plantation-overseer. The thing, however, was to be done, and the only course for me was to do it with all the promptness that was consistent with thoroughness, and then be off

before the passions of my neighbours should have time to boil too high, heated by the flame of their conferences together. Two days sufficed me to talk, in quiet and separate interviews, with each individual of my so-called property old enough to have a wish or judgment. They all desired to delay coming to the North (the only way for them to obtain their freedom, for the state laws forbade them emancipation in Louisiana) till after the season was finished, and they had got in their own little produce, etc. and I accordingly arranged for them to remain to the end of the year as laborers on wages.

Gorham maintained that no human being had a right to own another human being, and he insisted upon taking his whole patrimony in slaves with the purpose of at once giving them their freedom. He had considerable difficulty in straightening out all the legal aspects, and there was much bitter feeling with his brothers who believed, with some reason, that there were various phases connected with this appallingly involved subject which he, never having lived with slaves intimately himself, failed to understand. They feared the reaction of his drastic deed would cause widespread repercussions, which, indeed, it did in an indirect way, for many of the slaves after they were released refused to work even for wages and went around instigating unrest and insurrection among the others. But no argument would swerve Gorham from holding to his purpose for, although he admitted the probable abuse, he felt it would be temporary and in no way change the long-range outlook of the principle. So, sacrificing all financial benefit which would have come to him at a time when his circumstances were straitened in the extreme, and sacrificing also the deep and long-standing love and friendship of his two brothers, "so painstaking and thorough were his efforts to keep his sensitive conscience clear from an inherited load of sin," he finished unwinding the red tape, freed his newly ac-

quired slaves, and returned relieved in spirit but saddened at heart.

The following April there arrived in the port of Boston a strange and bewildered little band of twenty-three black passengers. He was on the dock ready to receive them and had a place waiting for each, for his antislavery friends had showed much kindness and sympathy in helping him provide for their welfare.

An old colored woman told me some years ago that she vividly remembered the ceremony in King's Chapel which granted freedom to the Palfrey slaves. She recalled how strange and awkward the women looked in their red cotton turbans as they curtsied in the doorway before they entered the church, and how she, as a child, tittered and had to be jerked into decorum by her mother.

Gorham had some disappointments with his wards, of course, because they were lazy and incompetent; but on the whole, they seem to have behaved fairly well, and many years later he had a gratifying letter from Amos Marshall, one of the boys who had come North as a child, who had been well placed in New York and developed into a faithful, self-respecting servant.

[AMOS MARSHALL TO J. G. PALFREY]

Dear Sir

Brooklyn

i take this oppertunity to write to you that i am well hoping to find you the same i received your letter on the 6th and i was sorry that you had such a bad time to find me i live with Mr. John E. Develin No. 72 Montague Place 3 doors from henry. Mr. Benson sold his horses in may Last and i had to Look for another place i Shall try to keep the place that i am at ontel May again i Received a Letter from Moses last Month and he Stated that he had wrote to you i will Now State that i have arrived to manhood i was 21 on the Last day of November Last i have got a verry

good place where i am Liveing Now at presant. We have had very Stormy and Snowing Weather here the family that i Live With Now they are going to Brake up house keeping in May So i Will be out of work they are going to Erope please to send me Word how all my friends is please to Direct your Letter the same

i have no more at Presant

i Remane your obdiant

Servent

Amos Marshall

After his return from the South, Palfrey was more concerned than ever with the slave question and put his full strength behind the antislavery movement. He worked intimately with Charles Francis Adams, son of the ex-President, with whom he had become closely associated through their mutual oppositions to heated debates, which drew them together.

"These proceedings," he writes in his diary, "brought me into more or less close relations with some important men—none of them, indeed, new acquaintances,—as Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Stephen C. Phillips, Samuel G. Howe, and Charles F. Adams. The last named gentleman, especially, I was in constant conference and intimate friendship with. I have had some acquaintance with him for ten years and more, and he had made contributions to the *North American Review* while it was under my charge. In the early part of our acquaintance, the reserve and want of geniality (at least of demonstrativeness) of his manner, had prevented my being personally attracted to him. But in the General Court I had received new revelations of his high character, and had drawn closer to him, and the events of 1845, when we coöperated strenuously, consulted together trustfully, and cordially, and encountered together a prodigious amount of pub-

lic obloquy, and of hostile and abusive treatment from our old friends, fast ripened a friendship which has ever since made one of the great privileges of my life."

They published a small newspaper together, Mr. Adams becoming the editor, Mr. Palfrey the contributor. The Whig Party, in a turmoil, was divided into what were called "The Conscience Whigs" and the "Cotton Whigs," and the feeling ran high over the Texas Annexation, the coming presidential election, and many heated controversies. Palfrey got himself into tremendous disfavor by offering a resolve in committee to the effect that "The Whigs of Mass. would accept no persons as candidates for the offices of President and Vice President but such as were known by their acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery." This created an uproar, was defeated, and lost him the backing of many whom he thought were his friends, especially Robert Winthrop, who, from then on, became his political enemy and remained so all through his public career. However, it bound together still more closely the fiery little band of Sumner, Adams, Palfrey, etc., who bore their abuse with stubborn valor and redoubled their antislavery labors.

In the autumn of 1847, in spite of his unpopularity in certain circles, Palfrey was elected to the United States Congress. Since his services were not required there until the first of the year, the State House asked him to remain at his present post until the end of the term, which he was glad to do, as his appointment had been unexpected and he had many affairs to adjust before he left his family.

His son Frank had just entered Harvard as a Freshman and Palfrey, among other things, found time to publish his *Letters to a Son*, from which the following are excerpts.

[PAGES 5-6]

Hazelwood, Cambridge

Sept. 1, 1847

My Dear Boy:—

There is one thing of the utmost importance to the character of your whole course, which will demand your attention on the very threshold of College. It is the choice of your companions. In your class there will doubtless be young men of sterling merit, polished or otherwise; some brilliant and attractive, others grave and plodding; while, unless your class is favorably distinguished from most others, it will have its proportion of blockheads, bullies, rowdies, and coxcombs. You are of a social nature, and (pardon me) a little apt to be taken by the outside. I have no apprehensions that the society of the coarsely profligate or profane will have any charms for you. But the elegant *roué* of society sometimes appears in miniature within the College walls, and I am most anxious that you should exercise your natural sagacity in detecting the character of this dismal *variety* of boyhood, and not suffer the gilding of the reptile's outside to attract you within reach of his sting. . . .

[PAGE 12]

I hope equally that you will despise the sickly and miserable vanity of being thought such a devoted scholar as to have injured your health by study. There was such a sort of people in my day, but I never observed that they came to much; indeed, I have doubted whether in any way they ever could have come to much, the course they took betrayed such a radical mental infirmity. Depend upon it, nobody ever hurt his body in really improving his mind. . . .

[PAGE 13]

Study hard while you study. Play cheerfully and care-free while you play. Give yourself up to the enjoyment of the society of your friends and companions at the proper times. And then, when play-time is over, you will go back with a relish to your books; and, with the healthy alacrity of a mind refreshed and wide awake, you will make twice as much of an hour as your jaded and sleepy fellows, with their harps always on the willows, and never strung and in tune. . . .



No. 18. Congressman Palfrey

[PAGE 15]

And, trust me for this, the methodical man is the only man who ever has leisure at his command.

[PAGE 15]

The procrastinator and disorderly worker are always in a hurry and a fret.

[PAGE 17]

Be very careful to keep your body in perfect condition. Viewed every way, looking to your future happiness, or future usefulness, or present improvement, it is a high duty.

[PAGE 21]

I will not affront you by a caution to beware of their worst effects, [the shallow waster] as you would of the gate of death and infamy. I will suppose the very best. I will suppose that they should never lead you beyond the bound of what, tried by another standard, would be temperate hilarity.

[PAGE 24]

But I hope, further, that you are going to be a diligent student from sense of duty, and from love of learning rather than from taste for display.

[PAGE 25]

Never imagine that the advancement of another is your depression.

[PAGE 26]

And, if we will rightly view the thing, never, since time began, did one man stand in another man's way. Be as good a scholar as you can. That is your affair. If others, in doing the same, become, or appear to become, greater proficient than yourself, why should that disturb you? It takes not away a particle from your wit or wisdom, or from the satisfactions or the power they bestow.

[PAGE 28]

But, after all, the experiments of former ages have resulted in this,—

the whole experience of civilized Christendom establishes this,—that the studies eminently effectual for the great end contemplated, are two, those of the Classics and the Mathematics. These are the nourishing food for the youth who would grow to the stature of an INTELLECTUAL MAN. . . .

[PAGE 29]

I am told that the modern languages and literature (for which I think quite undue provision is made in proportion to severer studies) prove strongly seductive to many of our young men. It is very wrong that they should be encouraged to spend much of their time in this way. Time, at the age of College life, is far too precious. They are light studies, which no more form a robust and springy intellect, than a dancing-master could train an *athlete*, and they may do an irreparable mischief by forming an inferior taste through the contemplation of models of, at best, secondary merit, when it should be fashioned to those ancient forms which are either perfect, or the nearest to perfect that the world has seen. The modern languages are accomplishments, elegant and desirable accomplishments, and belonging to a higher category than those of dancing, fencing, and the like. But they do not work up the mind to that vigor and versatility with which the mind is to achieve its triumphs, and it is simply a misnomer to call a person a scholar for his attainments in them. Besides, you can amuse yourself by learning them whenever you will. The study of them is an agreeable relaxation, and if, after the fatigue of a term of genuine *work*, you choose to while away some hours of a vacation with one or another of them, very well. It would be a profitable employment of your leisure. But do not let them interfere with more serious avocations. Do not delude yourself with the notion that they are study. Study is a very different thing; it demands more strenuous endeavour, and has far higher uses.

[PAGE 32]

And if any prescribed study is less agreeable to you than others, take that only for a token that the discipline which that study gives is just the discipline which your mind requires. The reason why it is not agreeable is, that you have as yet a feeble capacity for it,—that your mind is defective in that part. You have accordingly ascertained that that capacity

needs particularly to be developed and strengthened, which is only to be done by close attention to the study till the repugnance is overcome.

In December Palfrey bade farewell to his family and set out upon his two years' adventure. The political world was in a terrible upheaval of emotion and dissension; pressure was put upon him from friends and foes alike, and his high-mindedness and adherence to his own principles lost him position and prestige over and over again. He was under a black cloud with a certain faction on account of his opposition to Winthrop, against whom he voted as candidate for Speaker of the House, which vote was considered by many as a treasonous act to their home state and intensified the hostility and ostracism from which he was already suffering. It was a trying and painful entrance into Congressional life, and he did not fail to pay full price for his conscientious independence. But, although his integrity cost him success, it won him the admiration of all the great and fine men of his acquaintance who upheld and praised him in the face of all opposition.

Palfrey had had quite a serious illness before he went to Washington, so he lived as quiet a life as possible that he might preserve his strength for federal duties. He acquired very comfortable quarters in the house of a man named Noarr and headed all his letters "The Ark." It was on the corner of 11th and E Streets, and he paid \$8.00 a week minus dinner for his bedroom, sitting room, and good, attentive service. His oldest son now being in college, he made Johnny, aged fifteen, the head of the house at Hazelwood, and the latter, with the utmost pride and sense of responsibility, became deeply involved with the garden, the cow, the grounds, and gave all his spare time to working with Robert, the hired man.

[JOHN TO HIS FATHER]

January 25, 1848

Dear father,

Our poor pig is dead at last, and weighed two hundred and twenty five pounds. We think this is pretty good for so young a pig, and I think it shows pretty clearly that we can keep a pig through the winter in our sty, since, although we have had no very long a spell of extreme weather, the pig was so fat. In the coldest weather, when I went out to the cow in the evening sometimes, I would throw over to him some of the hay the cow had done with, so as to have it near the door of his house, and he would take up in his mouth and carry to his bed-chamber such of the hay as suited his habits of cleanliness. He seemed to be quite nice in his choice however; for whenever I gave him any the cow had lain on he would always, I think, reject it. I miss the poor old fellow very much indeed, for when I was at work out in the barn with the back barn door open, he would waddle out to see me, and the manure was so high within, that the fence was only about a foot or so above it, so that he and I could have a full length view of each other, though we were not quite on an equal footing. When the cow was taking her meal and water, the pig used to come out to the end of his court-yard and grunt, and lay his cold nose on the cow's hind leg. This the cow did not like at all, and if we had had a suitable place, and had wished it, I think we might have had a very spirited fight. I should have bet on my cow. As it was the cow used to appear to feel annoyed as we do, when the mosquitoes trouble us in summer, and would snuff and sometimes turn round and shake her head, but I believe she never allowed herself to be much vexed, and even if she had, she could not have got at the poor pig, unless perhaps by one of those remarkable leaps, which she used to practice the first summer she came to us. But her thoughts were, or appeared to be, all together too much engrossed by her meal.

We have got a large sized bag of shorts (four bushels) which cost a dollar and a quarter, and every day I give her [the cow] a quart of meal, and one of shorts put in a small pail, and with a little hot water drawn on the compound, and then the pail filled up with cold water.

At the beginning of this month I found that my hen accounts came out

exactly square besides about a half a bag of oats being left over. Without however having paid for four hens, which I bought of Col. Brackett. The man who killed our pig has some Chinese chickens and was very much pleased with my young chickens, and said they were very fine ones, and that good Chinese chickens can be sold for five dollars a pair. Col. Brackett had told me that he could get me two dollars a piece for my Chinese pullets, but this is a good deal more. I feel as though I had raised a very large stock to carry on trade with, and if I can get through this winter without getting much into debt, I shall get along well enough.

Yesterday I walked to Fresh-Pond and skated about an hour and a half and walked home again. They are lifting and shaving the ice by means of a steam engine from the Fitchburg rail-road. It was nearly dark when I went to that side of the Pond so that I did not have time or a clear light to understand exactly how the machines worked. I think perhaps I shall go up again this winter to see all.

John was also beginning to be ambitious about his studies, and he writes to his father with enthusiasm about geometry, who replies, "I am glad you progress so well. I am convinced when you get the best of it you will find geometry one of the most beautiful studies in the world." This prophecy came true later when he majored in mathematics at West Point, where he, in his turn, referred again and again to the "sheer beauty" of the solution of a difficult problem.

Mr. Palfrey's absence from home did not exempt him, however, from domestic affairs.

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

Dear Frank:

30th March, '48 9¹/₂ P.M.

Herewith you have a check for \$120 (say, one hundred and twenty dollars), with wh. please to credit me in your account current, and pay wages to the domestics as follows; viz.

Robert, 13 weeks, to the 1st of April	\$45
Elizabeth 13" to April 5th	26.
Octavia, 13" to April 6th	26
Ellen, 13" to April 2d	19.50
	<hr/> 116.50

If any of them have been paid any wages since I was at home in January, you will of course deduct it. I have reckoned the chambermaid's wages at \$1.50/ a week, as usual. If this is not right, your mother will tell you.

Write four receipts on one half sheet of paper for them to sign. Let them be of this tenor.

"April (as the day may be). Received of J. G. Palfrey dollars for wages to the (as the day is indicated above) instant."—Write Ellen's name at the foot of her receipt thus, and let her make her mark within.

her
Ellen X
mark

Then send the receipts to me.

[MR. PALFREY TO ANNA]

11th Jan. 10¹/₂ P.M.

... I went up this morning to see Mr. Adams [John Quincy, the old ex-President] before the House met, and rode to the Capitol with him in his carriage—since I wrote the last word, he rose to speak, and I, with fifty or sixty others, went as near as we could to his desk to hear him. It was not a material question, but one respecting the order of business. He spoke five or ten minutes, in a feeble voice, but with clearness and effect. It is curious to see with what intense interest he is listened to, particularly by the many new members who never heard him before. His mind seems in perfect preservation, though physically quite weak. He is calm, and full of the best feelings. He is always at his desk, from the meeting of the House to its adjournment; always keeping a close watch on the business. He seems not to like to appear weak. When we came to the House this

morning, he leaned on my arm from the carriage to the Representative's Chamber, but relinquished it at the door, and walked in alone.

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

Dear Frank;

Jan. 14, 1848

I have just finished commending myself to John and want to go to bed. I wished to write to you today a few words about your use of the coming vacation, but could not manage it. Will you write to me as soon as convenient what your plans are, and then I will say whatever may suggest itself.

I want you to make it a time of agreeable relaxation. You have studied well, and deserve some amusement. At the same time, to judge from myself, you will enjoy it all the more for having some steady useful occupation for part of every day.

I shall be glad to hear that you have engaged a Spanish master. And what else do you propose, if anything, Will you make a further hole in the Iliad, or in your Greek history, Even a little every day mounts up in six weeks.

If you think you could turn your time to better account by keeping a fire in your room at the hall, I agree to it with the utmost pleasure. I do not propose it, but only wish you should gratify yourself. When I was at your age, I should have thought myself the happiest of lads, if I could have had a fire of my own to sit down by with my books in the winter vacation. It was to me a tantalizing dream of impossible bliss.

Will you send me an exact schedule of your marks at the examination when you know them,

I hope your oyster supper digested well.

With truest affection, J. G. P.

Congressman Palfrey wrote every day of his entire Washington sojourn to his eager family at home. He took each member in regular rotation according to their ages, beginning, of course,

with his wife, and wrote impartially, meticulously, and devotedly, and they answered in like manner with enthusiastic reciprocity.

[MR. PALFREY TO JOHN]

Dear little John;

14th Jan. 10 P.M.

You will get but a short letter, for, though I have worked hard to clear off my correspondence, it is threatening again to overpower me, so many claims present themselves for my time.

I was much gratified by your letter of the 10th. Your ink, it seems, is bad. Get some at Eayres and Fairbanks's. Tell them it must be first rate for the sake of my old eyes; and let Frank pay for it, and charge it in account.—or get some through Mr. Whitman.

Suppose you show one or two of your next letters to one of your sisters. They will give you here and there a hint about improvements. For instance, every paragraph should be begun with a capital letter.

This evening I have had Mr. Everett, the Mexican Adjutant, to make me a visit. You remember he passed a night with us last summer.

I shall observe what you say about your associates at the gymnasium. As to continuing to go yourself, do exactly as you prefer. Suit yourself, and you suit me.

I am very sorry to hear what you say about the Nortons' dog. You must use all care about Rio and Beau [pet dogs]. I should miss their stupidity when I come back, should anything happen to them.

Let Frank pay for your drawing-board.

15th 11 A.M. — I have this morning a letter from your mother dated the day before yesterday. I hope she will find her grate a material improvement.

The House does not meet today, and I am going out, though the weather is dull, to try to get some visits disposed of.

Nothing has happened this morning, except that Mr. West came in after breakfast.

Ever affectionately J. G. P.

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

Washington 15th Jan. 11½ P.M.

. . . It gratifies me extremely to hear that you are improving in your habits of application. I want you very much to understand, how important it is that you should use your time diligently and well. From circumstances, you have not been kept so regularly at school as most young ladies of your age. You are behind hand, and will have to be quite industrious to make up for lost time. You are getting now to be quite a large girl, and it will presently be mortifying to you and all of us to see you behind your equals in age. I hope I may continue to hear that you appear to feel the necessity of steady exertion.

I will now go to the Post-office. Give my best love to all, and never forget that I am

Your fondly affectionate father
J. G. P.

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Jan. 16, 11½ P.M.

Dear soul:

An old New England clergyman used to say that he would not go to his rest without sweetening his mouth with a big [taste of the Bible]. So I cannot go to mine without sweetening my mouth with a taste of you. But this is all you will get, for I am tired, and want to be astir betimes tomorrow.

At church this evening I fell in with Mr. Richard Fay, who I did not before know was here.—Good-night.

17th 1¼ P.M. — It is beautiful weather today as can be. It rained considerable last night.

Robert [the hired man] took a very improper liberty in making a fire in his room without your leave. Tell him, if you please, that I thought so when I heard it. If you prefer that I should also write to him, let me know, and I will forthwith do it.

2½ P.M. — The mail closes immediately, the time being altered. I have just received letters from Anna, Mary and Sarah, the first from home since Saturday.

(In terrible haste) Fondly, J. G. P.

[MR. PALFREY TO SARAH]

Dear Child;

17th Jan. '48, 11 P.M.

I know I write you unsatisfactory letters, but I do as well as I can. I work hard. I generally give to Hazelwood a few minutes nightly of my [precious] sleeping time. I try to clear my business docket early in the evening, so as to get some time for you. But, hitherto, in vain. Eleven o'clock comes, and finds my drudgery scarcely done. Tonight, I give up to the future, with a rather uneasy conscience, a little task wh. it properly belonged to tonight to do. More than sufficient to the day is the toil thereof, though I stand it as yet right well.

This evening, I had three visits,—one from Mr. Kanasares, a native Greek, a chaplain in the Navy, who wants to get his name changed by Act of Congress,—no wonder; but the wonder follows,—he wants to get it changed to John Fiske. The others were from Mr Tweedy, delegate from Wisconsin a Unitarian Whig, a man after my heart, and from Mr. Hiudekoper, of Meadville, a man the very opposite of his brother, if his brother is at all tedious. I enjoyed the latter interview, and the former was by no means without interest and pleasure. —Good night.

18th Jan. 2¼ P.M. — No letter this morning, as this is the weekly no-mail day. But the parcel you sent me by express arrived, for wh. please to take my best thanks.—See the advantages of method. Some papers which I never expected to want again, and tied up, endorsed, and put away, Occasion arrives for me to want a little scrap of these lines while six hundred miles away from home. I do not know that I have it anywhere, but I know, if any where, it is in that parcel. I send for it, and in five minutes' search I have the needed thing. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO SARAH]

Washington, 24th Jan. 1848, 9 P.M.

I mean to get the floor tomorrow, if I can, for a set speech on the "Political Aspect of the Slavery Question." I have said my prayers, with a devotion never more fervent, that God will "give me in that same hour what I shall say, and what I shall speak;" for never did I feel that I had a holier work in hand. My heart is full, and my mind anxious and excited,

though not distrustful. But I could not go to bed, without just bespeaking a blessing from Hazelwood, wh. I know I shall have. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO ANNA]

Jan. 25, 9½ P.M.

After repeated unsuccessful attempts, I got the floor today just before the House adjourned, wh. gives me the right to open the debate tomorrow. Wish me well. I shall leave my letter open, to tell you in a word what I can about my success. . . .

House; 10 P.M. — Good morning, my dear. I had a good night's rest, and a nice letter from your mother to refresh me. The journal is now waiting, and I expect presently to be called to my work. I am a little nervous, you may suppose; but, on the whole, in pretty good heart. . . .

3 15 P.M. — I have spoken, and done quite as well, I think, as I could have expected.

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

26th Jan. 1848

My dear love:

Today has been an exciting and important one to me, and I am sure of your sympathy in its events. I have broken the ice as a Congressional debater and (I may whisper in your friendly ear) not entirely without success, I think. At all events, whether with more or less success in other respects, I do not very much care, because I know I tried with my very best powers to do my duty; I got the great subject of the day fairly before Congress and the country; and I did not disgrace the cause by breaking down under the critical embarrassment of the occasion.

I spoke with much more self-possession than I ventured to express, and with sufficient fluence and freedom. I was listened to with gratifying attention, and with perfect civility. If there was ill-nature anywhere, it was not obvious to me. Yet I said things, I suspect, quite as plain and strong as Mr. Giddings was expelled from the House for saying, six years ago. . . .

Editor's note: After Palfrey's maiden speech, old Mr. Adams jumped up and exclaimed "Thank God the seal is broken and Massachusetts speaks!"

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

Feb. 5, 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ P.M.

Last night I went again to Mrs. Adams's Saturday, and had a very pleasant evening. I enjoy her parties much. I feel quite at home there, and I believe am looked upon by strangers as a sort of attache of the family. There are a great many strangers whom I have long known by name and reputation, and whom it interests me to meet. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

10th Feb. 1848

My little speech today was entirely *impromptu*, and I am not sorry that occasion occurred for me to try myself in that way. For I have now "the hang" of the House, and feel quite unembarrassed and at ease. You know O'Connell pronounced it to be a great matter to be able "to think, on one's legs." . . .

[JOHN TO HIS FATHER]

Dear father.

February 16, 1848

I did not write to you Wednesday, as I wanted to do because Mary had a party and I went in to help, and besides I had a long Greek lesson to get. And yesterday, before tea, after going to the Post Office I went to see Mr. Swan at the hall, who of course has not gone home for the vacation, but goes about Sundays to try his hand at preaching; and after tea I thought I had not time to write to you, as I wished to look over one or two things in Geometry for examination to-day.

The regular semi-annual examination took place today. and Mr. i.e. President, Sparks made his first appearance at our school in the character of inquisitor. Mr. Everett came too, but not in his ancient glory, and came in some ten or fifteen minutes after the time appointed for the commencement of operations. I suppose he called himself a friend of Sidney's, and came under the name of friends' whom the boys were told to ask. The only difference between his conduct to-day and at the time

when he was President, that I could see, was that instead of taking a chair in the middle of the row set out for the committee, he took one towards the end. I was only examined in three things, Geometry, Greek Reader, and Virgil. In Geometry I recited very well, in Virgil very fair, and in Greek very badly. Mr. Whitman has been preparing to send round an entirely new sort of report at the end of every two quarters after an examination. He had kept an account of all the recitations. But he has altered his plan several times, I believe, since the beginning of quarter before last, and so to day, after every thing else was finished, he kept us about half an hour to tell us so, and that where he or the assistant teachers have neglected or omitted to keep an exact account of the recitations, he will put them all down as perfect. He will reckon how many recitations ought to have taken place, how many were put down as bad or imperfect, and how many absences were noted. And then he subtracts the sum of absences and bad recitations from the proper number of recitations, and calls the remainder all perfect. I think I shall have a pretty good report in everything except in being late so often. In these last three months, since you went away, I have been late fifteen or twenty times. Far the greater part of these arose from the irregularity and wrong time of Mr. Whitman's clock. This last week I was late about four times in succession, which was caused by mother's wishing to squirt my ears when it was time for me to go to school. Mr. Whitman is also going to put on the result of the examinations, in the hope of making the boys take more interest in them. I suppose he will send mine to you presently; but if instead he should send it here, when I have looked at it I will send it on to you, and I hope you will be sufficiently obliged to me for my kindness. As I shall have time in the morning I hope, I can finish this then. Good night.

Mother says she paid the man who brought the hay for it when it came, but I did not know it; so day before yesterday I went to Mr. Willard to get the bill for it, but Mr. Willard said the man had it, but when he saw him he would pay him, and we could pay himself [Mr. Willard]. Mother told me yesterday evening, that she had paid him, and so I must go to Mr. Willard and tell him about it this morning.

I do not think I have told you that next week and to-day are to be va-

cation. I had been in hopes, some time ago, that this vacation would come when you and Frank did, but it didn't.

This winter I have seen with sorrow how much hay was necessarily wasted, because the cow would not eat it. The other day in recess I went to a house, or rather a barn belonging to the house, with a boy who goes to our school to look at some hens, and a new place for hens which had lately been made there. They have a cow there, and I have minded that they chop all her hay always, and this time I asked the boy what was the use of it, and he told me that the cow eat it more easily, and that she eat nearly all of, [*sic*] and if at evening they took the hay she had not eaten through the day, and mixed it with a little meal, which they do, she would eat the whole.

I do not suppose our cow would eat quite the whole of such hay as we have been using, for as the cook says it's nothing but dried brambles and black-berry bushes, but at any rate I think it would be a great saving in hay, much more than would balance the cost of one of the hay-cutters. I am confirmed in this opinion by seeing it at this house, which is owned or lived in by Mr. Richardson who I believe has something to do for the College in the writing or business way, and seems to look out for the cheapest manner of doing things, though every thing seems to be done in a good and handsome style. I do not think it would take long to cut the hay as it is required, and if you know or find it is best I should advise you if possible to buy a hay-cutter. I will try not to cutt off my own or anybody's fingers.

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

19th Feb. 10½ P.M.

. . . A Mr. Gilman has called on me, and invited me to pass the evening at his house. Accordingly after taking such a direction as I could get, I set off on foot about seven o'clock. I walked northerly up Seventh Street, almost to where it stops at the boundary of the city, then turned off to the right, and walked perhaps half a mile across a bare uninhabited common. On the edge of this, just outside the city line, so that his front garden fence makes the boundary, I found Mr. Gilman's house, large

and spacious, situated on a little rising ground, so as to command by daylight, I am sure, a beautiful view of the city and river. Within I found it very handsomely furnished.

I found, as I expected, a party of anti-slavery men, for this subject is the old gentleman's hobby. There was Mr. Senator Hale, Mr. Giddings of the House, Dr. Brinley (Editor of the *Era*), Mr. Stanton and Mr. Andrews of Boston, and others of that stamp. By the time we had got acquainted, we were invited below to the dining room, and seated round a table abounding with delicacies,—stewed and fried oysters, which make a great article here, whole cold roast turkeys, chicken-salad, preserves, tea, coffee, cakes and I know not how many other good things. This over, we went back to the drawing rooms, and after a while, cakes, confectionary, and lemonade were handed round. Then, after another while, the nicest dishes of ice cream. And, at length, when we separated, there met us, in the entry a waiter with lemonade glasses of old Port wine. It was indeed most bountiful hospitality. Our host has seemed as if he would eat us up. As we took our leave, he accompanied us, without any hat, to the gate, thanked us warmly for the honor of our visit. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

20th Feb. '48, 10 P.M.

3 P.M. — At 1 Mr. Adams fainted in his seat in the House. He was carried to the Speaker's room, where I have been with him till now. Mrs. Adams has just come. The physician thinks he cannot live through the day.

[MR. PALFREY TO SARAH]

Washington, Feb. 22, '48

Dear Sarah;

I am in and out of Mr. Adams's room, and not well situated for writing you a letter.

Mr. Adams is very low, entirely insensible and unconscious, but lying perfectly quiet, with faint but [regular] breathing. Any moment

may be his last; but, on the other hand, so tenacious is he of life, that he may survive the day.

Love to all

With truest affection

J. G. P.

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

House of Representatives

24th Feb. 1 10 P.M.

I sat in Mr. Adams's room yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon till nearly five o'clock, and then went to the car, wh. starts at five, with a line for Mrs. C. F. Adams. Then I went home to get some food and sleep. I had risen from table, gone to my chamber, and begun to undress, when at half past six, a messenger on horseback came from Mr. Winthrop to say that Mr. Adams was certainly very near his end. I jumped into a carriage, and arrived in season to see him die. He breathed perhaps two or three minutes after I entered the room. His last breath was at seventeen minutes past seven.

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

25th Feb. 1848

The appearance of the room, as it has been prepared since yesterday is most imposing. It is hung with crape, festooned with the flag of the United States. The coffin is of the richest materials, covered with black cloth, with silver handles and mountings, a profusion of green-house flowers upon it, and the inscription on a large shield-formed plate, surmounted by the American eagle. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

Dear little Mary;

Feb. 26, '48, 9½ P.M.

The funeral was very imposing. The procession is said to have been much the longest ever seen in Washington. All along Pennsylvania Ave-

nue the fronts of the houses were hung with festoons of black cotton, and at various points the flag of the United States was raised at half mast. When I got to the Capitol, I went to a room where were the Massachusetts delegation (Senators and Representatives), and the Committee of Arrangements, consisting of one from each State. There we received each a pair of gloves, while white crepe was tied upon our left arms, and a scarf of plaited black silk was hung over one shoulder, falling under the opposite arm. The Committee of arrangements wore instead, a similar sash of white muslin, and the officers and attendants had a long white cord, tied round the hat and falling behind. The delegation went into the room where the coffin lay, and, having looked at the body, saw the lid fastened down with silver screws. It was then taken into the Hall of the Representatives (we following), and placed on a table covered with black cloth to the floor, in the area in front of the Speaker's chair. The Speaker sat with the President on his right hand, and the Vice President on his left, with the officers of Congress around them. The Massachusetts delegation and the Committee of Arrangements were ranged about the coffin, with the pall-bearers before them—two of the Judges of the Supreme Court in their robes. Next behind us were the members of the Foreign Legations in all their gold and embroidery. In the next row of seats behind were the officers of the Army and Navy in full uniform, and behind them the Representatives in their seats, occupying the whole body of the Hall. The mourners sat in a portion of the area, at the Speaker's left hand. The large galleries were filled with ladies for about two thirds of the circuit; and with men, the rest.

The Chaplain of the House performed the service,—prayers and a funeral discourse; and there was fine singing from a choir in the ladies' gallery.

When the corpse was carried out, the gentlemen of the family connexion followed first, and then the Massachusetts Delegation; next the House with the Speaker at its head, and so on. At the foot of the eastern steps of the Capitol we all got into carriages. Some of the equipages of the foreign ministers were splendid. The body was placed very high on a magnificent car covered with black, surmounted with a large [flag?] and drawn by six perfectly white horses, caparisoned with black. In this

way we moved to the Congressional burying ground, a mile and a half distant, where the family and the delegation saw the body deposited in the tomb. The House all this time was understood to be in session, the flag, wh. always betokens a session, flying over its wing of the Capitol at half mast. As soon as the members returned, they adjourned, and the flag was struck. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Queen of my heart;

March 11 '48, 11 P.M.

I meant to have [reserved] this evening for a long letter to you. But *l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*. Or rather strangers and accidents dispose at their will of me and of time wh. I often grudge them sorely.

13th 10½ A.M. — I am fairly choked off from writing to you. Last evening after church was time wh. I had devoted to you. But I came home with a down-right head-ache,—more of one than I have had before since I came here,—occasioned, I suppose, by some hard quince wh. I had been foolish enough to eat. So I was fain to lounge on my sofa, and think of you for an hour, and leave writing till this morning. And now there have come some petitions wh. I must try to present this morning, or I lose a week. And they require some previous consultation for wh. purpose I must go out directly. . . .

In the spring of 1848 Palfrey was involved in an incident concerning the recapturing of some fugitive slaves, and was instrumental in raising money for their purchase and release. There was a mob in the city and “it was reported that they threatened violence to Giddings and me, and when I went to bed, I was not without apprehension of being disturbed, but I did not fasten my door. One of the negroes retaken was a young girl belonging to Mrs. Madison, who immediately sold her to a Baltimore slave-dealer.” Palfrey helped raise the money for her purchase and freedom, and soon after Mrs. Madison wrote and asked him to

take tea with her, being ignorant of the above transaction. He jots this item in his diary: "The thought of the poor fugitive child, whom she had been selling and I buying, was in the way, and Mrs. M. had to take her tea without me."

In March he was appointed to the Library Committee. Also in March he made an antislavery speech in the House which pleased his friends, and Sumner wrote to him, "Such a speech in your happy way, might do much to 'head' the military frenzy." At the end of the year he spoke of "civility but no general sympathy of views" in the general society where he moved, and he was doubtful of his re-election.

Frank, as was expected, was a very gay Freshman, absorbed in his new and widening activities, and his letters to his father began to be less frequent. Mr. Palfrey never required his children to write to him from a sense of duty, but it was characteristic of the times that children were supposed to look upon all duties to their parents as pleasures, and the other members of the family thought it a privilege to keep in constant communication with their father. So, when for the first time in his experience he saw signs of neglect in Frank, his subtle handling of a subject as delicate as his precious relationship to his oldest son was fascinating to witness. He never pressed him; he never said "I haven't heard from you lately and wonder if" etc.; but he wrote his letters with undiminished regularity whenever his turn came round, never mentioning any lack of response, telling him all the things of interest to him, sharing with him all his important opinions. And after a while his plan worked; the letters quite naturally became more frequent, and the old confidence and affection returned.

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

March 23, '48, 10 P.M.

. . . Your mother tells me you were prevented from writing to me by a visit from a classmate. I would receive a visit from my friends as often as I thought was reasonable, but never when I considered my time due to any thing else. I really think this is quite important, and that you ought to fix your habit in this particular early in your College life. It is not with you as it is with me, and as it will be with yourself by and by. This is one of the enviable exemptions of your age, and you should regard yourself as responsible for the full use of it. Nobody has any claim upon your time whatever. You have a perfect right to the whole of it,—to be given to associates when it conveniently may, to be reserved to yourself when it ought to be. When I was in College, nobody thought of taking offense, if we answered "*busy*" to a knock. It was constantly done. If that is not the present College fashion, then lock your door, and say nothing. It is nobody's business whether you are in or out. It is enough that you are not in to them. Pray take my advice about this. It is material. The two or three first times, it may seem awkward, but presently you will not mind it in the least, and you will find it an unspeakable convenience and relief. It would be very weak and absurd,—would it not,—to hold yourself and your golden hours at the disposal of every body who chooses to knock at your door,—perhaps for no better reason than that nobody finds him attractive enough to go and knock at his. . . .

Your mother fears you get too little sleep. Of course, I know nothing about it, nor does she. But I hope it is not so. I should say, less knowledge and more sleep, if that was the question. But it is not. No real increase of knowledge ever came by deficiency of sleep. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

April 3, '48

. . . I enjoyed Sarah's letter hugely this morning. If she were not of the gentle sex, I should call her a gentleman and a scholar. As it is, she must be content to be denominated a philosophress and a states-woman. However, I am almost sorry I wrote this, as she may think it light,

whereas I but meant to express the pleasure I take in her sense and sagacity. . . .

Let me say, without having had the slightest hint on the subject from Robert, that he ought to have his Sundays to himself without any encroachment, now that he works out doors. A laborer on the ground six days in the week needs, and always has, the seventh day to refresh, and be a gentleman. I mention this merely because I happen to think of it at the moment. You must not think me disposed to interfere too much in minor points. All I want is to have things go on peaceably and satisfactorily at home, to the best comfort and advantage of all. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO JOHN]

Dear John;

April 7, '48 8½ P.M.

. . . The day has been lovely. It would do your gardener's heart good to see the magnificent show of hyacinths in the capitol grounds, and the peach trees in full blossom.

I had a very pleasant letter today from the Governor, who reproaches himself for not having paid his respects at Hazelwood.

I think you or Robert could contrive to get some [string] and put it in the trees to help the birds make their nests. It will pay well.

I wrote word to somebody that I liked very well your plan of nailing up the cow-yard. By the by, I wish you to tell Robert that I should like to have him see to the fence about the little cow-yard at the foot of the garden, so that, when the cow goes out to pasture, she need not have to come up to the barn, except stormy nights.

And he had better be inquiring when will be the most advantageous time to sell the hay I have to spare. And I wish,—you are so good a manager,—that you would look round with him and see what white-washing, if any, I shall want to have done this summer in the wood-house, cellar, and barn. I hope the cistern is found useful. And the copper pumps ought to be fixed so as to *hold water* for the summer,—instead of dropping it, as they were made to do last autumn, for fear of frost.

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

Little love:

April 9, '48, 10 A.M.

What do you think kept me from beginning a letter to you last night? I had a party, of all things in the world. It went off very successfully. I entertained my guests with a nice pitcher of cold water, and a pint and a half of ice cream. They were Messrs. Hale and [illegible] of New Hampshire, Giddings and Root of Ohio, and Mr. Thaming of Pennsylvania. And they kept it up with becoming hilarity till eleven o'clock, when, my table being covered with the debris of our feast, I was too lazy to clear away a place where I might write to you. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

My dear son;

April 13, '48, 10 P.M.

There was an illumination and procession this evening, wh. I went out for a few minutes to see, in honor of the French Revolution. The illumination was not bad. Particularly some of the handsome houses, on the opposite side of the square in front of the President's house, made quite a brilliant show. The palace had here and there a single light along its front, and looked warm enough to be in good keeping with its tenant. I saw hardly any thing prettier than some colored lights with wh. our Shems, Hams, and Japhets (as John calls them) had hung the trees in front of the Ark. They were in very simple stained paper lanterns. I wish John had been here, both to see them, and to learn to make the like.

In the square I spoke of, there was a [fire] of tar barrels. But—*such* a procession. It had a band of music, and that drew a crowd. But as far as I could distinguish it from the crowd, there were not more than a hundred people in it, and they moved, not Boston-fashion, but helter-skelter. There were two or three marshals on horse-back, some of them in front, bore aloft a tri-color flag. I soon saw enough for my satisfaction, and came home. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

23 April, '48 10 P.M.

There is some excuse for Robert in proceeding about the pig, because, not wishing you to have any trouble in the matter, I wrote to him to get one. But, after you had told him your wishes, he did very wrong not to obey them strictly. I told him, I think, that I wanted one somewhere about fifty pounds,—not more than seventy. I think the sooner you have one of that size, the better, on account of the manure,—or rather I think you had better have one. A small head and short legs are the chief points.

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

28th April; 9¹/₂ A.M.

I do not want your writing to me to be a task, but I think you might manage to avoid its being so. To an old [torn] stager like me, there is nothing [formidable] in writing a long letter; on the contrary, the longer letters I can write home, the better I am pleased. But with beginners I know it is sufficient. Let me give you a word of advice. Sit down Sunday, not with the idea of writing at length, but merely a single sentence. When that is written, very likely another will come. If so, very well. If not, or if your time may not hold out, very well too; then send your letter, to be sure. Do not make it a great job, or think of it as such, and it will all be easy and pleasant enough.

[MR. PALFREY TO JOHN]

U.S. House of Representatives
13th May, '48

Anna says your mother has a compliment for me from a lady. I dare say I should value it, if it comes from a friend of hers. But still your mother may keep it and welcome, if she will send me instead one direct from herself.

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Washington, May 15, '48

You ask whether I have not had to change my lodgings for the warm weather. I think not. I am very well off, where I am. My rooms are cool. The house is at the corner of two wide streets, and my chamber has windows [on three] sides. I take an umbrella abroad, and walk slow. If, however, it is best for me to make a change I can do it by and by, as well as now.

They keep a tumbler with flowers on my table. The last day or two there has been a beautiful bunch, roses, syringas, etc. I tried to get a rose out this morning, to send you. But it was rather too old, and fell to pieces. I send you the leaves, Lovingly,

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Ark. 17th of May, '48

I sometimes get a little uneasy about Frank,—not for what I hear, for that (thanks be to praise!) is most satisfactory, but for what I do not. Since the first part of my absence, he has written to me but little, and that less and less. I proposed to him to write to me on Sundays, if it were but a line or two; but since that proposal (I think three weeks ago) I have had scarcely anything but an account. I have not complained to him, nor of him, nor shall I; and I wish you not to, for that is not at all the way to encourage a frank correspondence. I write to him just the same, at such length as I can, without noticing any omission on his part. Much of what I should like to know about him I can only learn from himself, and it is therefore that I shall be particularly glad to win him to more frequent communications. If he would only sit down once a week to write me a single line, that would be no task, and I should be glad of the single line. Besides, that written, it would be likely to lead to a second and third. But do not tell him I have said this. When he writes, I want it to be from his own promptings. I must try harder to put him unconsciously upon some track, which will make a little correspondence a pleasure to him. Good night, love.

[THE SAME]

Ark. 22nd May, '48

I have not missed you and yours any day, more than yesterday and to-day. I have been trying to fight off an attack of face-ache, and it is dull work doing it alone. Yesterday I was uncomfortable with it all day, but not very much so till evening. I took refuge from my loneliness at Dr. Bailey's, where he and his wife advised me to lie on a sofa, and themselves do the talking. I had a quite disturbed night, and when I slept did not lose the sense of pain. Since morning I have been easier. I have been on my bed a good deal of the time, and have slept considerable. My face is swollen, and I am in hopes the inflammation is finding its way to the surface. My cold has been nothing like so bad as it was last summer. . . .

[THE SAME]

Ark. 25th May, '48 9½ A.M.

My subject of uneasiness just now is Frank. I have no positive reason for it, but I worry because I know no more of how he is going on, at a period which is all-important to him. When he writes, which is very seldom, it is to send an account current (which he does very well), or to say that he wants money,—a perfectly proper message, but not all that I desire to hear, of the ways in which he is employing and (I hope, enjoying) himself. I am quite uninformed. I like that his boat-club, and such things, should give him pleasure,—I am sure I do. But if it is they that take up his mind, and prevent him from giving me some of his time, it is natural for me to apprehend that they may divert his attention from his studies; and that, to him, would be a much more serious thing. I wish you would tell me fully what you observe respecting him, and whether you see any indication whatever of any tendency to improper companions or idle habits. But, I repeat, I do not wish him to be found fault with for not writing to me. I do not desire to appear to him as a task-master. What I want is, that it should be a pleasure to him to write.

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

Washington, May 26, '48

I went to the Capitol this morning to attend a Committee, intending to come directly back. But there I found a heavy mail, and numerous other unexpected engagements beset me, and I have just now got back. I am truly sorry to be so driven into a corner about writing to you. I suppose if I should say I was the more sorry because I have so many and such long letters of yours to answer, you might think I was joking, so I will say no such thing. But I always truly regret to be straitened for time to give to you. . . .

[THE SAME]

Ark. 2 June '48

Now for yourself, a word,—having despatched others. I am very much obliged by your full letter of the 28th, and all you tell me of your engagements. I observed your marks for April were not so good as the month before; but I am not so unreasonable as to expect that you will always do equally well. I am happy to hear that you are enjoying your boating so much. I know nothing of your companions. Most sincerely so I hope, and I have no reason to doubt,—that they are such as to exert no other than a good influence over you.

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

Ark. 4th June, '48, 2½ P.M.

. . . Now I think of it, please to tell your mother that I have not heard of my last year's hay having been sold out of the stable. I hope it has been, for I expected that what the cow did not eat through the winter would yield me something considerable, but, if it has not been disposed of before the time of the new mowing, it will bring only a reduced price. I wrote to Robert, some weeks ago, to watch the proper time for selling it. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

U.S.H.R. June 5, 1848, 2 P.M.

Let me say now, for I am writing in the midst of plenty of [affairs] and may forget it, that I mean to reverse your turn with Frank's in my series of letters, for this reason; Frank gets his letter on Monday morning, just as he is going to the week's work, and has other things on his mind, wh. prevent his answering immediately. If he heard from me on Saturday he may be inclined to give me a few moments of his Sunday leisure. I will try it. You may as well not say anything to him about it. I was quite pleased with his last letter.

It is very warm weather indeed. But by living light, dressing thin, walking slow, and hurrying about nothing, I get along with it very comfortably.

[MR. PALFREY TO ANNA]

USHR; 12th June, '48.

My dear child;

I would not have believed that when the 10th of June came round, there was any thing in the world that would have made me forget how dear and precious it is to me. I am grievously rebuked that the excitement of this Presidential movement did me even that strange mischief.

May you see many happy returns of it, my daughter, and always, as you have done, do it honor, and make its associations cherished by your parents, and brothers, and sisters, and friends.

That summer Almira Greene died of tuberculosis at her mother's in Nahant, leaving her husband and two children, Kitty, aged eight, and Walter Jr., called Bobby, six. Young Sarah Palfrey nursed her aunt constantly through her illness and was with her when she died, which threw her into one of her deep states of gloom and philosophizing about the why and the whence to which she was so subject. The Palfreys took little "Bobby" to

live with them for several years; he proved to be a great care and concern because he was not "a good little boy" and had a doubtful regard for truth, but the spirit with which he was accepted and worked over by every member of the family was generous and willing in the extreme.

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

18th June, '48, 2½ P.M.

I was much gratified by your last letter. I am very glad that you are disposed to take so much pains to please me, for I think very much of having your affection.

You ask me when I think I shall come home. I do not think it will be sooner than from the beginning to the middle of August.

I think the day you describe to me was a very industrious day indeed. I believe,—indeed I know,—that the more you pass of such, the happier you will be. There is scarcely any thing that contributes so much to a happy life, as to have plenty of useful employment for one's time. An idler is the most uncomfortable of all persons. Give part of your time to amusement; that is right. But when you play, play; and when you work, work. Throw away no time. How satisfied and cheerful does a person feel at the end of a day, to think that it has been well used!

You speak of reading in Harry Osmond. I want very much to be with you, to talk with you about your reading, though I hope you consult your dear mother constantly about it, and she can guide you, as well, or better, than myself. Young people sometimes are very seriously and lastingly injured, both in respect to their happiness and their character, by reading books unsuitable to their age, especially exciting works of fiction. I sincerely hope you constantly consult your mother and sisters about this very important matter of your choice of books.

Good-bye, darling.

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

19th June, '48, 10 A.M.

I feel as if I should like to hear more about Mary. Is she more obedi-

ent,—industrious,—good-tempered,—coöperative? Is she acquiring a sense of religion? Is her reading judicious, and profitable, and does it seem to have a healthy influence on her mind,

[MR. PALFREY TO ANNA]

21st June, '48, 2½ P.M.

I was hardly ever in my life so glad to find myself awake as this morning. I had been dreaming of some sad misconduct in a son. It did not seem to be John, but an older boy,—nor Frank, for Frank appeared to have set him a good example, though he had concealed his faults. It began with great disobedience, rudeness to me; then turned up an [enormous] bill of long standing for riding; and then Mr. Taylor told me that it had been long known to him that the boy was very dissipated and vicious. In short, it was quite a dream, I assure you, and the impression of it is vivid still. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

21st June, '48, 10 P.M.

I was greatly gratified today by your letter of the 19th. Your letters always give me the highest pleasure.

I take to myself part of the pleasure your boating gives you, for I desire always to rejoice in your enjoyments, and shall never fail to do so as long as they are what enjoyments ought to be. Rowing by moonlight I can well imagine to be a very fascinating recreation. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

25th June, '48, 10 A.M.

Then I wish you would add that I am glad John is disposed to bathe every day, and, if his mother pleases, he can get one of the hand-shower-baths he mentions, and let Frank pay for it.

It was very sweet of you to send me the lock of your hair, and I value it very much.

2 P.M. — A letter from Sarah by this forenoon's mail, welcome and

valued on every account; and not the least, because she speaks of you with approbation. No better tidings can reach me, than that you are doing well, and earning the confidence and approval of your friends. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

26th June, '48, 10½ A.M.

After tea came my minister, and stayed a couple of hours. How could he do so? And his staying is not the worst of it. With great enthusiasm, simplicity, and amiableness, he is one of the hardest customers as a companion I ever knew. The turn of his mind is metaphysical, casuistical, and hair-splitting. I have pretty much done, however, with his problems, and generally snub him with some pretty short practical answer when he proposes one. I am afraid he thinks me less speculative than is becoming; but better so, than that I should be bothered by sticking my nose with him into all the depths of things. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

28th June, '48, 9½ P.M.

Your letters give me pleasure in proportion to their length; so that you will not think it other than a compliment if I say that I have enjoyed other of your letters more than that wh. came today, welcome and prized as it was and is. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

23 July '48, 3½ P.M.

Your last letter pleased me particularly. It was long and full, simple and natural, and extremely well worded, and bore very agreeable marks of reflection, good feeling, and good sense. You evidently improve in composition and in thought, and I trust are improving equally in character, wh. is vastly the most important thing. Good sense, good feelings, and *good principles*, these are the things wh. are truly valuable, respectable, and lovable in all persons, young as well as old,—old as well as

young. These are the qualities wh. enable us to make others happy,—these are the possessions wh. augur happiness to ourselves. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

July 24, '48, 10 A.M.

You have not told me whether my pig has been at work. You know his labor upon the [manure with his] hoof through the summer is worth much more than his [bacon] or his pork. . . .

I have very great pleasure this morning in a letter from Frank. He writes extremely well. Every thing about it gratifies me. I am glad he continues to occupy his room, as long as he remains in Cambridge. I should think he would find it more convenient, and be able to use his time to more profit.—I shall send some money tomorrow, wh. he says is wanted.

I am very sorry that my good boy [John] was disappointed about going to Chatham, by reason of not having got my permission in season. And yet my regret is over-balanced by my satisfaction that he should have so denied himself for such a conscientious reason. I wrote him in favor of his going, by the return of the mail wh. brought his request. He must have got my letter Saturday noon, and perhaps in season to go with Charles. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO JOHN]

Library of the USHR.,

July 27, 1848, 2½ P.M.

I fear you know that I have sometimes found my minister a bore. But I esteem him, and have never shown my weariness so much but that he has continued to pass long hours with me.—[and now] I get my reward. After tea, I had placed before me the first proof of my Agricultural Report, sixteen closely printed pages, full of horrid tables and figures, as repellent and snaky as Medusa's [locks]. What to do with it! How, with one pair of eyes, to compare incorrect printing and interlined copy! Oh for a selection from the half dozen bright pairs at Hazelwood! But hardly had blank despair possessed itself of my corrugated brow, when in stepped Mr. Allen, as if a fated messenger for my relief, and his own

woe. I asked him how he would like to read a proof. He said, (rash man!) Very well. And whether he liked it or not on trial, we read it together, and my work was very comfortably accomplished, and my pillow sought at a reasonable hour. Perhaps he will think twice before he comes again, until he hears my Report is published.

[MR. PALFREY TO MARY]

July 30, '48, 10 A.M.

Make your mother take you or Walter to ride every fine afternoon. Tell her that I consider that the health of the family requires it, and that I consider myself responsible for keeping them in good condition. She is master, when I am at home; but when I am away, *I* am.

Mr. Pope Russell, their uncle, was drowned that summer in Nahant, it was feared intentionally as he had been far from well and greatly depressed. He seemed to have been an unpleasant, difficult, and unkind husband in latter years, but his wife was nevertheless thrown into great sorrow, which was partially offset for her by the birth of her little granddaughter, Edith, the first child of Samuel and Louisa Russell.

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

House, 14th Aug. '48, 10½ A.M.

I intend, if all circumstances permit, to leave here tomorrow noon, and get to New York some time Wednesday, and thence home by the day line through Springfield. In that case I suppose I should arrive at Brighton (Winship's garden) at six o'clock or later, Thursday afternoon. There I should like to find some conveyance for George and me and our trunks etc. If you could even, I think it would be well you should come in a full-built carriage (as being able to carry more weight) and then you might have a companion, besides Hickey on the [box]. If Hickey comes in a buggy as he wished, he might come home between me and George, but



No. 19. *Members of Harvard Class of 1853, as Sophomores*
Left to right: John Quincy Adams, Francis W. Palfrey (Class of
1851), Theodore Chase, John Carver Palfrey

then it would be necessary for Robert to come in some wagon (say, Rice's) for our trunks.

Please not to say *nothing to nobody* of the particular time you expect me. I do not want any few, who might take an interest in me, out of my household, to be looking at me on the road. . . .

Frank's extracurricular activities caught up with him again in the beginning of his Sophomore year, and he left Cambridge in December, 1848, for three months and took a position as schoolmaster in Yarmouth on Cape Cod. No one ever mentioned why, but I suspect he was "rusticated" and put on his mettle. His family took great interest in his affairs and wrote him encouraging letters.

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

10th Dec. 1848, 2 P.M.

In old times, there used to be not seldom in a country school some big two-fisted boy, whose vocation it was, soon after the school opened, to try titles with the master;—to impudent, and if an attempt was made to correct him, to then fight, and overcome the master if possible. I dare say the day for such things is quite gone by. But should you have such a rebel, and should things come to a passage of arms, I would advise you by all means to keep him at arm's length, and not let him close with you, for at that you might get the worse. A single successful exhibition of your science, should circumstances unfortunately render it necessary, would have a permanent effect, and make you pass for far more invincible than you are. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

11 Dec. '48, 11 A.M.

I am much touched by your account of Frank's proceedings, and do not wonder that it is a very moving incident to you. Still it is no occasion for

sorrow, but rather for great joy, that we have a son capable of conducting himself as he is doing. The boy will be a little homesick, I dare say, at first. But the adventure cannot fail to be of great service to him eventually, in throwing him again upon his own resources, and teaching him self-reliance. . . .

[MR. PALFREY TO FRANK]

Dec. 25th '48, 9 P.M.

John's Birthday

They have sent me your letter of the 20th from wh. I am very sorry to hear that you are not entirely well. It is a natural consequence of your change of occupation and of diet. The latter you cannot regulate to the extent that would be desirable. You will have to eat what is set before you. But, if I were you, I should make a point of counteracting its effect as far as might be by regular daily exercise in the open air, and a good deal of it. Probably this would set everything right, shortly.

You say you have given your iniquitous youth a severe flogging. I hope it will prove to have done him good. It is an old doctrine that a free use of the rod is the way to make a child *smart*. . . .

Frank's brother John, a sub-Freshman, wrote him from Cambridge full of his care of the cow, the hens, fencing and drawing, told how he and the Gibson boys were fascinated by Uncle Charley's pursuit of cockfighting and illegal prize fighting. He also had the responsibility of the horse and carryall and took his mother and sisters, who loved a drive beyond anything in the world, for frequent outings; his mother admired the scenery, made constant jokes about the passers-by and shocked her children by making funny faces all one afternoon like an old wapper-jawed man they had just passed.

Frank kept up his college class requirements all through his sojourn, made a success of his schoolteaching, and in February,

1849, was accepted back at Harvard in good standing and never again strayed from the fold of his alma mater.

[MR. PALFREY TO HIS WIFE]

Lovely;

Dec. 27, '48, 8 P.M.

You will receive this just before the day of election, and I want to have a little talk with you about it.

I wish very much that you should have no anxiety about the result. If I know myself, I have no feeling that can be called by that name. I have not the smallest expectation of being chosen next Monday; so there is no place for disappointment on that score. My prevailing opinion (though not a confident one) is, that there will not be any considerable relative gain either on Mr. Thompson's side or on mine. And, should there not be, my expectation is that there will then be a long contest, to be continued through several trials, or till one of us withdraws.

I do not think the result to ourselves is of much importance, anyway. Of course, a choice would be for the moment gratifying, because it would be the more obvious expression of public confidence, and vindication of my character and of the principles I have sustained. But even in this view, it is not of the first consequence, so confident am I that the time is near at hand, when justice must be done me. And possibly that time might be hastened by the success of my opponents. For, should they succeed in removing me, they would permanently have to ask themselves what were the good soul's reasons for doing so; and this is a question wh. when the excitement of the election was over, and the time of reflection and re-action comes, I fancy they would find mighty hard to answer to their own minds.

Then my being here is certainly attended with great sacrifices,—sacrifices wh. are by no means clearly over-balanced by any advantages of the situation.

Should I go out, I should feel that I had done something useful and important by having been here, and that my course had been such as I would always look back upon without the slightest misgiving or regret, and such as I have the strongest persuasion will be regarded by others

with respect and approbation when the passions of the day have cooled.

In short, feeling that I have throughout done right in this business, and that the result, whatever it may be, has accordingly not been brought about by any misconduct of mine, I with perfect cheerfulness commit the event to that Providence wh. cannot mistake as to means or ends, and wh. "from seeming evil still adduces good." . . .

Mr. Palfrey's last year in Washington was turbulent and feelings ran high. His heart was warmed by a visit from his brother William who, in spite of his wide difference in political opinions, still showed him personal loyalty and affection. The ether controversy between Morton and Jackson was in full swing, but the antislavery question took all precedence. He was lonely and dispirited and was not re-elected; such honesty and integrity as his had no place in politics, and he came home to Hazelwood tired, discouraged, and worried about finances, but still not beaten in spirit.

END OF VOLUME ONE

